THE NEW PRINCETON REVIEW.

61st Year. SEPTEMBER, 1886. No. 5.

GENIUS.

A WRITER nowadays hardly makes choice of such a topic as this, unless with due occasion. Even then he leniently recalls the feeling of his schoolboy days, when he sat before a theme —Virtue, Industry, or Ambition—justly out of sorts with his task, if not with his teacher, and much in doubt how to begin it. But I am moved to touch upon the present subject, and in a measure guided, by the striking declaration of one whose original works, no less than his present occupancy of an official chair of criticism, make him a conspicuous authority. No opinion, however striking and unexpected, can fail to receive attention when advanced by Mr. Howells with all his honesty and humor, and in a style so agreeable as to commend him to the favor of even those against whom his gentle shafts of satire are directed.

Not long since, then, our favorite novelist gave a hearing to those who have supported claims, of various parties, to the possession of Genius. He forthwith nonsuited them, on the ground that there was no cause of action. Instead of arguing for an apportionment of the estate indicated by the aforesaid designation, we have, as if claimants to some hypothetical Townley or Hyde inheritance, to face a judicial decision, based upon evidence satisfactory to the Court at least, that such a thing does not exist and never has existed. He finds that there is no such "puissant and admirable prodigy . . . created out of the common." It is as much of a superstition as the Maelstrom of Malte-Brun; it is a mythical and fantastic device, kept up for the intimidation of modest and overcredulous people. Conformably to this decision, and in frequent

supplementary references thereto, he places the word "genius" between quotation marks, very much as an old-time Romanist crossed himself when naming the Evil One or Oliver Cromwell; or as if it were an imposter consigned to the pillory, or a sentenced reprobate in charge of a brace of tipstaffs. Mr. Howells's opinion and practice are of no slight moment. It must be nothing short of conviction and a sense of duty that could move him to discredit that of which many would select himself as an exemplar. Something more than fair talents, and the aid of the industry which he celebrates and to which Hercules ever was an ally, had been required, we thought, to produce those works of his that give us pride. Should his judgment in time be reversed,—should the reality of genius be sustained, after all, then Literature will have reason to exclaim to him, as La belle Taincturière cried to her jealous spouse, in *Les Contes Drolatiques: Arrète, malheureux, tu vas tuer le père de tes enfans!*

Sincerity, however, is one of his acknowledged traits, and none will suspect for an instant that he would be a willing promulgator of sophistry. That his myth-theory can be, like Bishop Whateley's Napoleon and Mr. Lang's Gladstone, a lively and pleasant bit of by-play, is equally out of the question. Assuming, then, that the popular belief in genius is a superstition, we scarcely can do better than to look into its origin; to inquire whether, like the sun-myth, it is a genuine folk-lore common to all times and races, or something begotten in the romantic passion of the latter-day world. On the whole, I think its adherents may claim for it a respectable antiquity. There are reasons for belief that the Asiatics, with their notions of divination, inspiration, and incarnation, were the progenitors of this tradition, as of so many other fads and fables. But it will suffice to go back to Athens, the distributing reservoir out of which flowed our own stream of thought. From the prince of Grecian idealists we inherit teachings that in the end brought about the use and meaning of our word Genius. With his master, Socrates, he conceived distinctive greatness to be the result of superhuman guidance. To these heathen in their blindness the special power of certain men seemed inexplicable otherwise than as a gift, bestowed by the *daimon*. Plato gossips concerning the etymology of this word, saying that Hesiod uses the title "demons" to denote the "golden race of men who came first," and who, now that fate has closed over the race, are "holy *daimones* upon the earth,—beneficent, averters of ill, guardians of mortal men." In the primitive

dialect the word means those who are knowing or wise, and the philosopher avers that the wise man who happens to be a good man is *daimonion—i. e.*, more than human. The deduction finally resulting in our modern illusion was made by Plato himself, and in various lofty passages. "The gift," he says in *Ion*, "which you possess of speaking excellently about Homer, is not an art, but an inspiration: there is a divinity moving in you." Again, the poet is "a holy thing, and there is no invention in him until he has been inspired . . . . For not by art does the poet sing, but by power divine." Professor Jowett's comment inferentially describes genius as something "unconscious, or spontaneous, or a gift of nature." Plainly, the Academe and its master should have a condign share of any criticism to which the early promoters of this fallacy may be subjected. For the case of the Jukes affords no plainer evidence of the spread of wrongful tendencies by multiplication in descent.

We should have to range through many literatures to show how this illusion of the Platonists and Neo-Platonists commended itself to the entire race of philosophers, poets, artists, and warriors, whose vanity is fed by the conceit that they are a sort of chosen people. Plutarch made it the final test of his heroes, and the circle of Augustan wits gave it ready credence. Cicero declared that all great men were inspired, and his *furor poeticus* is of a piece with Plato's "divine frenzy"—whose outcome both deemed far more precious than that of sober reflection. The idea survived the middle ages, sometimes recurring to its original and unsophisticated form; but the learned and powerful, who had outgrown the pious faith of their ancestors, thought Tasso mad (as indeed he may have been) when he claimed that he was indebted to communication with a familiar spirit for his noblest lyrical discourse, and for that heroic melancholy which, it was said, "raised and brightened his spirit, so far it was from depressing or rendering it obscure." Lord Bacon, certainly a judge of evidence, and one who subjected most things to scientific test, threw the great weight of his authority in favor of the belief that poets and other originators produce by a kind of exceptional gift, if not through direct inspiration. To be sure, he lived in a superstitious time, and put faith, despite his wisdom, in certain mysteries of the quacks and alchemists, in barbarous therapeutic concoctions, and was not wholly incredulous of witchcraft and astrology. He charges a man to set hours for his routine labors, but "whatsoever is agreeable to his nature, let him take no care for any set

times; for his thoughts will fly to it of themselves." He conceived that a painter to "make a better face than ever was . . . must do it by a kind of felicity (as a musician that maketh an excellent air in music) and not by rule." Sidney had described poesy as that which "lifts the mind from the dungeon of the body to the enjoying its own divine essence;" and on like ground Bacon thought it partook of divineness, "because it doth raise and erect the mind, by submitting the shews of things to the desires of the mind; whereas reason doth buckle and bow the mind unto the nature of things."

Dryden was one of the earliest English writers to use the very word genius in the sense of that which is "the gift of Nature" and which "must be born, and never can be taught." Its most frequent use by the Latins was in the sense of a tutelar spirit, but sometimes, as in Juvenal and Martial, it denoted the fire of individual greatness. The idea of a divine admonisher was more or less current with the Latins as with the Greeks. They named this spirit the "inborn," and Genius thus came to mean the inspiration rather than the inspirer, agreeably to the feeling that the soul is itself divine and its own monitor. In modern times the word, very slightly inflected, has been more widely received into European languages, to express a meaning common to all, than almost any other Latin derivative; it is not only found in all Latin tongues,—Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, French,—but has been adopted by the Germans, Danes, Swedes, Norwegians, and other peoples who, like ourselves, have no indigenous word that conveys precisely the same idea. A universal word means a universal thought. Prophets, mystics, all direct-inspirationists, still cherish the germinal belief, so rapturously manifest in Jacob Böhme's avowal: "I say before God that I do not myself know how it happens to me that, without having the impelling will, I do not know what I should write. For when I write the Spirit dictates to me." But genius, in the derivative sense, is equally recognized, the world over, as a *gift*, something not quite attainable by labor, however promotive that may be of its bravest exercise, and a gift of types as various as are the different persons endowed with it.

That this view, however specious, has been captivating to the Teutonic mind, appears not alone from the language of German poets and artists, with their traditional pretensions to the gift, but even more from that of philosophers and critics, having the true father of German criticism at their head. Lessing, the most revo-

lutionary and constructive of critics, the inspirer of creative intellect, reverenced by the youthful Goethe, the guide of Schiller, and accepted by the distrustful Heine within our own time as the paragon of all literary history, even the noble Lessing corporated this vagary into his system, and defends it with fine irony in the *Dramaturgie:*

"To the man of Genius (*Genie*) it is granted not to know a thousand things which every schoolboy knows. . . . He goes wrong, therefore, now from confidence, now from pride, sometimes intentionally, sometimes unintentionally,—so often, so grossly, that we cannot express our wonder enough to other good people. We stand in amazement, clap our hands, and exclaim: 'But how could so great a man be so ignorant? How is it possible it did not occur to him? Did he not reflect, then?' Oh! let us be silent; we think we humiliate him, and only make ourselves ridiculous in his eyes. Everything we know better than he only proves that we went more diligently to school than he; but, unfortunately, that was necessary if we were not to continue perfect blockheads."

He audaciously removes the world of a genius (*die Welt eines Genies*) from the commonplace world at the service of every man. Its events,

"Although they are not of this world, might nevertheless belong to another world— . . . in short, to the world of a genius who (let it be allowed to me to indicate the Creator without name by his noblest creature!), imitating on a small scale the highest Genius (*höchste Genie*), places, exchanges, diminishes, enlarges the parts of the present world in order to make from it a whole of his own with which he connects his own aims."

Elsewhere, while insisting upon the independence of the gift-possessor, he cautions us against the blunder of mistaking pleasure and facility for genius. Lessing, be it observed, classed himself as outside the sacred circle; although his poems and dramas had some vogue, he thought them the outcome of taste and industry, but acknowledged that to criticism he "owed something which comes very near genius." "Otherwise," he wrote, "I do not feel in me the living fountain which works upward by its own force, shoots up by its own force in such rich, fresh, and pure streams. I must force everything out of me by the fly-press and pipes." Yet his biographer says that his insight as a critic was to a large extent "due to the study of his own intellectual processes as a poet." Goethe, a savant and usually possessed of the clearest sense, shared in Lessing's aberration and resisted even the conventional language that tends to rectify it. He would not have it said that Mozart had *composed* Don Juan, but thus assured Eckermann:

"It is a spiritual creation, in which the details, as well as the whole, are per-

vaded by *one* spirit, and by the truth of *one* life; so that the producer did not make experiments, and patch together, and follow his own caprice, but was altogether in the power of the dæmonic spirit of his genius, and acted according to its orders."

The great writers, mystics and iconoclasts alike, upon whose works our present generation fed in youth, have been subject to this hallucination. There is scarcely an exception in the group of English worthies just prior to our own period of the colored photograph, cast-iron architecture, law as a business, and of book-making as a staple, time-regulated, and surely productive trade. All strike the key of De Quincey's rhapsody on Shakespeare: "O mighty poet! Thy works are not as those of other men, simply and merely great works of art; but are also like the phenomena of nature, like the sun and the sea, the stars and the flowers." It is true that Carlyle, with his varying treatment of prerogative, once or twice made outbursts that have encouraged others to rise, like the poor wise man in the legend, and say: "I doubt!" As we read Mr. Howells's protest, it perforce calls to mind the highest authority citable in its support. Yes, Carlyle wrote that genius "means transcendent capacity of taking trouble, first of all." And he apostrophizes one of his heroes, enduring the discipline of youth:

"Daily return the quiet dull duties. . . . Patience, young man of genius, as the Newspapers would now call you; it is indispensably beneficial nevertheless! To swallow one's disgusts, and do faithfully the ugly commanded work, taking no counsel with flesh and blood: know that 'genius,' everywhere in Nature, means this first of all."

But Carlyle here reverts to the dogged apprenticeship of "slow, stubborn, broad-shouldered" Friedrich Wilhelm, and elsewhere he finds something else more needful than patience first of all: everywhere, one might say, since of latter-day Englishmen, this chief exorciser and cloud-dispeller seems from youth to age to have welcomed most unreservedly the chimera of genius and to account its exemplars as a select and consecrated race. To him they are ever the "chosen men of the world," in all fields of discovery, thought, action, creative art. In Goethe he salutes "the existence of a high and peculiar genius." His Mirabeau illustrates the difference "between an original man, of never such questionable sort, and the most dexterous cunningly-devised parliamentary mill." The deviations of Richter's star only assure him that "Genius has privileges of its own; it selects an orbit for itself; and be this never so eccentric, if it is

indeed a celestial orbit, we mere star-gazers must at last compose ourselves, must cease to cavil at it, and begin to observe its laws."

Nevertheless, that outbreak of Carlyle's, reënforced by epigrams attributed to George Eliot and other contemporaries, and of which Mr. Howells gives us the latest paraphrase, was not lost upon our working-day and matter-of-fact generation. It was indeed as when some bold explorer sailed at last between Moskenaes and Mosken, sounding and heaving his log, and found a sturdy industrious current, but no Maelstrom supernatural or otherwise. Or it was the jet of cold water thrown into the boiling, bubbling cauldron and reducing in a jiffy its superfluous steam. The fire may still be underneath, and the steam-gauge yet rise high as ever, but safety and low pressure is the watchword of a popular engineer. Some of our most brilliant thinkers, to whom the public would not gainsay the attributes of genius, are quite disenchanted, and recognize it neither in themselves nor in others. The lack of self-consciousness, however, proves nothing. Carlyle, appropriating Richter's phrase, said that "genius is ever a secret to itself," and instanced Shakespeare, "who takes no airs for writing *Hamlet* or *The Tempest*, understands not that it is anything surprising." But the leader-loving masses have so long eaten of the insane root that at this moment, as throughout the centuries, they discern, or believe they discern, the exceptionally great as plainly as they can distinguish Sirius and Aldebaran from the multitude of points that twinkle about them.

I have refrained from looking chiefly among the poets for qualified judges in the present hearing, for we shall see that they would be objected to as interested parties, if not peremptorily appealed from, by the other side. Yet it may be noted that, at about the time when Mr. Howells rendered his decision, an American poet, of high critical jurisdiction, was accepting this traditional verity of genius as sound under the law. In the discourse upon Gray, with which Mr. Lowell favored the readers of the NEW PRINCETON, he said in his unrivalled way that Addison and Steele "together made a man of genius," and drew a fine distinction when he showed that only the vivid genius of Pope could so nearly persuade wit to become poetry. In speaking of the rare, yet occasional, union of genius and dilettantism in the same person, he sees that "genius implies always a certain fanaticism of temperament, which, if sometimes it seems fitful, is yet capable of intense energy on occasion." That which idealizes commonplace, he elsewhere looks upon as "a divine gift,"

for which to be thankful. If Lowell, too, be mad in this belief, he gives us a sane and luminous exposition of his reasons for it. But one might cite a cloud of other witnesses to prove how ancient, how continuous, how modern, is this instinctive and transmitted obliquity of the noblest minds. Of a truth the one universal foible of men born great—the most striking illustration, possibly, that could strengthen Disraeli's display of the Infirmities of Genius—is their faith in the entity, the actual existence, of a quality by which they still are classified.

That something does exist, something by which great and original things are done, Mr. Howells no less recognizes. Only it is not genius. There must be no titles in the democracies of art, invention, statesmanship, actions, and affairs. As the Terrorists changed St. Matthew's Day to the Fifth Sans-culottide, so genius shall be reduced after this fashion:

"*There is no 'genius,' there is only the mastery that comes to natural aptitude from the hardest study of any art or science.*" This is his dilution of, or proposed substitute for, the word he consigns to an Index Expurgatorius. The mooted difference between talent and genius should no longer distress "poor little authorlings." Genius is the Maelstrom of literary chartmongers. The Norwegian Maelstrom within the memory of middle-aged men "existed in the belief of the geographers, but we now get on perfectly well without it."

With the timidity of an old graduate who tries to quote Horace before those trained in the latest Roman pronunciation, I confess myself not wholly free from the superstition: the scales have not quite dropped from my own eyes. I have a certain respect for inherited, confirmed proverbs, phrases, and terms; and it is hard to rid one's self of the feeling that there must be something in an idea, a judgment, accepted by the many and the few and from generation to generation, —there must be some mission for a word which, although it be "soiled with all ignoble use," I find taken into service, and in a sense differing from talent, or mastery, or aptitude, by every English writer from Dryden to Messrs. Gosse and Courthope. I plead guilty to the charge of having employed it more than once in consideration of Browning and Tennyson and Swinburne, of Poe and Emerson, of other exceptional singers in our time. Indeed, I do not see how we can get on without it until some apter term is proffered to embody what seems a distinct idea. Mr. Howells's

paraphrase may serve for a definition, if you give it a superlative and intense force, a moral ictus a hundred times more impressive than that which it conveys to the unprepared reader. Natural aptitude, of a truth—but aptitude so unique, so compelling, as to have seemed supernatural to the ancients, preternatural to the common folk of all times, prenatal and culminative to the scientific observer of heredity, evolution, environment. Having progressed from the "wit" of our English forefathers to this expressive "genius," shall we go back to "natural aptitude" forsooth? If we must have a paraphrase, let us resort to the essential and basic salt rather than to a triturated and hyper-reduced solution. I would rather seek for it, at the other extreme, in some extravagant gloria of Carlyle's *Past and Present:*

"Genius, Poet, do we know what these words mean? An inspired Soul once more vouchsafed to us, direct from Nature's own fire-heat, to see the Truth, and speak it and do it."

"Genius is the 'inspired gift of God.' It is the clearer presence of God Most High in a man. Dim, potential, in all men, in this man it has become actual. So says John Milton, who ought to be a judge; so answer him the Voices of all Ages and all Worlds."

I would not dispute about words, and am quite aware that Carlyle's other view may constitute a ground for appeal to Philip sober. And I am equally aware how far his "infinite capacity for taking trouble" has echoed and extended,—until it has become almost a cult with men less authoritative than its latest transmitter, and given what infinite comfort to steady plodders, men of system, industry, and—for once let us say—talent, to whom after all the world is diurnally indebted!

Yet even the avowed promoters of this reform at times betray an unconscious or subjective distrust of it. I once heard a master of the art preservative of arts, as he scouted the popular notion of genius. With good mental and bodily powers, he said, it needs no special gift, nothing but industry and a fair chance, to put one at the head of any art or science—to produce the exact results which the lazy and credulous attribute to distinctive faculty. The company present questioned this, suggesting that the test be applied to specific cases. The painter, who in childhood drew with ease the likenesses of his playmates, and afterwards rose to greatness, had he not an innate gift that no industry and training could rival? The musician, seemingly born with musical

ear and voice, or with instinctive mastery of instruments,—the inventor, the romancer,—was there nothing unique and exceptional in their capabilities? No, our sturdy friend replied—he would not own that any man of general ability could not equally perfect his eye and hand, ear and voice, by thorough devotion and practice. To a man who so cheerfully disposed of these extreme illustrations there was really no reply. But within ten minutes, conversation having changed to the subject of typography and book-making, he gratified us with some account of his own experience while advancing an art in which he deservedly stands at the front. We expressed our admiration for his achievements, and for his natural taste; whereupon he modestly said that he believed he had a genius for printing, that he was born to be a printer,—not reflecting, until the phrases had slipped from him, that he inadvertently refuted his previous argument. We assured him that he was right —he *had* a genius for printing, and had not the art been in existence, his life would have been as imperfect as that of many a ne'er-do-well before the Civil War revealed that he was born to be a fighter and hero. Here we again reach the primal attribute of what the world, in its simplicity, denominates genius: it is *inborn*, not alone with respect to bodily dexterity and the fabric of the brain, but as appertaining to the power and bent of the soul itself. Channing went so far as to claim that Milton's command of harmony is not to be ascribed to his musical ear: "It belongs to the soul. It is a gift or exercise of genius, which has power to impress itself on whatever it touches, and finds or frames, in sounds, notions, and material forms, correspondences and harmonies with its own fervid thoughts and feelings." This does not conflict with a scientific diagnosis, as we shall presently see. Remove the investigation to the domain of psychology, and the law is still there; we declare to the most plain-spoken realist that there is nothing out of nature in it, although our psychology may as yet be too defective to formulate it. But as nothing can restrict the liberty of the soul, Channing recognized the freedom of genius to choose its own language and its own working-law.

A debate once arose, in my hearing, upon the question: Which of two virtuous men is the better, he whose virtue is ingrained and natural, or he who, born with evil traits, has educated and disciplined himself to virtue? A youth spoke up for the latter as having the higher order of goodness. But he was rebuked by an elderly

man, who said that the latter in truth might be the more praiseworthy for self-control, but asked if it was to be supposed that man could excel the Creator in fashioning character? He added that a person made good at the outset by the Master Workman, and thus good by nature, is not liable to decline; that his goodness is a constant, self-dependent factor, while the goodness attained by effort is variable, and must be watched incessantly and maintained by fresh effort, and, as in the case of Doctor Dodd, whose over-acquisitiveness at last got the better of him, is liable to give way at any moment of relaxed vigilance. Thus it may be, I should think, that genius demands and gains an admiration not excited by mere aptness strengthened through "taking trouble" and "the hardest study." Like beauty, it is its own excuse for being. Its claim to special honor is all the more indisputable if Florus was sound in his maxim —*Poeta nascitur, non fit.*

It would seem, furthermore, that there is genius, and genius. First, the puissant union of divers forces that has made rare "excepted souls" great in various directions, foremost and creative in every work to which they set themselves. Names of these, the world's few, are ever repeated—such as Cæsar, Peter the Great, Michael Angelo, Bacon, Goethe—men of combined powers, and among them we always class Shakespeare—poet, manager, citizen—because his writings reflect mankind at large and we justly call him the myriad-minded. If our Franklin had possessed more ideality, he clearly, despite the counter-assumption of Mr. Howells, would rank with the second order of this class. The more limited kind of genius, and that most speedily and easily recognized by the world, is the *specific*. Its possessor is born with an irrepressible faculty for some distinctive labor, art, or science. It belongs to your poets, romancers, artists, inventors, etc.—Æschylus, Pheidias, Dante, Cervantes, Rabelais, Newton, Haller, Pitt, Hannibal, Nelson; to Keats and Burns and Byron, Thackeray and Dickens; to Kean, Rachel, Bernhardt; to the Ericssons and Edisons, even to the Zerah Colburns, Morphys, and other representatives of special and more or less abnormal powers. In one case a single point of light requires all the dynamic force of its displayer to sustain it; others reach a good average development in many ways. Again, the genius of each class has its subdivisions—this poet or painter is sublime—this other notable for beauty, or pathos, or delicacy. Thus the element of *personality* is to be considered; the product of special genius

always having distinct and individual flavor. Nothing before or after exactly fills its place. De Quincey says, with regard to Milton, that "if the man had failed, the power would have failed. In that mode of power which he wielded, the function was exhausted in the man—species was identified with the individual—the poetry was incarnated in the poet." In high potencies of this specific genius, the function is as clearly differentiated as that which marks the greyhound for speed, the bloodhound for scent, the bull-dog for grip and combativeness.

Of course it is by an extreme instance that the existence of such a thing as innate and special genius can be most easily, yet no less fairly, illustrated. Take the case of that born musician—if there ever is one—of whom it has been said that "the whole of music created since Guido d'Arezzo, who invented the musical signs, up to the end of the last century, had only one aim—to create Mozart." From his letters, and from the collected anecdotes of his radiant career, a wealth of undisputable evidence is at hand, almost justifying this high-flown statement. It has a scientific countenance in certain facts—that his father was a musician; that Mozart was bred in the service of a cathedral choir; that he came just at the time when Gluck "had given impulse and reform to opera," and Handel and Bach had advanced music to the stage required for the fit exercise of his transcendent gift. But the gift itself! So transcendent, so inborn, that the child must have seemed a changeling, first cradled in the shell of Apollo's lyre. We are told that when Wolfgang was three years old he searched out thirds on the piano; when four, he began playing,—at five, composing,—at six, he was a celebrity. His *Opus I.*, four sonatas for piano and violin, was produced when he was seven. A biographer, describing his fourth year, says that his faculty was intuitive, "for in learning to play he learned to compose at the same time, his own nature discovering to him some important secrets in melody, rhythm, and the art of setting a bass." When he heard discordant sounds, he turned pale and fell into convulsions,—like some modern realist chancing to overhear such words as romance, genius, poet. He was deemed a phenomenon; his aptitude was creative, his youthful mastery not the result of much practice. A man at the piano, organ, violin, harpsichord, he was a frolicsome child the moment his passion left him. The awakening of his heart, when he became a lover, intensified his musical work. Otherwise he remained, in certain respects, always a child; his gift

did not imply greatness in many directions, it was his chief mode of expression—he used it because he must, even though it kept him in penury. In music he progressed steadily through life, despite his precocity, and to such effect that his compeers, lamenting his early death, also felt relieved, for while Mozart lived, well might Hasse exclaim: *Questo ragazzo ci farè dimanticar tutti!* Here, then, was one personage equipped, apparently at birth, with the aural, manual, emotional, and creative genius for the expression of a human soul in music.

The case of Mozart leads to the final path of our inquiry, perhaps the only one that will be acknowledged as worth attention in this analytic and scrutinizing age. Thus far, referring to the dogmatic claims of idealists since Plato's time, we have been forced to bear in mind that this inherited conception of genius may be a prolonged illusion. But now the most penetrative of modern thinkers have subjected it to the test of a stern and ruthless philosophy, to the crucial processes of German ratiocination,—and with what result? They not only admit, but insist upon, its verity; they define it, and declare the method of its working. They enable us to maintain, with some show of courage, that the intuitionists, if not the inspirationists, are right, and that Mr. Howells is wrong. Without the slightest reserve they pronounce genius to be *the activity and efflux of the Intellect freed from the domination of the Conscious Will.*

No writers, in truth, have more dispassionately considered the natures of talent and genius than the pessimist Schopenhauer, and his great living successor, Eduard von Hartmann. In their philosophies, creative faculty and taste are discussed with a beautiful precision rarely displayed by the professed masters of æsthetics. Schopenhauer found talent to lie in the greater skill and acuteness of the discursive than of the intuitive cognition; while genius exhibits a development of the intuitive faculty greater than is needed for the service of the Will.

"What is called the stirrings of genius, the hour of consecration, the moment of inspiration, is nothing but the liberation of the intellect, when the latter, for the time exempt from service to the will . . . is active all alone, of its own accord. . . . Then the intellect is of the greatest purity, and becomes *the true mirror of the world.* . . . In such moments, as it were, the soul of immortal works is begotten."

Here we see why genius is a riddle to itself, conferring benefits unconsciously, even involuntarily. Ruskin declares "there are no

laws by which we can write Iliads." Carlyle finds manufacture "intelligible but trivial; creation is great, and cannot be understood." He, too, says that "the Voluntary and Conscious bear a small proportion in all the departments of Life, to the Involuntary and Unconscious." But Hartmann has made the final and definitive exposition of this theorem. He perceives that "ordinary talent produces artificially by means of *rational selection* and combination, guided by its æsthetic judgment, . . . It may accomplish something excellent, but can never attain to anything great . . . nor produce an *original work*. . . . Everything is still done with conscious choice; there is wanting the divine frenzy, the vivifying breath of the Unconscious. . . . Conscious combination may, in course of time, be acquired by effort of the conscious will, by industry, endurance, and practice. The creations of genius are unwilled, passive conception; it does not come with the word, but quite unexpectedly, as if fallen from heaven, on journeys, in the theatre, in conversation, everywhere when it is least expected, always suddenly and instantaneously." * He then goes on to show how the conscious combination (of talent) works out laboriously the smallest details, while the conception of genius receives the whole from one mould, as the gift of the gods, unearned by toil; that all this is confirmed by all true geniuses who have given us their self-observations, and that every one who ever has had a truly original thought can find it preserved in his own experience. In illustration of these truths, Hartmann also instances Mozart, quoting a most apt passage from a letter in Jahn's biography of the musician:

"What, you ask, is my method? . . . I do not myself know and can never find out. When I am in particularly good condition, perhaps riding in a carriage, or in a walk after a good meal, or in a sleepless night, then the thoughts come to me in a rush, and best of all. *Whence and how—that I do not know and cannot learn.* . . . *All the finding and making only goes on in me as in a very vivid dream.* . . . What now has thus come into being in this way, that I do not easily forget again, and it is perhaps the best gift which the Lord God has given me."

The last clause is a very profound observation, and one which only a true genius would make. All of us, in certain neurotic crises, hear music or see pictures or receive other striking and mysterious impressions. But the born musician, painter, idealist—these alone

---

* *Philosophy of the Unconscious.* See the Chapter on "The Unconscious in the Æsthetic Judgment and in Artistic Production." English ed. Vol. I., pp. 269–292.

have the gift of vividly remembering such impressions and the power to convey them, each in his own way, to the approving world. As a literary counterpart to the experience of Mozart, I will refer to the testimony of Dickens, who certainly had genius, if there be such a gift. He was a seer of visions. "Amid silence and darkness . . . he heard voices and saw objects; of which the revived impressions to him had the vividness of sensations, and the images his mind created in explanation of them had the coercive force of realities." Lewes avers that Dickens once declared to him "that every word said by his characters was distinctly heard by him," and this the philosopher explains by a theory of hallucination. But Dickens himself, while suffering illness and sorrow in the darkest hour of his life, wrote to Forster:

"May I not be forgiven for thinking it a wonderful testimony to my being made for my art, that when, in the midst of this trouble and pain, I sit down to my book, some beneficent power shows it all to me, and tempts me to be interested, and *I don't invent it*—really do not—*but see it*, and write it down. . . . It's only when all fades away and is gone, that I begin to suspect that its momentary relief has cost me something."

Special examples of this kind must have brought Schopenhauer to avow that "Genius is a man who knows without learning, and teaches the world what he never learned." Lavater, observing its distinctive individuality, said: "Who can produce what none else can, has genius," and that its proportion to the vulgar is "like one to a million." I may summarize all these reflections by the statement that genius lies in the doing of one thing, or many things, through power resulting from the unconscious action of the free intellect, in a manner unattainable by the conscious effort of ordinary men.

So much for the stress of natural aptitude required to sustain these claims. That this inherent power can display its full capabilities only through industry, only by "taking trouble," the world, quite as well as Mr. Howells, has long been aware. We demand that the Will shall perfect its work, and know that the gift is checked, wasted, or quite thrown away, for want of such an ally. And since the will is conscious or unconscious, so also may be its active force as displayed in study, industry, and production. In youth the will to grow and gain through work is often unconscious, but after culture and experience it applies itself to the extreme utilization of the intuitional. Then the fortunate soul reflects on its own possession,

and knows why its creations are good. Then it exclaims with Mozart—"People err if they think my art has cost me no trouble; I assure you, my dear friend, no one has taken such pains with the study of composition as I." And thus the critic justly says of Mozart that effects now hackneyed were, in his works, "the joint production of lofty genius and profound contrapuntal knowledge." Yes, genius will work; it is impelled "to scorn delights and live laborious days." It "cannot else." The fire must out or it will consume its inheritor. Mr. Churchill, in *Kavanagh*, just misses being a genius, because he is not driven to perform his work either at a heat or by rational stages. The story of unconscious self-training ever repeats itself; the childhood of Burns and Keats and Mrs. Browning, of James Watt, has a method of finding the precise nurture suited to it. Of course a poor soil, the absence of sunlight, will starve the plant or warp it to some morbid form. But how gloriously it thrives in its true habitat and at its proper season. Time and the man have fitted each other so happily that many ask—as Mr. Howells asks concerning Grant, Bismarck, Columbus, Darwin, Lincoln—who calls such an one a genius? Often, too, as in the cases of at least two of these men, the coincidents are so marked that the actors lose the sense of their own destiny, and imagine themselves chiefly suited to something quite otherwise from the work to which the very stars of heaven have impelled them. But fair aptitude, with ceaseless industry and aspiration, never can impose itself for genius upon the world. It will produce Southeys in a romantic period and Trollopes in a realistic one. We see the genius of Poe broken by lack of will, and that of Emily Brontë clouded by a fatal bodily disease; but, as against *Wuthering Heights* with its passionate incompleteness, Trollope's entire product stands for nothing more than an extensive illustration of mechanical work against that which reeks with individuality, and when set against the work of true genius reënforced by purpose, physical strength, and opportunity, as exhibited by Thackeray or Hugo or Dickens, comparison is simply out of thought. Not every mind catches fire with its own friction and emits flashes that surprise itself, as in dreams one is startled at things said to him, though he actually is both interlocutor and answerer. Thus Swift, reading his *Tale of a Tub*, exclaims "Good God! what a genius I had when I wrote that book!" Thackeray confessed his delight with the passage where Mrs. Crawley, for a moment, adores her stupid husband after his one heroic act. "There," cried the

novelist, "*is* a stroke of genius!" It was one of the occasions when, like our Autocrat composing "The Chambered Nautilus," he had written "better than he could."

If genius has its fountain in the soul, its impulse must be toward Ideality. It seeks that ideal which is the truest truth, the absolute realism. The poet and novelist do not withdraw themselves from constant study of the world,—that is for the abstract philosopher, as in Phaedo:

> "I thought as I had failed in the contemplation of true existence, I ought to be careful that I did not lose the eye of my soul. . . . I was afraid my soul might be blinded altogether if I looked at things with my eyes, or tried to apprehend them by the help of the senses. And I thought I had better have recourse to the world of mind and seek there the truth of existence."

Yet Hartmann is sound in his belief that genius always beholds a different world from the apparent, "*though only by gazing deeper into the one lying before him as well*, because the world is represented in his mind more objective, consequently, purer and clearer." True realism, then, is the basis of creative idealism, and it is narrowness to exclude either from an artist's method, which needs the one for its ground and the other for its glory. Bacon writes of "a more ample greatness, a more exact goodness, and a more absolute variety than can be found in the nature of things." He finds that to be "the best part of beauty which a picture cannot express." The picture or poem that expresses this most nearly is closest to the ideal, and conveys to us, I think, a vivid impression of the gift under discussion. Get down to popular instinct, and you will find a current belief that it is the privilege of genius to see the soul of things; not merely their externals, but to know, to feel, the secret meaning of all that makes up life. Observation, experience, industry, unaided by this highest sense, are of less worth than the service of Paul and Apollos without the heaven-given increase.

This ideal tendency, and the intuitive vision of what is ever real, are revealed both in choice of field and in treatment, however varied these may be by time, situation, and the workman's personality. Real life includes the commonplace—it never yet was confined to it. Creations of the first order, though out of common experience, seem usual and among the verities, and this because nature is what must be depicted, and not alone in its superficial, every-day guises. We find nothing improbable in the most fantastic or ethereal conceptions of Cervantes, Shakespeare, Spenser—the world of their imaginings

is a real world. They do not conflict with the "sanity of true genius," of which Lamb says that, where it seems most to recede from humanity, it will be found the truest to it. "Herein," he adds, "the great and little wits are differenced, . . . if the latter wander ever so little from nature or actual existence, they lose themselves and their readers."

If this should by chance be true, if all these thinkers have not been quite distraught, then the difference between a vital realism and that which we outlive and outgrow is not, as Mr. Howells puts it with respect to genius, a difference "in degree." It is the difference between radical and superficial methods, between insight and outsight—between work by men who have the gift, and that by plodding yet complacent craftsmen with no intensity of "natural aptitude" and no "mastery" that can rank them with the masters. I do not think realism a modern discovery, whether French, English, or American; it has been manifest equally in romantic and common-sense periods, and just as true to nature in select and noble types as in those which are irreclaimably provincial or vulgar. The works of Thackeray, not excepting *Henry Esmond*, are as realistic as those of Trollope or of the most uncompromising Zolaites. They are more so, because more elevated, and more intense in their exquisite portrayal of life's varied forms. Even to convey instruction you must stir the soul—the lesson that was not felt is soon forgotten.

But to do this, two things are essential, traits which this so-called genius ever has been observed to possess in a notable degree. The higher realism depends upon Imagination for the genesis of its ideal. It is imagination that makes study of external things, and conceives of novel and more perfect and exciting uses and combinations that may be made of them—without transcending the limits of nature. The second thing required is Passion—resolving, annealing, sympathetic—that comprehends and can excite the strongest feeling of which our lives are capable. Genius is thought to be creative, because it imagines clearly, and to lay hold upon us by the passionate intensity from which the world gathers a responsive heat.

It is a natural inference that writers who labor to disenthrall us from the nympholepsy and illusions of the past, who deprecate any rehearsal of emotions keyed above the level every-day scale, who turn by choice to unheroic and matter-of-fact life, and believe that one theme or situation is as good as another, provided it be honestly elaborated—it is to be inferred, I say, that such writers must come

to distrust the value of any intellectual power which tends to ideality, and makes choice instinctively of a stimulating treatment and an ideal theme. One may expect them to doubt even the existence of that high faculty which answers the heart's desire for what is imaginative, stirring—romantic, if you choose; which depicts forcibly because it feels intensely, and which moreover, as if through inspiration, masters its field without the painful study to which they devote themselves, and with the careless felicity of nature itself. Nor are they quite without justification. The photographic method has its use—no realism can be too faithful in the description of matters excellent and beautiful in themselves. But with discourse and materials that are essentially vulgar or distasteful, and not even picturesque in studies, the result is scarcely worth attaining. There is a qualitative meanness in the pantry-talk and key-hole disclosures of *Lovell the Widower*, Thackeray's nearest descent to this kind of work. Why should we be led of malice aforethought in creative art—of which poetry and the novel may be taken as types—to the persistent contemplation of boorish and motiveless weaklings, although they swarm about us, and add to the daily weariness of humdrum life? Even the knaves, proletarians, adventurers, that genius creates, interest us and are ideal in their way. But apply the detective's method to the movements and gabble of doughy nonentities, and a conviction soon arises in the public mind that an author's reliance upon the phonograph and pocket-camera may be carried too long and too far.

It is against the poets that our novelist-critic finally reveals a special and Junonian grudge. For, is it not that the poets, "having most of the say in this world, abuse it to shameless self-flattery?" Do they not set up this prerogative of "genius," and claim it chiefly as their own? Therefore our danger is not a famine, but a gross surfeit, of poets—all claiming to be great, unless the hot gridiron be ready for their broiling. If we are to have no more good bards, so much the better—there will be less ridiculous caracoling on the part of otherwise sensible persons, and less to blush and grieve for. Besides, haven't we still and always the great poets of the past, and haven't they given the world quite as much of the light and charm as is good for it?

To this effect, and more of the like, Mr. Howells; and, in these days of cheap postage for third-class matter, there are men of his

profession, haplessly located in the publishing centres, who have even more cause than he to cry—bother the scribblers that bloom in all seasons. To represent the forty thousand post-offices of these reading and writing States there is an equal number of persons, old and young, male and female, versifiers and prosers, whose genius is of that sort which Mr. Bronson Howard has defined as "Talent, in the first person singular." These are they who distress their cockney brother with pleas and commissions such as no proud, self-respecting striver ever yet stooped to make. They spare him not in his luck or disaster, health or sickness, leisure or overwork. Often the scant time which he hopes to devote to his own vintage is wasted, even if he does no more than to acknowledge their demands that he shall market, or at least sample, their too often insipid and watered grape-juice. Yet the world has always got on after this fashion. The laureate's reflection on nature, that of fifty seeds she often brings but one to bear, is an under-statement. She summons a thousand talesmen to get even a petty juror. Doubtless an artist, orator, novelist, or poet, with never so little of the *sang azur*, belongs to the blood—a trying and unconscionable poor relation, but still not a commoner—most likely not so good as a commoner, but let the underlings flout at him, not the knights and nobles. If such considerations weigh not with the justly prosperous master of an Editor's Study, he nevertheless will forbear, on second thought, to wish out of existence this breed of ready subjects for his merry humor. What adequate relief to toil, what break to official monotony, if one cannot occasionally lay down the sword of argument and lance of fellowship, and throw clubs at the stock butts of one's profession! So thought the great Dean, in his discourse to prove that "The abolishing of Christianity" might be attended with inconveniences. "The gentlemen of wit," he wrote, who are offended by the sight of so many "draggled-tail parsons," do not consider "what an advantage and felicity it is for great wits to be always provided with objects of scorn and contempt, in order to exercise and improve their talents, and divert their spleen from falling on each other or on themselves; especially when all this may be done without the least imaginable danger to their own persons."

Our discourager of poetic fluency, then, will do well to hesitate before quite putting out the class whose writhings under "the question" may yield him further delectation. Nor are they so easily disposed of; minor organizations cling to life. The bardlings may

derive much edification from Mr. Howells's little homily, but 'tis doubtful whether threats or Scripture will compel them to forego. St. Anthony preached a notable sermon to the fishes; they never had been so edified, but—

> "The sermon now ended,
> Each turned and descended;
> The pikes went on stealing,
> The eels went on eeling;
> Much delighted were they,
> But preferred the old way."

Our pastoral pipers, moreover, are not unlikely to challenge their denouncer's consistency. What, they will cry, of your growing tribe of novelists? If the poets, poor and otherwise, are always with us, their ranks seem thin, confronting those of the tale-writers that spring up from the teeth sown by Mr. Howells and his brilliant compeers. "They say he cried out of sack," quoth Nym, discussing the pious end of doughty Sir John. We have mine hostess's word for it that he did *not* cry out upon that dearer foolishness to which he had also been devoted. We need not renew the question whether some who once took to "versing" now take to "noveling" as the fashion of the time—either practice is venial beside that of coining uncouth and felonious words. Mr. Howells remembers a small volume of early verse, and believes that almost any middle-aged literary man can think of another. The present writer, for his part, recalls a certain early novel; yet the fact that, unlike his friend's artistic poetry, it never merited and obtained publication, shall not warp him from his belief that there are good stories yet to be told. But, good as our best novelists are, fresh as is the promise of those arising in many sections, glad as we are of America's prowess in her new field—is her poetry solely white-weed and wild-carrot? Is the novel our only "good grass"? And have the novelists, great and little, all the modesty? We are told that "if we should have no more poets, we might be less glorious as a race, but we certainly should be more modest—or they would." We are asked, "If we are to have no more great poetry, haven't we the great poets of the past inalienably still?" Have there been, then, no great novelists in the past? To speak plainly, the little bard and the little tale-writer seem to me very much like two of a kind. All makers of verse and story of old were classed together, and, as "literary fellows" and encouragers of dreams and idleness, were banished from Plato's Republic. Nor do I see that

one class of these workmen is more modest than another; the modesty of each is found among true artists of whom Mr. Howells is an enviable type, and whose best work seems to them still incomplete. The verse-maker has an innocent and traditional reverence for his "ideal," but a little ideality just now will do no harm. Grace will be given us to endure it. In fact, the two kinds of *poïetæ* can be of mutual service. The poet can wisely borrow the novelist's lamp of truth, and put more reason in his rhymes, while the novelist emulates the color and passion of the poet,—so that verse will be something more than word-music, and the novel gain in feeling, movement, Life. For life is not insured by a refined adjustment of materials, even though they display the exact joinery and fitness of the American coat which a New York lawyer, of mellow wit and learning, proffered as a model to his Bond Street tailor. "There," said he, "can you, Shears, make anything like that in London?" "Upon my word, Mr. M——, I think we should hardly care to, if we could." "But why not, man? Does it not fit perfectly, is it not cut and sewed perfectly, and are not all the lines graceful and trim? What does it want? in what can you excel it? what does it lack?" "Quite so," mused the tailor, without a trace of assent in his face; "it does seem to lack something, you know." "Well, what?" "I beg your pardon, sir; 'tis very neat work,—a world of pains to it,—but we might say it lacks—Life!"

But as for our prime question of the reality of genius, and the legitimate force of a word common to so many literatures, I think that, if the general recognition of these be indeed the effect of an illusion, the Power which shapes human destiny is not yet ready to remove the film from our eyes. Should the world's faith be an ignorant one, I still am so content with this inspiring dream left us in a day of disenchantment as to esteem it folly to be wise. It seems that Mr. Courthope and Mr. Gosse also "talk from time to time" of this phantasmal "something." Do these writers, do I, asks our friendly reviewer, really believe in it? Can they, can I, severally lay hands upon our waistcoats and swear that we think there is any such thing? It would be taking an unfair advantage to interpret this seriously—to assume that he would expect these English gentlemen and scholars perforce to recant, "when upon oath," a declaration made out of court; and for myself, I hope to have grace to confess a change of opinion, and I have no fear that the omission

of an oath would greatly lessen his belief in my honesty of statement. But when asked, "is a 'genius' at all different from other men of like gifts, except in degree?" I reply that this is begging the question. At present, I believe that the other men have not the "like gift," that the difference is one of quality, not of quantity or "degree." The unique gift, the individuality of the faculty or faculties, constitutes the genius.

Mr. Howells rightly lays stress upon the well-known danger, even to a candid mind, of nursing a pet theory. It is just as unwise for an inventive author, even in a mood of self-analysis, to toy with a theoretical paradox, for literary methods grow by what they feed on. It is not for this, as I have said, that his admirers (and none more than the present writer) are grateful to him; it is for the pleasure derived from very original works, the product of something more creative than even his indomitable labor, and conscientious study of the novelist's craft and properties. One is apt to set too little value upon the gift which is his alone—the faculty that makes so light to him that portion of his work which his fellows cannot master by praying or fasting. He is just as prone, moreover, to regard that as most essential which is hardest for himself, yet necessary to the perfect work, thus setting the labor, wherewith he procures and mixes components, above the one drop of an elixir solely his own, that adds the transmuting spirit to their mass. Our deft student and painter of New England life still has his fairy spectacles—they are not lost, but on his own forehead. Finally, it is a trait of genius, in its method of expression, to discover and avail itself of the spirit of its time. My avowal that Mr. Howells had done this betrayed no savor of the charge of time-serving. It seemed to me, on the contrary, that consciously or unconsciously he had obeyed the ancient oracle, and that the admonition *Follow thy Genius* had left its impress upon his whole career.

EDMUND C. STEDMAN.

THE AGNOSTIC DILEMMA.

TWENTY-FIVE years ago the prospects of religion seemed to be much less hopeful than they are at present. The minds of men had just experienced one of those shocks which occur in the spiritual world like storms and earthquakes in the natural. The cause was the appearance of evolution on the field of religion and philosophy. Darwin had familiarized the world with the application of this theory to nature. But man had fondly imagined that it could have no practical bearing on humanity; that however potent a factor evolution might be in geology and biology, moral, spiritual, and social phenomena were clearly beyond its reach. But in 1860 Herbert Spencer began publishing his *First Principles*, in which he boldly assumed that man as well as nature must bow before the omnipotent sceptre of evolution. Acting on this assumption, he laid down the data of the new philosophy, defined and demonstrated the principle and laws of evolution, and collated a mass of illustrations from all the sciences in support of the thesis that their scope is universal. It is not likely, however, that the setting forth of evolution as the first principle of philosophy, revolutionary as it was, could have given rise to so instantaneous and wide-spread disturbance, had not the new apostle deemed it needful in the interests of his theory to attack the foundations of the current religious and philosophical convictions of the times. When Spencer came forward as a champion, the field was preoccupied by a class of theologians and religious philosophers who were agreed in the opinion that man can know something of God and the realities of the unseen world. Spencer, in his chapters on *The Unknowable*, attempts to subvert the doctrine of these thinkers by laying the foundations of what he conceives to be a sounder theory of knowledge.

Agnosticism, as Mr. Spencer's theory has been named, is not without historical antecedents. It can boast of two distinguished philosophical ancestors, David Hume and Emanuel Kant, both of whom have powerfully influenced the traditions of British thought. David Hume was the true father of modern British empiricism. Locke had traced all our ideas to experience as their source; but

Hume carried the theory to its logical goal, and referred, not our ideas alone, but also our faculties to an empirical origin. The mental life of the individual begins, he taught, with simple sensations, which generate experience and knowledge without the interposition of any agencies higher than association and custom. Hume's successors, the Mills and the English Positivists—who psychologically belong to the same line—simply proceed from his position, developing his principles in various directions, and applying a more rigid analysis to mental phenomena, but never once dreaming of disputing his fundamental doctrine that human experience is the outcome of sensation and association. In his theory of the genesis of man's ideas and powers, Mr. Spencer belongs to the school of Hume. He is an empiricist digging for the roots of reason in the soil of sense, and seeking the antecedents of man's higher powers in association and instinct.

From pure empiricism Hume drew the logical conclusions. The empiricist can take no cognizance of anything that transcends experience. If there be anything beyond or outside of the confines of perception it must remain forever unknown to us. The consistent empiricist will, therefore, have nothing to do with theology or metaphysics; and religion, if it is to command his serious attention, must give up its supernatural object and enthrone humanity or some other knowable object in its place.

Mr. Spencer, however, declines to go this length. His dissent arises from the fact that he has a stand-point which is outside of and independent of empiricism. Although a disciple of Hume in his psychology, he is indebted to Kant for his metaphysics. The philosophy of Kant, or rather a perversion of it, was first introduced into English metaphysics by Sir William Hamilton, in order to prevent his countrymen from falling under the spell of Hegel and the German idealists. Kant had endeavored to check the pretensions of reason in his own country by showing that when it goes outside of experience and attempts to deal with the problems of the infinite it falls into irreconcilable contradictions. Hamilton espoused this Kantian doctrine and turned it against the rationalists of the German school, in order to refute their pretensions that man is capable of sitting in judgment on revelation. The idea of God, he contends, involves such attributes as First Cause, Absolute and Infinite, but these are wholly beyond our powers of conception. The moment we attempt to represent them in thought we involve ourselves in

hopeless confusion. The Deity, therefore, transcends the reason of man and cannot be judged by its standards. Mansel elaborated this doctrine in his Bampton Lectures,* and read a perhaps not wholly uncalled-for lesson in humility to both rationalists and dogmatists. But Hamilton and Mansel brought out only the negative side of Kant's doctrine. Kant, partially agreeing with Hume, teaches that experience begins with impressions of sense, which are, however, formed into objects of perception by means of certain independent functions of reason. But he rejects Hume's opinion that the impressions are ultimate, so far as we are concerned, and strenuously insists on it as a fundamental truth that the impressions of sense do imply the existence of some cause outside of our consciousness. This cause Kant styles the thing *per se*, which is the absolute reality of which the perceived thing is only a manifestation. Distinguishing between the objects of perception and their underlying cause, Kant holds that while the dependence of the objects of perception on this cause renders its existence necessary, yet its nature is wholly unknowable. He thus propounded, a century ago, the great dilemma from which German philosophy has ever since been trying to escape.

Whether conscious of his historical obligations or not, Spencer espouses this Kantian dilemma and lays it at the foundation of his own metaphysics. Rejecting the purely negative doctrine of the Hamiltonians, he recognizes the validity of the Kantian distinction between the phenomenal world and its ultimate cause, and of the latter asserts, in the same breath, that it necessarily exists and that it is unknowable. But this theory, which stands with one foot on his empirical psychology and the other on his transcendental metaphysics, has proved very distasteful to most contemporary thinkers. The empiricist resents it on account of its disposition to flirt with metaphysics and theology, and the religious philosopher finds it even less to his liking, because its Unknowable is to him little more than a phantom.

The agnostic creed could not fail to arouse the hostility of the empiricist. He has inherited from Hume, along with his stand-point, something of his straightforward radicalism.

He is accustomed to accept the logical results of what he conceives to be facts, and finding in his psychological repertory no power that has not been produced by experience, he cannot understand why he

---

* *Limits of Religious Thought.*

should be called on to believe in anything that men call supernatural. Few of Spencer's older contemporaries have given their assent to his agnostic position. Mill opposed it to the last. Bain, while conceding something, still maintains the negative attitude to be the true one for an empiricist. Huxley plants himself on the ground of Hume. Lewes relegates the supernatural to the limbo of the unknown. The philosophy of the Unknowable, with its postulate of the necessary existence of a Being that wholly transcends our faculties, is to the average empiricist a vexatious puzzle. He looks upon it as a superfluity, and in presence of it his emotions are more apt to take a profane than a reverential turn. His feelings have found a brilliant exponent in Frederic Harrison, who, in his famous controversy with Spencer, gave expression to a sentiment that is not confined to the disciples of Comte.

"Has, then, the agnostic a positive creed? It would seem so; for Mr. Spencer brings us at last to the one absolute certainty, the presence of an Infinite and Eternal Energy from which all things proceed. But let no one suppose that this is merely a new name for the Great First Cause of so many theologies and metaphysics."

"None of the positive attributes which have ever been predicated of God can be used of this Energy. Neither goodness, nor wisdom, nor justice, nor consciousness, nor will, nor life, can be ascribed even by analogy to this Force. Now a force to which we cannot apply the ideas of goodness, wisdom, justice, consciousness, or life any more than to a circle, is certainly not God, has no analogy with God, not even with what Pope has called the 'Great First Cause least understood.' . . .

"Again an Energy. Why AN Energy? The Unknowable may certainly consist of more than one energy. To assert the presence of one uniform energy is to profess to know something very important about the Unknowable. . . . Let us keep the old words, for we all mean much the same thing; and I prefer to put it thus. All observation and meditation, science and philosophy bring us to the *practical belief* that man is ever in the presence of some *energy or energies* of which he knows nothing, and to which he would therefore be wise to assign no limit, conditions, or functions.

. . . "Let us take each one of these three elements of religion—belief, worship, conduct—and try them all in turn as applicable to the Unknowable. How mere a phrase must any religion be of which neither belief, nor worship, nor conduct can be spoken! Imagine a religion which can have no believers because, *ex hypothesi*, its adepts are forbidden to believe anything about it. Imagine a religion which excludes the idea of worship because its sole dogma is the infinity of Nothingness. Although the Unknowable is logically said to be Something, yet the something of which we neither know nor conceive anything is practically nothing. Lastly, imagine a religion which can have no relation to conduct; for obviously the Unknowable can give us no intelligible help to conduct, and *ex vi termini*, can have no bearing on conduct. A religion which could not make any one any better, which would leave the human heart and human society just as it found them, which left no foothold for devotion and none for faith; which could have no creed, no doctrines, no

temples, no priests, no teachers, no rites, no morality, no beauty, no hope, no consolation ; which is summed up in one dogma—the Unknowable is everywhere and evolution is its prophet—this is indeed to defecate religion to a pure transparency." *

Mr. Harrison's criticisms, while they display some misapprehension of Spencer's true position, are yet a fair statement of the manner in which the agnostic creed strikes the mind of the average empiricist. It puts his thoughts into a dilemma. Not being familiar with the Kantian traditions, or not believing in them, he is wholly unable to comprehend a system of thought in which the dogma of an Unknowable Power holds so important a place. Besides, Spencer has never been able to vindicate the agnostic basis of religion from Mr. Harrison's objections. He proves, it is true, that the Unknowable, for which he stands sponsor, possesses certain positive though incomprehensible attributes. But Mr. Harrison's more serious charge, that the religion of the Unknowable can have no worship, and must be powerless to affect conduct, remains unanswered.

But religious philosophers find the agnostic creed still more objectionable than does the empiricist. The thinkers of this school, while differing in many things, are a unit in the opinion that religion cannot prosper on a foundation of ignorance. They concede that the Supreme Being transcends thought, and baffles the puny efforts of man to fathom his nature and designs ; we cannot by searching find out God. But with the shadows there is an intermingling of light. God reveals himself in nature, in human consciousness and life, and, as many believe, in the pages of the written Word, to such an extent that a partial knowledge of him is possible.

And these revelations, while they show him to be immeasurably above human conception, yet afford grounds for ascribing to him intelligence, reason, will and purpose ; attributes in which man himself participates. Above all, his manifestations reveal him as a moral being, righteous, holy, and loving. The religious thinker insists that the Supreme Being, in order to be capable of arousing the religious sentiments of love, gratitude, veneration, and worship, must be conceived as possessing moral and spiritual qualities in common with humanity, and that to strip him of these is tantamount to destroying the very foundations of religion. A Supreme Power whose character and purposes are enveloped in absolute mystery can, he

* " The Ghost of Religion," *Nineteenth Century*, March, 1884.

insists, arouse no feeling but vague wonder, which is as closely allied to superstitious fear as to genuine religious awe. Spencer, however, does not heed this protest, but proceeds in the opening chapters of *The Unknowable* to demolish the anthropomorphic conceptions which have, as he claims, disfigured every religion from savage fetichism down to the most enlightened forms of Christianity. The vital core of all religions, he contends, is the belief in some mysterious power behind visible phenomena. In this belief all religions have agreed. It has constituted the imperishable element which reappears in all forms of religion and survives all revolutions and changes of opinion. But men's conceptions of the character of this Power have been undergoing constant change. The savage thinks it to be altogether such a being as himself, and ascribes to it the weaknesses and passions of humanity. As intelligence advances, however, the lower attributes are dropped and only the higher and nobler retained, until, from the conception of the later Hebrew prophets, all but the most exalted human traits have disappeared, and God's character and ways are frankly acknowledged to be past finding out. Thus, in the development of religious ideas, the mystery that envelops its object has come more and more into the foreground, the sphere of admitted ignorance has continually encroached upon that of professed knowledge, until, in the most advanced creeds, anthropomorphism has almost reached the vanishing point.

If we must strip the Supreme Being of his "quasi-human attributes," as John Fiske calls them, what remains and how are we to distinguish between what may be ascribed to him and what may not? Spencer, in one of the first chapters of *The Unknowable*, enters into a subtle examination of the three leading theories of the origin of the world, Pantheism, Atheism, and Theism, and shows that they all involve the assumption of self-existence. There must be, on any conceivable theory, some uncreated substance from which the universe proceeds. But this idea of self-existence contradicts our idea of causal dependence and is unthinkable. The more we try to represent it in thought the deeper we involve ourselves in difficulties. In subsequent chapters Spencer espouses the reasonings of Hamilton and Mansel, and reaches a similar conclusion regarding the ideas of Infinite, Absolute, and First Cause. When the mind tries to realize these ideas it exposes its own impotence by falling into a hopeless muddle of contradictions. Shall we then refrain from ascribing such attributes to the Supreme Being? By no means. We find in the

human consciousness certain ideas that are wholly antithetical, and yet at the same time bound together by the chain of necessity. Among these are the notions of dependence and self-existence, finite and infinite, relative and absolute, phenomenon and noumenon, manifestation and ground. The first member of each of these pairs of ideas is true of the finite world, including man himself. The second transcends the finite and applies to some ultimate supernatural Power, if such exist. Now, according to Spencer's mode of reasoning, the second group of ideas is unthinkable, but they are so related to the knowable terms that the same necessity which constrains us to affirm the existence of an ultimate Power in the universe, forces us also to ascribe to this Power these unthinkable attributes. We are driven by a necessity of thought to regard the ultimate Power as self-existent, infinite, absolute, immutable, and eternal. The Spencerian may, therefore, consistently define the Ultimate Power as "Infinite, eternal and unchangeable in his Being," but there he must stop and leave the rest of the Westminster definition unsaid. For to him the Supreme Being must be something that man and the finite world are not. In his theology he must steer clear of anthropomorphism and reach the notion of a Being who is totally free from any intermixture of human characteristics.

Spencer rightly objects to the charge that is sometimes made that his Ultimate Power is a purely negative being about which nothing can be said. It is positive and possesses certain positive attributes. But the religious thinker is still excusable if he asks, Have we left any definite basis for religion? It seems, he says, that about all that is left to us is an unthinkable Being with unthinkable attributes. But religion cannot subsist between beings who are totally different. Religion presupposes some common ground between the worshipper and the worshipped. The object of religion must be capable of arousing the sentiments of love and veneration, if not of gratitude. But in order to do this there must be some mutual understanding and sympathy between the parties. Man is an intelligent being. His religious nature seems to require that the object of his worship should be intelligent also. Man has a moral nature which enables him to distinguish between right and wrong, and furnishes him with ideas of holiness and righteousness. The demand of his religious nature is that the object of his worship be a moral being also, that he be able to distinguish between sin and holi-

ness, and that he be a power which makes for righteousness not in a fatalistic manner, but because he himself is righteous. Man's religious nature demands that the object of his worship be good, and that he realize the good in the world, not haphazard, but as the working out of a beneficent purpose. In short, the religious nature of man demands that the object of his worship be not merely the infinite, eternal, and immutable First Cause of the universe, but, superlatively, that he be the Divine Father of man and his race; a being participating in his higher attributes, a being, therefore, toward whom he can feel drawn by feelings of kinship and love. These objections should have weight with the Spencerian agnostic. He has never denied the importance of religion. On the contrary, he insists on it. Nor does he believe in substituting anything else for the Divine foundation of religion. He believes profoundly that God must be the centre of all religion worth the name. How then does he meet these objections of the religious philosophers? Spencer makes the following statement in reply to Frederic Harrison's charge that his Unknowable Power is a pure negation:

"I held at the outset, and continue to hold, that this Inscrutable Existence which science, in the last resort, is compelled to recognize as unreached by its deepest analysis of matter, motion, thought, and feeling, stands toward our general conception of things in substantially the same relation as does the Creative Power asserted by theology.

"Further, I have contended that this Reality, transcending appearance, standing toward the universe and toward ourselves in the same relation as an anthropomorphic Creator was supposed to stand, bears a like relation with it, not only to human thought but to human feeling; the gradual replacement of a Power allied to humanity in certain traits by a Power which we cannot say is thus allied, leaves unchanged certain of the sentiments comprehended under the name religious. Though I have argued that in ascribing to the Unknowable Cause of things such human attributes as emotion, will, and intelligence, we are raising words which, when thus applied, have no corresponding ideas; yet I have also argued that we are just as much debarred from denying as we are from affirming such attributes; since as ultimate analysis brings us everywhere to alternative impossibilities of thought we are shown that beyond the phenomenal order of things, our ideas of possible and impossible are irrelevant." *

It is clear, however, that this answer fails to meet the difficulty. The assertion that the Unknowable Cause bears substantially the same relation to man and the world as the Creative Power of theology, means, of course, this Creative Power after all the anthropomorphic traits have been cancelled. The relation is the same up to the point where the ascription of human attributes begins. Beyond

* "Retrogressive Religion," *Nineteenth Century*, July 1884.

that the difference is radical. To the objection that the religious sentiments cannot be entertained toward such a being, Spencer has only the reply that the substitution of the Unknowable for God leaves unchanged certain of the sentiments comprehended under the name religious. This may be conceded. In viewing a mystery the natural feeling is wonder, and if the mystery be associated with a mighty object wonder passes into awe. Such a sentiment may be aroused by extraordinary natural phenomena,—by a thunder storm, a tornado, by the ocean when lashed into fury. Wonder is a sentiment of religion, but not distinctively so, nor is it the source of its living power. A religion of mere wonder, unnourished by other more potent springs of sentiment, would exert an almost imperceptible influence on human character and conduct. Its tendency would be to degenerate into sentimentalism, and its powerlessness would tempt the masses to relapse into some form of superstition. Spencer himself recognizes the true source of the power of religion in his theory of its origin. The primitive savage sees in dreams the ghost of his dead ancestor and begins to pay him worship. The more developed savage locates a human personality in his fetich. Fetichism disappears at length, and the powers of nature are personified and adored. Lastly, the Hebrew monotheist gathers up the hidden forces of the universe into one vast overshadowing personality which he names Jehovah. It is the persistent belief of man that he is in the presence of a personal being who shares in some of his own qualities, that has from the beginning been the source of the life and power of religion. Spencer is aware of this, but has no comfort to offer except the assurance that while we are forbidden to ascribe any human attributes to the Deity, we are just as strictly debarred from denying that he possesses them. His answer is only a restatement of the dilemma into which agnosticism puts the religious consciousness of man. The human soul feels the need of spiritual communion with a Divine Father whom it may enthusiastically love and worship, but it finds on its hands a "Great Enigma," an Inscrutable Mystery, of which it is wholly ignorant, and toward which it can never hope to decide what attitude it ought to take. Agnosticism, therefore, instead of contributing anything toward the solution of the problem of religion, simply impales the religious consciousness on the horns of a dilemma and leaves it there.

Does this agnostic creed, which thus propounds its dilemma to the world, itself rest on solid grounds? We have said, and it is his-

torically verifiable, that the agnostic derives his conception of experience and its relation to knowledge from Hume. Psychologically, he is a pure empiricist who believes in the genesis of the higher mental powers out of sensation. If such be the pedigree of man's powers, his assurance ought to stop at the limits of his experience. He ought not to know that anything beyond the empirical region exists. Above all, evolution which generated him should have seen to it that his thoughts and aspirations adapt themselves to their environment and cease to trouble him about things which, if they exist, lie wholly above his sphere. He should not be haunted with problems that are unthinkable and enigmas that are unsolvable. But in all ages men have troubled themselves about such things, and we find Spencer aiding and abetting them in their fruitless enterprise. At the foundation of consciousness, he asserts, rests the conviction that there is an Ultimate Power which transcends knowledge. This conviction, he adds, is not a mere hypothesis which may be either true or false, but a truth that is absolutely certain. The Ultimate Power is the First Cause of both man and nature. It energizes in nature and gives rise to the panoramic vision of the world. It wells up in man and makes him a conscious being. It is the perennial source of the world's life and movement. Were it to cease to energize, the universe would vanish like a mist before the morning sun.

We are very much obliged to the agnostic for these assurances, and would perhaps go our way in peace, but the sceptic steps in and begins to ask questions:

'Will you be kind enough, Mr. Agnostic,' he says, 'to explain how we know that such a Power as you have described exists?'—*A.* 'With pleasure. We know that the phenomena of which we are conscious are not self-existent, but relative and dependent. They point by implication to some cause outside of themselves, some energy from which they proceed. The existence of this phenomenal world thus implies, by a necessity of thought, the existence of an Ultimate Cause.'—*S.* 'But I am unable to comprehend this necessity of thought. Why should we be obliged to believe in an object that is unknowable?'—*A.* 'Because, although we cannot cognize this Power, we are not left without witnesses to its existence. These witnesses are of two kinds: (1) At the foundation of our consciousness and accompanying all its finite states is a vague, general consciousness of something that is not a phenomenon. This, though indefinite, is the most certain element in our mental life. (2) We are conscious of certain relations which constrain us to believe in an Ultimate Power. For example, the relative and phenomenal imply the absolute and self-existent. The effect and manifestation imply a causal ground. Now the knowable world is relative and phenomenal. It is a manifested effect. By virtue of these relations there must, therefore, be some more ultimate existence on which it depends.'—*S.* 'But this consciousness of the Absolute, what does it

mean? Are not the Ultimate elements of our consciousness, according to all empiricists, feelings, and how can feelings be absolute? Or, do you agree with the German rhapsodists of the Schelling school that man has a power of looking directly at the Absolute by a species of intellectual intuition?'—*A.* 'I don't believe in any such absurdity. This consciousness I speak of is not a direct perception of the Absolute, but a general awareness that it exists. It is rather an assurance springing directly out of consciousness than a direct intuition.'—*S.* 'But if it is a conviction, or belief, it must have some ground of justification. As empiricists we must not trust beliefs which come to us without any vouchers. On what grounds, then, are we obliged to receive the testimony of this conviction as true?'—*A.* 'The justification is to be found in the criterion which is called the inconceivability of the opposite. Our consciousness, as now constituted, obliges us to refer phenomena to an absolute source, because we cannot conceive of phenomenal being as depending on nothing but itself. The idea is unthinkable, and therefore we are forced to admit the truth of the opposite—namely, that beneath phenomena there is an Ultimate Cause.'—*S.* 'Then the justification of this belief is ultimately the necessary connection which our consciousness affirms to exist between the phenomenal and relative, and the Ultimate Cause?'—*A.* 'True. This relation bears the requisite test. The opposite is unthinkable.'—*S.* 'But why should we regard the opposite of this as unthinkable? What is its opposite? Simply what the principle of causality demands—namely, that we refer every phenomenon to a phenomenal antecedent, and so on *ad infinitum*. The law of causality forbids us to stop at any term and say this is ultimate. If the inconceivability of the opposite is to be taken as the ultimate criterion of truth, then we must affirm an unending series, and the Ultimate Cause must manage to shift for itself.'

The agnostic thus finds himself in a dilemma. The criterion of truth which he uses proves to be a weapon that cuts both ways. Empirical causation is invariable antecedence and consequence. Hume and Mill saw clearly that such a principle could vouch for nothing outside of experience. No other mental principle has any better footing. To establish the existence of an object that transcends experience, we must have powers that transcend experience. But such a principle the agnostic cannot recognize. His ultimate resort is to his negative criterion of truth. But if we concede to him that to suppose the non-existence of an Ultimate Cause is unthinkable, we may retort with what is at least as certain—that the supposition of uncaused existence is also unthinkable. The two unthinkables cancel each other, and we are left in a state of well-balanced uncertainty as to whether any ultimate realities exist or not. Thus the agnostic's own logic when rigorously applied drives him beyond his favorite position into a desert of pure negation.

But aside from this logical dilemma, the agnostic creed is assailed by difficulties of a more practical character arising out of the attempt to maintain the supernatural basis of religion while divesting its ob-

ject of all human or anthropomorphic traits. We cannot ascribe to this being intelligence, will, personality, or any quality which man himself may happen to possess. But no one has shown more conclusively than the agnostic philosophers themselves that the vitality of religion has always depended on these same attributes. Religion in its higher forms has differed from religion in its lower forms, not in any tendency to divest the Deity of human attributes, but rather in a tendency to divest him of the low and malevolent traits of humanity, and to ascribe to him only the noble and beneficent. And the higher forms of religion, while in one sense they do tend to raise God further above the level of man, show in another sense just as decided a tendency to bring him into closer relations with humanity. Thus in Christianity alone is the kinship and sympathy between man and God perfected by the emphasis that is placed on the Divine Fatherhood. But the agnostic insists on reversing this process. He would break the bonds of kinship and sympathy, and, destroying all mutual understanding, would remove the Deity to a distance so great that all spiritual emotion would be frozen and the devout soul groping after God—if happily it may find him—would reap nothing but its labor for its pains. Religion is thus shorn of its strength, because of the alleged logical incongruities involved in ascribing human traits to the Deity. These are "phenomenal manifestations," and cannot in any sense qualify an unphenomenal being. We cannot ascribe consciousness to the Deity, because this implies succession and change of states. But this is "irreconcilable both with the unchangeableness otherwise alleged, and with the omnipotence otherwise alleged."

"It is the same with the ascription of intelligence. Not to dwell on the seriality and limitation implied as before, we may note that intelligence, as alone conceivable by us, presupposes existence independent of it and objective to it. It is carried out in terms of changes primarily wrought by alien activities. To speak of an intelligence which exists in the absence of all such alien activities is to use a meaningless word."*

Similar objections weigh against the ascription of will and personality. It must be conceded that to an empiricist, who can see nothing in the human consciousness but a series of changing states, these difficulties are insurmountable. But they are largely self-made. Man is conscious of the fact that the series of changing states is

* Religion, Retrospective and Prospective."—*Nineteenth Century*, Jan., 1884.

only one aspect of his mental life. Either in or back of this series is something that persists unchanged in the midst of change. To this background attaches man's unity and identity, of which he is as fully aware as of the changes of his conscious states. In his consciousness, therefore, the unchangeable factor and the "seriality and limitation" coexist in harmony. To the further objection founded on the nature of intelligence, the reply is that, if intelligence is in its nature purely serial, and if it exists, as Mr. Spencer says, merely as a response to some alien environment, then it must be folly to ascribe such an attribute to the Deity. But here again the difficulty is not essential, but arises out of a peculiar philosophical theory. Most men who ascribe intelligence to the Deity at all ascribe an intelligence analogous to that of which they are themselves conscious. Now human intelligence is not merely perceptive, but also self-conscious and reflective. And we know that reflection distinguishes between the subject and the series of conscious states which depend upon it and stand to it in the relation of objective data. In making this distinction and objectifying its states, the developed consciousness does not require the presence of the "alien" objects of perception. The agnostic forgets that the series of phenomena which he calls the universe may stand to the Deity in a relation analogous to that of man's series of states to his conscious subject. He forgets that whatever may be true of the undeveloped forms of intelligence, it is the developed reflective intelligence which the theist ascribes to the Deity, and that the ascription of such a trait no more identifies the series of states with the essential nature of the Deity than the ascription of the phenomenal manifestations of the world to him as their source identifies his nature with these phenomena. The agnostic, whose favorite formula for the Deity is the Ultimate Power, of which the universe is a manifestation, ought, therefore, to see that the nature of consciousness and reflective intelligence fits his conception exactly, and that the ascription of these attributes to this Power is in perfect harmony with his own mode of representing it.

The troubles of the agnostic are thus of a very complicated and distressing character. Not only does he find the religious thinkers and the empiricists dead against him, but he cannot assure himself of the security of his own position. His own logic turns traitor and betrays him into the hands of the enemy. Nor can his suppression of anthropomorphism be successfully carried out. For if he proceeds

logically he "defecates religion to a pure transparency," and leaves no basis for religious sentiment or worship. And his confusion is complete when he ascertains that the ground on which he has rested his exclusion of human attributes from the Divine character is a misapprehension, and that when rightly understood there is no inconsistency between many of the essential attributes of man and his own conception of the Deity. Now a sense of the practical difficulties which embarrass the agnostic theory, if not a clear consciousnes of its logical defects, has led in recent years to very important modifications of the original creed. While Spencer still insists that manifestations of the Unknowable Power, whether in nature or the human consciousness, give no clue to its real nature, some of his disciples have found this position to be untenable. One of the leaders of these malcontents is John Fiske, who has in recent utterances sought to identify the Unknowable with the God of theism. In a small treatise on *The Destiny of Man*, he constructs an argument for the immortality of the soul, deriving his evidence from the course of evolution which has from the beginning manifested a "dramatic tendency" toward the realization of ends. The final cause of the entire process, he asserts, seems to be the evolution of man. Now Mr. Fiske declines to regard "the Creator's work as like that of a child who builds houses out of blocks just for the pleasure of knocking them down." Consequently, he professes his belief in the immortality of the soul, "as a supreme act of faith in the reasonableness of God's work," who would not, he thinks, "put us to permanent intellectual confusion." Throughout this reasoning there runs the assumption of the existence and knowability of God. This assumption, which finds a partial justification in his chapters on "Cosmic Theism" in an earlier work, Mr. Fiske seeks to justify in a recent discussion.* In the *Cosmic Philosophy* the author had taken the position that "the Deity is knowable in so far as it is manifested to consciousness through the phenomenal world."† Taking this as his point of departure, Mr. Fiske proceeds to consider what light the process of evolution, which he characterizes as "the working out of a mighty teleology of which our finite understandings can fathom but the scantiest rudiments," has to throw on the question of theism. His conclusions would cause the old-fashioned disciple of Spencer to open his eyes in astonishment. Viewing the world of phenomena

* *The Idea of God*, 1886.

† *Cosmic Phil.*, Vol. II., p. 470.

as a whole, "it is intelligible only when regarded as the multiform manifestation of an omnipresent Energy that is in some way—albeit in a way quite above our comprehension—anthropomorphic or quasi personal." "There is a true objective reasonableness in the universe" which is shown in the "dramatic tendency" of things, and which leads the mind "to recognize an Omnipresent Energy which is none other than the living God." This living God is a person, for Mr. Fiske finds as much anthropomorphism "lurking in the phrase 'Infinite Power' as in the phrase 'Infinite Person.'" The teleological aspect of evolution when viewed in connection with the beneficent character of the end which it tends to realize proves this Infinite Person to be both intelligent and moral. In short, the manifestations of this Power when construed in the light of modern science lead irresistibly to the conclusion that the Unknowable of the old agnostic faith is none other than the Divine Father of the Christian religion.

It is not the design here to charge Mr. Fiske with a departure from his primitive faith. The germs at least of his latest utterances are to be found in the *Cosmic Philosophy*. But he is quoted simply as an exponent of a revolt which has occurred within the Spencerian school against the agnostic limitations of its founder. Spencer asserts that the Ultimate Power possesses certain unphenomenal attributes. It is infinite, eternal, immutable. He also says that from the phenomenal manifestations of this Power no conclusions can be drawn respecting its character. On this he founds his suppression of anthropomorphism. The revolting members of the school accept Spencer's first position, but refuse to abide by his second. In the manifestations of this Power they claim to discover rational grounds for ascribing to the Deity many of those very anthropomorphic traits against which Spencer so earnestly protests.

The agnostic philosophy is manifestly playing a losing game. It has against it the imperative demand of man's religious nature. It is also weakened by its own internal contradictions. On the one hand, the logic it employs to suppress anthropomorphism, when carried far enough, leads to its own refutation. On the other hand, its favorite conception of the Unknowable as the Ultimate Cause of which the phenomenal world is a manifestation, leads to the reinstatement of anthropomorphism and the ascription to the Deity of the attributes of intelligence and personality. The truth is, the dilemma first propounded by Kant and afterward espoused and put forth again by

Spencer is essentially irrational. It confronts man with a mighty Power of whose existence he is assured, whose presence overshadows his consciousness, but of whose character and attitude toward himself he can know nothing. It points him to a supernatural object, but leaves him in inexplicable doubt as to the proper frame of mind in which this object should be approached. It denies his right to attribute intelligence and reason to this Power, and thus leaves him without an explanation of the reasonableness of the world. It forbids him to ascribe purpose to the Deity, and thus plunges him into a hopeless muddle regarding the ends that are constantly being realized in the world. It counsels him to worship this Power, but debars him from recognizing it as moral, thus cutting off the only adequate spring of the religious sentiments.

Agnosticism is losing the support of evolution. Brought forward by Spencer to aid that theory, evolution now turns its batteries against its former ally, and points to the ends which are being realized in nature as proof of the intelligence of nature's Author. The logic of events and the logic of reason point in the same direction. Agnosticism has performed the minor task of checking extravagant tendencies and inducing the human reason to abate somewhat of its pretensions regarding the knowledge of supernatural things. But it has failed to satisfy legitimate demands. It has failed also to justify its own position at the bar of sound reason. As a result, it seems about to give way to a philosophy which upon the throne of the Unknowable places its rightful occupant—the living God.

ALEXANDER T. ORMOND.

COUNTRY CHURCHES IN NEW ENGLAND.

It was Saturday afternoon in October. The yellow of the daylight was fading into the gray of evening as I drove down a long hill and struck a valley road by the side of a strong stream. It had been a hard day on the horses and they were tired.

October days in New England are sometimes harder on horses than the dog-days. The sirocco atmosphere of the desert is often reproduced very closely in our north country. This had been a day not unlike one of the days familiar to desert travellers when the Khamseen wind begins, or is about to begin, but has not yet become strong and desiccating. So I let the horses walk slowly along the road, now level and dusty, now golden with thickly-strewn maple leaves.

On both sides of the valley hills rose, covered with the splendor of the autumnal forests, never more splendid than in this autumn of 1885. The valley itself was narrow, but there were farm-houses in all directions, and the land on either side of the stream, a broad level, was divided into fields, some green and dotted with grazing cattle, some straw-colored with shocks of corn and rich in the magnificence of great pumpkins still scattered where they had grown. Certainly there is no crop in the world which presents such a gorgeous view of the wealth of the soil as an American corn-field when the corn has been shocked and has left the yellow pumpkins exposed to view.

The horses loitered along. On the left of the road was a graveyard. Years ago I had driven this road. I remembered that I then saw, near the front fence, a solitary grave, over which was the sorrowful epitaph of a young girl. We had wondered then who she was and what her history, and had suggested many fanciful explanations of the story hinted at in the inscription. The horses remembered it also; for when they came in front of the spot they stopped precisely where I had checked them then. The grave was no longer solitary. By the side of the girl of eighteen now lay her father and her mother. For their names were on the stone at her grave and on the stones at their graves.

Here, then, as in so many country graveyards, was a gathered family. There must have been great sorrow when the girl died. That much the simple epitaph assured us. There was, perhaps less, perhaps more sorrow, possibly there were willingness and joy, when later, the old folks, one at a time, left the farm-house for the graveyard, the weariness of labor for the peacefulness of rest.

To the traveller along any road such a group of graves by the road-side is necessarily a subject of interest. Graves are always publications, when rounded up and marked with stones. Howsoever retiring and unknown has been the life, however impertinent it would have been in the traveller to invade the privacy of that life, when the life is over and the memorial tablet stands in the light of day and the moonlight and starlight, always telling all who come that "such an one is dead," then the passer-by is invited to ask, who was this, and what can you tell me about him or her? The dead thus become public property.

There was, therefore, no impropriety in seeking to know more about this young New England girl, of whom we read on her tombstone these lines:

> "Dearly beloved while on earth,—
> Deeply lamented at death,—
> Borne down by two cruel oppressors,
> Distracted and dead."

She died more than thirty years ago. It was only four years ago that her father, almost ninety years old, was buried by her; and a few months afterward her mother, nearly eighty, joined them in silence. It was in a valley miles away from any railway. Surely any one living hereabouts can tell us their story. We rattled along the road swiftly a mile or a mile and a half, and came to the first of a few scattered houses making a small village. A man was at work in front of his house. I pulled up and asked him the story of the family. He had no idea what I was asking about, had not seen the grave, knew nothing about it.

"What did you say was the name on the gravestuns?"

I told him. He said he had never heard the name, and did not know of any people of that name in this part of the country.

I drove on and tried again, with a man standing near his house. He could give me no information. I drove on again and met a bright-looking young man, walking down the road-side, pulled up,

and accosted him. He was minister of—I think he said a Free-will Baptist Church—perhaps it was some other—he had only been a few years there—he had never heard of the name, of the young girl's epitaph, of the family. So I gave it up. For it was growing toward the dark, and my horses made quick time onward for the last five miles of the day's drive, while we talked of this illustration of the change which has come into the social character of New England in country places.

Time was when all the people for miles around could tell you the story of every mound in the graveyard, and of all that was hidden under it. For in those times there was a community of interest, a social life, which included all the inhabitants of large sections of the country. People were more or less dependent on one another, and had more or less attachment to and affection for one another.

In those days on a Sunday morning, when from miles away in all directions the people came in wagons, or on foot, to the church, everybody knew everybody. If one were missing from any pew in the full house, it was very certain that after the service all the rest of the congregation would learn whether Susan or Timothy were sick, and if not, why he or she was not in the regular place. If any one were sick in any house all the country-side would know it, and know it with kindest sympathy.

I remember, years ago, driving one day twenty-seven miles down a New Hampshire road, along which were only scattered farm-houses. Before I started in the morning, from a house where I had passed the night, I heard the family asking a teamster who was passing northward, "Did you hear anything about Mrs. Bell?" and his reply, "They said she was very low." It made little impression on my mind, but, a few miles on, a farmer came out and hailed me, and asked me if I had heard how Mrs. Bell was. I repeated what I had heard the teamster say, and drove on, thinking the sick woman was in some farm-house behind me. Again, at a watering-trough, where I waited while two other teams watered, I heard their drivers talk of Mrs. Bell; one said he heard she was dying, and the other said it would be hard on Tom and the little girls.

It was at twenty-three miles from my starting-place that I passed a yellow cottage near the road-side, and saw three men standing in front of it, looking somehow very solemn and sad. An impulse took me. I stopped my horses close up to the fence, and asked them if this was where Mrs. Bell was sick. It was where she had died an hour ago.

Thus all along the road, and along many cross-roads, away up into the mountain passes, and down the slopes on the other side, wherever within twenty or thirty miles there was ground cleared for a farm and humanity was enduring the curse of labor, all the people knew of the sickness of the farmer's wife, the mother of the boy and girls, and all sorrowed with them.

I do not think this is an uncommon instance of what was the social condition of the country before railroads had penetrated it. Certain it is, that no family could accomplish their final emigration, and be buried in the graveyard, without all the inhabitants, for miles around, knowing their names and something of their history.

I do not pretend to any closer acquaintance with country life and social condition than others, except what comes from extensive travel over New England roads with my own horses, spending much time among the people in all parts of Vermont and New Hampshire. For a great many years it has been our pleasant custom to spend at least a month in the spring and a month in the autumn in carriage travel. We rarely know in the morning where we shall rest at night, but we rarely fail to find the hospitality of a good country inn, clean rooms, and tables loaded with luxuries. Such travel is vastly more free from annoyances than in England, Scotland, or any country on the other continent. New Hampshire and Vermont hotels, on the great lines of travel, are fully equal to European hotels in like locations; and the small inns, on unfrequented roads, are infinitely better than the small inns of any other country. I speak from ample experience. There are few roads in the northern part of New Hampshire, or in all Vermont, with which my horses are not acquainted. This travel has made us somewhat familiar with such indications of local and general character as travellers find whose enjoyment consists in becoming acquainted with the customs and the thinking and talking ways of the inhabitants.

I have no hesitation in saying that the change indicated in the local incident which I have related is marked throughout the two States. That it is equally so in other sections of the country is probable. It is in considerable measure due to the introduction of railroads.

That old community of interests and sympathies prevailing in districts was not only an important social factor, but it was of great value as an element in the political structure and growth of a self-governing people. As a rule, in old times, the people in the country

had more thought about their selectmen, and questions of local, town, or county government than about general politics. They concerned themselves little about the government of the State, beyond sending an honest and trusted member of their own community to the Legislature. They concerned themselves not at all about the affairs of other States, and thought but little about, because they scarcely felt the existence of, the general government at Washington. Political subjects form no part of the purpose of this sketch, except that it should be always remembered that a great feature in the solidity of a democratic form of government is that enjoyment and appreciation of true liberty which a people have when they feel least the general government and pay most attention to home and local affairs.

When railways began to penetrate New England, the immediate social effects began to be visible in ways that can be illustrated by what seem to be trivial, but are important things. The country store in the little village, or at the cross-roads, had supplied the wants of all the people around. But Mrs. Jones had gone down by rail to the large town, or to the city, and appeared in church on Sunday morning with a new hat or shawl, such as no one could match. Hitherto the wives and daughters of the country had been content with neat and clean attire, making over and retrimming and freshening up the old hats from year to year, making their own dresses, or employing the seamstress whom every one knew. Mrs. Some-one-else seeing Mrs. Jones's striking apparel, hesitated next Sunday to go to church with her old hat; and several others felt as she did. New hats or no church became a subject of quiet discussion of each with herself. There was a break in the old custom of going to church, a new consideration introduced. It was a trifle, but it was extended in its ultimate effect on the Sunday morning gatherings. Shopping at the country store fell off, and the custom of going once or twice a year to the city for purchases became general with those who could afford it. Distinctions in styles of dress resulted in repelling many from such public places as the church, and little rivalries among young people produced sad changes in their relations to each other.

I have mentioned this among the influences, touching the women-folk, because they have most power over social relations. But the same effects were produced on the men, to some extent, and others too, which were much more serious, especially on the younger generation.

The growth of population had been largely in this way. The New England farmer was never a rich man. He had little chance to lay up money. His children were his wealth; and I say it with emphasis, there was—there is nowhere on earth a family of greater wealth in all that wealth can be, the full supply of wants and desires, than in the small home of a New England farmer with wife and children, hard toil, contentment—and not a hundred dollars in the world. When the boys and girls grew up their parents expected them to marry, and somewhere near by or farther away in the State, the young people were helped by their parents to purchase land for clearing and settling. Some of the young people, of course, went away to cities or distant places in those days. But not as when the railroad came, and made the city practically as near to the farm as the county town had formerly been. Now the boys became ambitious to get employment in populous neighborhoods. They lost all liking for the uneventful life on the farm. They went down the railway—got places on the railroad itself—found places for their old companions; and so in short time the farmers' sons ceased to reënforce the race of farmers, and went into the great flood of humanity which forms the crowded life of cities. How very few of them made success of life it does not concern us now to tell. Always the reported success of one overshadowed thought of the many who failed, and the custom was established among the sons of the country of going away from home to obtain employment.

So was insured that result which is beginning to attract the notice of statesmen, the decrease of population in the rural districts; a decrease which would be alarmingly apparent, but for the increase in cities and manufacturing towns, largely due to importation of labor.

Another fact must be noted here. The idea once prevailed that railroads would increase the value of farms. The farmer had the conviction that better access to a market would add to the money worth of his laborious product. But he did not know that while it brought him nearer to a market, it brought others also nearer, and that the rail which passed his farm and extended to the Far West would flood the market with the produce of rich prairie farms. He learned it by sad experience. He could not grow and deliver produce at the sea-coast as cheaply as the farmer a thousand miles farther away. Hence farm property decreased in value as an immediate consequence of railway extension. A farmer in Vermont told me

last autumn that he had to pay for a car-load to Boston the same price which was paid from Buffalo.

One and another and another farmer abandoned the struggle in New England. He sold his farm for whatever it would fetch, often very little, generally I think to his neighbor. The purchaser took into cultivation what part of it was best, or what he could handle with most ease in addition to his own fields, and let the rest go back to brush and nature. From this comes one of the most striking features of the scenes along New England roads that I have travelled, the frequency of deserted and ruined farm-houses. These are not few, not exceptional; I have often counted five, sometimes seven, once I think eight such houses, totally abandoned, doorless and windowless, in a day's drive of twenty-five miles. Often and often I stop my horses, go into the tangle of brush and agrimony and weeds which mark the spot where was once the flower-garden of the farmer's wife and daughters, and gather a handful of flowers from the old plants that send up mournful blossoms among their invading enemies. In the spring, I break boughs of lilac blossoms from tall old bushes which fill the air with a peculiar fragrance dear to the old man who was once a country boy. In the autumn, I find the various-colored "zinnea," and sometimes the "live-forever"; and once there was a great patch of exquisite myosotis, "forget-me-nots," in luxuriant bloom, wandering out from under the fence and in the turf by the road-side, with strange persistence in a plant both foreign and somewhat delicate.

Do you know how much of the pathos of life there is in such a garden? Do you know how very hard was the labor, how barren of joy the life of the farmer's wife; how much of her little happiness she put into her flower-garden? How mournful the parting from it was, when poverty or a restless family compelled her to move away?

Now and then we see a deserted and ruinous church. It is always a strange sight. I remember one, standing in a large old and full graveyard. It looked as if it had served for the worship of a great congregation who were all lying peacefully around it now, no one left to pray or praise in it. I looked in through the broken window, and saw the cold ruinous interior; no sign of prayer or song for many years. Before the pulpit stood the bier on which in years past the congregation had been one by one carried from the door of the church to the graves close by it.

Another day I drove by a large church with a tower, in which a

bell hung exposed to the weather. Stopping at a house near by to inquire about the road, I also asked about the church, and learned that it was closed some years ago in consequence of a quarrel among the membership, and had not been used since. For awhile they rang the curfew bell at nine o'clock. But that had long been silent.

And this brings us to what are perhaps the most important changes which have taken place in the social and associating character of the people in parts of New England. While the influences which have been named here aided in producing social changes, the far more effective cause of these changes is to be found in the religious education of the people.

The Puritan Sunday, as some call it, is a day belonging to past history. The custom of all the people, young and old, assembling on Sunday for the worship of God no longer exists in a large part of the country. One who goes about, week after week, from village to village, and church to church, is painfully impressed with the emptiness of church buildings on Sundays.

The resulting effect on the social relations of populations is great. A certain disintegration has taken place. People no longer know each other as their predecessors did. That sympathy of which we spoke, which pervaded great tracts of country, bringing inhabitants into more or less close relations and feelings of mutual interest if not of affection, was in large measure the effect of church relations. Every one of the several generations who lie close together around that ruined church had been in the habit of seeing every other one of the generation, older or younger, at church on Sunday morning. They met and talked, between services, in the graveyard where they are all now gathered silent together. They will all know one another when they awake.

That element in the social condition of the country is pretty much all gone. And it is gone for this, more than for any other reason, because people don't go to church as they used to. Population has decreased, but not so much as to account for the change, which is very marked. This change is one of most serious import, whether we view it as religious men or as patriots and political economists.

There should be no need to discuss the subject of religion and religious institutions as related to the political conditions of a country like ours. But of late years its transcendent importance has been very generally lost sight of. At no time in our history has it been more necessary to bring churchmen and laymen, and serious men

who have no relations with churches, to the consideration of this subject. Men look everywhere for barriers to interpose against the advance of socialism and communism. There are but two possible defences—the one very untrustworthy, physical force; the other omnipotent, the religion of a people.

Men seek to effect moral reform by legislation and police forces, but there is no hope of moral elevation except it be founded on religion. The Church is the one only moral reform society.

Only superficial political economists leave the religious forces, at work among a people, out of account in estimating their conduct and judging their powers. So far as cohesion in the masses is concerned this is the most important of all considerations. While separate denominational relations produce what seem to be separate and segregated cohesions, in larger or smaller groups and bodies, there are certain fundamental religious principles which are common to many denominations and are a bond of union of common interest and common enthusiasm. It is a pity that men of various denominations calling themselves Christians do not recognize this truth more clearly. Intelligent observers, viewing Christianity from the position of the outside student, recognize the practical unity of the faith which is the foundation of that great power in the history of men which is called Christianity. The millions in this country who to themselves and among themselves seem hopelessly divided as Protestants and Romanists, as Presbyterians and Episcopalians and Baptists and Methodists, as members of a great variety of unions, each and every one called a church, when seen by the philosophic eye of the student of social forces, are recognized as a united body of men and women, all under one leader and one law, all controlled by one grand principle—" the power of an endless life."

Thus whatever battles among themselves may be going on, however rancorous may be the enmities which they exhibit on questions of the real presence, the forms of baptism, free will, falling from grace, let an attack be made on the supremacy over men, the Lordship and sovereignty of their Leader, or on their duty of obedience to him as against obedience to human powers and laws, and they are as one soul and body, a united force, the heaviest force which has moved individuals and nations for the past two thousand years. Men on either side of the question will hang, burn, and torture one another for differing in opinion as to how Christ saves them, and the same men will die side by side to defend the faith that Christ does save them.

Sagacious leaders of men have recognized this value of religion as an element of political power in all times. The history of the Christian church is full of examples, from our own times back to the days of Constantine, when the relations of the Church to the State were first established.

Whatever may have been the other motives of Constantine in cultivating Christianity without accepting baptism into the Church for himself, it is clear enough that he was a shrewd politician, and recognized the political importance of the fast spreading religion of Christ.

His empire was not only distracted by civil war, but it lacked wholly the cohesive power of religion among the people. The old religions of Rome were lifeless. They had ceased to have the quality of religion in its very meaning as a word, whether that meaning were as Cicero had defined it, "omnia quæ ad cultum Deorum pertinerent," or as others defined it, a bond of restraint, a conservative sentiment. The fact remains in history that the Roman Empire was consolidated by the power of a religion acting among the forces which, without its presence, would have either failed wholly, or would have effected but a temporary success. The beginning of the history of Christianity as an element to be considered in the political history and future of nations is in the reign of Constantine. He is no wise historian or politician who fails to recognize its paramount importance in looking at the visible past in Europe or seeking to look into the obscurity before us in America. The history of European civilization ancient and modern is to all intents and purposes a history of religion. So in a far future will be much of the history of our country seen by the eyes of the calm historian. The Church has been a constant power.

By the Church we shall not be understood as meaning any one of the many denominations by which Christians call themselves. The word is English, not ecclesiastical, as some foolishly try to make it. We use it in the sense of one of the Websterian definitions, meaning the collective body of those who acknowledge Christ as their Saviour.

No one can doubt the power which the Church as a unit has exercised in the whole history of our own institutions. If it were nowhere else visible, it stands out in strong light in the prevailing sense of moral right and wrong, the universal doctrine of submission to law, the recognition and defence of the family and social system which underlies the political system. The laboring man who hears

clamorous politicians seeking his vote by pretentious efforts to open places of amusement for him on Sunday, should know that the laws which give him Sunday and its rest, and prevent open manufactories and public works on one day in seven, are the gift of the Church to the world, and that Sunday is preserved to him only by the religion of that Church. The setting apart of one day in seven as a special day is a religious, not a political invention. Those who are most active in secularizing Sunday, and those who most vehemently demand amusements for the people so that they shall have it as a day of rest and recreation, seem strangely oblivious of the fact that the day exists among Christian nations as a day of rest solely because the Church believes and teaches that on that day the crucified, dead, and buried Saviour of men rose from the grave and by his resurrection accomplished the whole work of the salvation of man. It is to the Church that we owe the existence of our Sunday, and the Church alone can preserve it for working-men and for all men. Once deprive the day of its religious character, and all the exertions of moralists and philanthropists and humanitarians will be powerless to keep it distinct from Saturday and Monday. It is idle to talk of the "religion of humanity" in face of the fact that the religion of humanity has no God but force, no relationships among men except as determined by superior and inferior strength or cunning. The religion of humanity is no foundation for social or political associations. Built on it, human institutions would not outlast the first light breeze of discontent. Subjection to a higher power, against whom man is powerless, is the sentiment, essential in the minds of men to make them permanent subjects of any form of human government. Communism, which in its extreme development denies all rights of government, must of course and does deny all gods.

Men live with death before them. The certain fact, the only certain fact in the future career of a man, whatever his employments and enjoyments, is a mighty power in affecting his conduct: has always, among all peoples, been the mightiest of powers in affecting human character. Only now and then can one be found among myriads who lives without any influence on his life from his knowledge that his time is short and his works and possessions and surroundings are only temporary. The myriads not only steadily keep in mind that they are to die, but, consciously or unconsciously ask, with profound interest, "What after that?"

Every man asks that question a thousand times more often than

those who surround him imagine. Most men have common sense; and it is common sense to ask it. The Church has answered this question to Americans for two centuries, and they have very generously accepted its answer, "After that the judgment." The sense of responsibility to a judge has been a part of the educated sense of Americans. It is not only a part of their character, but the distinguishing part, which separates the good citizen from the enemy of society and government. It has been not only preached in the pulpits, but taught in the household, ingrained into the hearts and lives of children, who have grown to maturity and died, always under its influence.

The power of the Church has gone much farther in impressing character. The institutions which the Church has sustained, charities innumerable, the public worship of God, the setting apart of one day in seven as a day different from the other six, duties of parents, of children, of neighbors, of friends and enemies, reverence for things sacred, all the constitutents of pure and useful life, have been impressed on American minds and stamped into American character.

Sunday has had more value in this country than merely as a day of rest. It has been a power in forming American character. It has called a pause to men in whatever pursuit. It has kept before men always the knowledge of a great authority regulating their affairs. Those who were brought up under the strict law of what is called the Puritan Sunday, sometimes look back from early manhood with intense dislike to its iron restraints imposed on the jubilant spirits of their youth. But as they grow older and more thoughtful, they recognize at least the priceless discipline of the day, its effect on the formation of mind, its lessons which hurt so much in entering that they are never to be forgotten. No wandering life prevails to lead them away from the effects of those days: nor are there among the sons of men in this world of labor and pain any who look back with such intense yearning for the home rest as those men who out from the anxieties and agonies and sins of mature life, howsoever gilded its surroundings, send longings of heart to the old fireside, where the Bible was the only Sunday book and the *Pilgrim's Progress* was almost the only week-day fiction.

Scorn it, as may those who never knew what it was, the Puritan Sunday made men, thinking men, strong men, who in the world looked always to something beyond the approval of their fellows,

felt always that there was somewhere some one who knew what they were in their hearts. It made a large part of what is worthy in our institutions and our men, in New England and New York, in Virginia and the Carolinas, and throughout the growing Union.

Certainly it is worthy of profoundest consideration whether any and what changes have taken place in the relations of the people to the Church which has exerted such influences for good among them. A traveller through the country may concern himself profitably with observing the condition of such an institution, a centre of cohesion, interest, affection in the community, a teacher to old and young of principles in life which all men, religious and irreligious alike, approve.

Within the past ten years I have rested over Sunday, wherever it chanced that I found myself on a Saturday evening. It is always easy to find an inn near a country church, sometimes in a small village, sometimes in a group of houses not large enough to be called a village, at a cross-roads, occasionally in a large village. I have thus been in at least fifty, perhaps a hundred, perhaps more, country churches, of various denominations, in New Hampshire and Vermont, at Sunday morning and evening services.

Nearly all of these were old buildings, erected many years ago. The seating capacities varied, some having pews with seats for a hundred and fifty, others much larger, built to accommodate congregations of two, three, or four hundred. They were probably built with direct reference to the numbers attending church at the time.

It has been a very rare occurrence in my experience to see, on a bright June or October Sunday morning, as many as fifty persons in a church. I have counted ten congregations of less than forty-five where I have counted one of a larger number. The women always outnumber the men, in all kinds of weather. Children form a large part of every assembly. In a rural district where one church served the purposes of a population of about six hundred, the church attendance was forty-three, and I was told it was a fair average attendance. In a large manufacturing village a venerable Congregational church had seats for three hundred and fifty. The morning congregation numbered forty-eight. The clergyman gave notice of an evening service, the first of a series of special sermons. I attended, and was one of forty-seven listeners. This instance may serve as an example of what we find very generally the case.

It may be that my travels have led me from week to week and year to year among exceptional populations. But the truth stands that these churches represent populations of many thousand Americans, and the testimony is therefore not to be rejected as valueless. There is no disputing the fact that in these districts the people have lost the habit of going to church.

One of the most significant sights we meet with, a very common sight, is a large country church behind which are rows of sheds for horses, once built because they were needed, but now ruins. The families who once came in their wagons, or buggies, or carriages, from miles around, no longer come; perhaps have moved away and their successors are not church-goers. The building of new churches of various denominations will not explain these facts. New England families are not apt to change their nominal church relations. And the facts exist in localities where but one church building now, as in old times, invites the attendance of the people in a large section of country.

It is not the purpose of this paper to theorize about the causes of the change which seems to have taken place in the relation of local populations to the Church. But there are facts which will help those who seek the causes.

Perhaps memory deceives me, and there was not so much more devotion in the Sunday gatherings of fifty years ago than now. But as a rule there is very little now. The people do not appear to come together for worship. The experience of ages teaches that people who are religiously educated will habitually assemble regularly for the worship of their God, doing it both as a pleasure and a duty. It is not easy to induce men and women to assemble once or twice a week, for months, years, lifetimes, to hear lectures, essays, sermons, however instructive or eloquent. This is specially true of the young. In the large majority of country congregations it is quite evident that the people assembled have little idea of any purpose of personal worship. There was a time when controversy ran high about the proper posture in prayer. It proved that men had at least the conviction that some specific outward sign of inward humility was proper. It is now the general custom to ignore all outward formalities. It is rare, in "orthodox" churches, to see any one even bow the head or close the eyes while the minister prays. In many churches all the congregation sit bolt upright and stare at the man in the pulpit, or look

around. A striking custom prevails in many churches, where a choir, located at the end opposite to the pulpit, does the singing. All the people, old and young, rise, turn their backs to the pulpit and look at the choir, in silence, while that part of the service is performed. One is tempted in this connection to speak of the doggerel stuff which has taken the place of the old psalms and hymns which were once the grand liturgy of the Church of every denomination. But whatever it is, the people stare and listen. It is evident that they have come to see and hear, to use eyes and ears only; not to take part in the services.

There was an old institution, known to former generations, now very rare, to wit, the pastor. The minister was once, sometimes at least, the pastor of a flock as well as the teacher in the pulpit and the leader in public worship.

The influence of the faithful pastor was one of the most powerful on social and religious character. He knew every man and woman, boy and girl, in all the parish or district in which his church stood. He won by affection while he warned with plain words. He asserted his high office, the commission of his Master whose work he was about. He compelled respect, not to himself, but to the Prince whose ambassador he was, whose commands he was sent to proclaim. Some, many, most of the people, and even those who professed no religion, loved him, and looked to him with reverence, and felt the effect of his presence in the community. Over the young he exerted a powerful and restraining influence. They grew up under his eye. To a certain extent he was, in the parish, the visible presence of a power unseen but acknowledged, higher than human laws or social opinions, a great power by which old and young were to be sometime judged and arranged in place for eternity. Of course, it cannot be said that all pastors were equally influential; but every one was more or less so. The pastoral office in the Church was therefore an element of no small account in the community.

To a great extent it has disappeared. It is now widely the custom in these New England congregations to hire a minister from year to year. His business is to run the machinery of the church, whatever that may be. Like any other "hired man," he is expected to do the work for his employer. His chief duty is to preach one or two sermons on Sunday. The business contract is often made a very close one. The people get the minister as cheaply as they can, and, paying low, in general get their money's worth.

I am coming now to a subject of some delicacy for a layman. But I intend to speak plainly, for the matter is serious. It may be assumed that every sensible man, whatever his religious sentiments, agrees in this, that it is most desirable to restore and preserve to the Church its moral and religious power in the community. It is plain enough that that power is on the wane in some parts of the country. The causes will not be known unless frank words are spoken by those who have opportunities of observation.

I speak of some of the clergy in the pulpits of the New England country churches of which I have been writing. It is unnecessary to compare them as a class with the clergy of old time. Enough to estimate them as they are.

The standard of ability in the clerical profession is far from high. One might hesitate, in expressing such an opinion, lest he subject himself to a charge of assuming to judge in a science of which he is not master. But there is no question of theology or of science in the matter. A large majority of the sermons which the traveller hears preached are devoid of theological significance, and are utter trash. Many of them are below the intellectual level of the people to whom they are preached. Young men who were but a little while ago learning to read, who have been put through a short course of study in a theological seminary, the only value of which is in teaching them how to go on for years and learn something—are sent out with certificates of office and trust which are substantially identical with diplomas of the degree of S.T.D., and are placed at once in that office of awful responsibility, the cure of souls.

I am confident that had I space here to report a score of sermons I have heard within the past year or two in the pulpits of "orthodox" churches, some readers would appreciate the temptation I am under to use very severe words.

Have you any responsibility in this work of manufacturing complete clergymen and turning them out fitted to the work of eternal moment which they are sent to do? Have you, who read this, whatever be your station in any church, an idea that I, a layman, have no right to express opinions thus frankly on the way you do your work in furnishing the ministry of the Word to the people? I beg your pardon; I have more interest in it than you. It is my soul you are sending these men to save. I have the same right to speak out plain words that passengers on vessels have to call on pilot boards for pilots who know the channels through

which they are licensed to guide the little bit of life men pass on this earth.

I drove into a lovely village in the north country one Saturday evening last fall. The Sunday morning found me in an Episcopal church. I went to worship God with the people. Young men may be safely trusted with the service, which is the chief purpose of the Sunday morning assemblage. But now when a robed boy began to preach to his little congregation of country folk, he opened with this statement, in almost these words: "A few weeks ago I told you that after much study I had come to the conclusion, from the teaching of our Lord and of the apostles, that the choice for eternity which is laid before you and before all the human race, is salvation by the atonement of Christ or annihilation. I feel, however, that I ought to tell you that others have thought and taught differently." And the rest of the sermon was a brief statement of the views of some people that there is a future state of punishment for the wicked, with a restatement of the preacher's profound study and his conviction, from his personal investigation, that the Church was wrong and his belief in the annihilation of the wicked was right. Another sermon which I heard in a Congregational church, within the next two weeks, was based on something the preacher had read in one of the now many books made up by ignorant men, professing to give philological and archæological information, but full of errors. The most extraordinary misstatements were made of history, of ancient customs, of the testimony of hieroglyphic inscriptions in Egypt and cuneiform tablets from Assyria. The *mélange*, which the preacher had accepted as truth, from the flimsy book he had read on Saturday, and now retailed to a group of listeners, was shocking. These are not exceptional illustration. Such sermons I hear constantly, and this in country parishes where a former generation heard sermons from men who, whatever their abilities, knew that in theology, as in all other sciences, the true teacher is very humble and preaches only the unchanging faith of the Church. Those men never preached themselves; and if they sought to extend in any way or to explain the words of Holy Writ, bowed their souls reverently to the authoritative teachings of the Church, and the great minds in the Church, before they ventured to tell the people, whom they loved, what might be for their eternal weal or woe.

New England congregations in the country are made up of people of no small intelligence. It is saying little to say that no-

where in the world is a more able, more discriminating set of men and women. They have not always the education which enables them to judge of the truth or falsehood of what is told them, but they have logical minds, understand argument, and know what is false in sequence or weak in illustration. They are fully up to, and sometimes far above, the calibre of the men who preach to them.

Evening meetings are generally better attended than morning services. After the meeting it always happens that a few men who have been at church, and a few who have not, meet in the bar-room of the inn. The bar-room, under Prohibition law, no longer has a bar. It is called the office; and it is not supposed to be noticed that every five minutes two or three men rise, as by some secret impulse, which communicates itself to the landlord, who also rises, and all pass solemnly through a door, returning in three minutes with moist lips to resume the discussion of the sermon. It would make the ears of many a clergyman tingle to hear the sharp and thoroughly appreciative criticism of his sermon on such occasions by the country sinners, as I have frequently heard it, and the clear exposure of his failures.

It goes without saying that such preaching to such people has chief effect in reducing church attendance. It is not strange that intelligent men and women, untaught in the duty of assembling for worship, have little desire to go Sunday after Sunday to listen to that which is neither amusing nor instructive. This preaching tends to disrespect for religion, disregard for the Church. It is especially injurious to the young, who grow up without reverence for the faith of the fathers. It is a well-known fact that a vast deal of the literature of the day,—abundant in cheap form throughout the country,—and no little of the teachings of common schools and high schools, are more than tinctured with the crudities of modern speculative science. The young and the old read. They do not need argument and reason to remove the influence of this sort of literature, for they are not affected by it as a matter of reason. They yield their minds to it because they find broad assertion, which is always influential, and they have no respected teachers to answer assertion with the all-powerful *ipse dixit* of God. The clergyman is too often only a man hired to preach to them, and they are tired of hearing his sermons which are his own speculations, whose errors they are able, at least now and then, to recognize and expose to one another. Nor do they always find the clergyman inclined to help them against unbelief. Many young and some mature men in the pulpit are so

fond of their own speculations and of preaching their own notions about religious things, that they are unsettling instead of grounding firmly the faith of their young hearers. In churches of various "orthodox" denominations I have heard,—once for three successive Sundays in places far apart,—sermons in which there was no distinctive feature of Christianity. In short, while on the one hand the traveller is forced to lament the fact that the people in large sections of the country have ceased to be regular church-goers, he is much of the time compelled to admit that they might as well be anywhere as hearing error from desks which give it a show of authority.

Let no reader imagine that in what has been written I have intended to characterize the entire Church and clergy in New England, of any or all denominations. Numerous as have been the churches visited in my spring and autumn journeys, they are but few among the thousands which are scattered on the hills and in the valleys of the New England States. Among the clergy of New England there are great numbers of devout, earnest, able men, whose work is for the Master all the week and who teach on Sunday the faith of the saints. They are men of power in their parishes and in the communities which surround them. There are ministers' wives who are sisters of that charity which sanctifies human life. There are young men, imbued with that humility which becomes the young man, entering on the most responsible work committed to human hands and minds and hearts. If any such read what I have written, his own deep sense of the grandeur of his work and the weakness of and the stoutest man for it, his submission to the voice of the Church, and the authority of its fathers and elders, his firmness in the faith taught him and delivered to him to be delivered to those who are committed to his keeping, these all will save him from supposing that I speak of him. Nor is what I have written to be regarded as necessarily applying to churches in New England alone. It happens that my wanderings in my carriage have been for years chiefly among the grand and beautiful scenery of Vermont and New Hampshire. Doubtless those who travel in other parts of our country will find similar facts.

It will not do to meet these facts with tables of statistics. No amount of statistical tables of church membership would be of as much practical value as a look into an old church, once filled, now almost empty, and a glance at the fallen roof of the long horse-sheds behind it.

W. C. PRIME.

THE ORIGIN OF A GREAT DELUSION.

On the 23d day of December, 1805, there was born of obscure and unpromising parentage, in the village of Sharon, State of Vermont, a child who later at the early age of twenty-two conceived the elements of the most remarkable religious delusion of modern times. This child was Joseph Smith, Jr., the founder of Mormonism.

Since the storm and stress period of the Reformation religious thought has been in a state of ferment which has given birth to various shades and species of belief, there being as many as 180 in England alone. As long as they are confined to mere intellectual dogmas they do not specially interest the public at large, and consequently we allow the greatest latitude to religious opinion. When, however, as in the case of Mormonism, it conflicts with the established order of things, it is immediately confronted with rigid scrutiny as to its right to set up practices obnoxious and antagonistic to society.

In order to properly estimate the dignity and character of this strange fanaticism and the right of its disciples to live according to its peculiar precepts, we must consider the origin and development of its pretensions.

That a numerous religious sect should crystallize around the vagaries of a visionary youth in this enlightened day and generation is, indeed, surprising; but we know that credulity is born with man. History is replete with examples of wide-spread manias and delusions. Myths and fables abound not only in the literature of childhood, but in the annals of the human race. Witchcraft, for instance, was not only a vulgar superstition of the common people, but it was recognized and punished as a crime in courts of justice. The mysterious and marvellous have a charm common to all ages. It exhibits itself in the mythology of Greece and Rome, in spiritualism, clairvoyance, and interpretation of dreams, in the so-called arts of astrology, alchemy, palmistry, and necromancy.

Mormonism relied, primarily, upon this infirmity of man's mind, and, secondarily, upon the magnetic qualities of its founder and early propagandists.

The story of Smith's life, in view of its long train of attending social, religious, and political consequences, is a valuable historical and biographical study, and in its lights and shadows is as sensational as a tale of the romancer.

When he was ten years of age, his parents removed with their progeny of nine children to Palmyra, N. Y., where the father opened a "cake and beer" shop.

All accounts represent them as a shiftless lot, with no fixed occupations, or as "Jacks of all trades and masters of none." They lived in the most humble abode, and their reputation was not above reproach. Joseph received only the most rudimentary education, but in common with the youth of village communities of that day, he was pretty well versed in Bible teachings. He lived in the centre of what Noyes aptly terms the "volcanic district" of New York, which was a nursery for a variety of peculiar religious and socialistic whims, such as the Millerites, Shakers, Second Adventists, Fourierites, Free-Lovers, Perfectionists, etc. Besides this, the various denominations were engaged in frequent "revivals" of such a character as to stir up the rural mind to a frenzy of religious fervor. To this environment is doubtless due the hallucination or deliberate invention which formed the basis of Mormonism.

Intellectually Smith was not a giant; he did not soar to the lofty heights of philosophical thought; but he must have possessed great imagination and a magnetic personality. He was plausible, persuasive, and gifted with a low cunning and keen insight into the hidden springs which move men's minds. He was apparently most solemnly and consistently earnest, and he impressed this upon his followers. No man can move the world who does not possess or simulate the conquering virtue of enthusiastic earnestness.

One vocation of the Smiths, father and sons, was well-digging, and this led to Joseph's first erratic and visionary exploit—digging for buried treasures. He professed the miraculous gift of discerning their existence and location by the use of a magic stone (opaque, and resembling quartz), which he found in a newly-dug well. This was a distinct step in advance of the witch-hazel divining-rod. Though at this time only a youth of fifteen, and though, of course, never succeeding in exhuming any valuables, he always had a fluent explanation of failure which satisfied his stupid dupes. It is reasonable to suppose that their extreme gullibility suggested to his fertile imagination the crowning triumph of modern charlatanry—the al-

leged finding of ancient gold plates bearing inscriptions, and his pretended translation thereof.

He subsequently detailed, in writing, the supposititious events accompanying their discovery, and after reciting the conflict of doctrines which confused his mind, he proceeds:

"I retired to a secret place in a grove and began to call upon the Lord. While fervently engaged in supplication my mind was taken away from the objects with which I was surrounded, and I was enwrapt in a heavenly vision and saw two glorious personages, who exactly resembled each other in features and likeness, surrounded with a brilliant light which eclipsed the sun at noonday.

"They told me that all the religious denominations were believing in incorrect doctrines, and that none of them was acknowledged of God as His church and kingdom; and I was expressly commanded to go not after them, at the same time receiving a promise that the fulness of the Gospel should at some future time be made known unto me.

"On the evening of the 21st day of September, A.D. 1823,* while I was praying unto God, endeavoring to exercise faith in the precious promises of Scripture, on a sudden a light like unto that of day, only of a far purer and more glorious appearance and brightness, burst into the room; indeed, the first sight was as though the house was filled with consuming fire. The appearance produced a shock that affected the whole body. In a moment a personage stood before me surrounded with a glory yet greater than that with which I was already surrounded. This messenger proclaimed himself to be an angel of God, sent to bring the joyful tidings that the covenant, which God made with ancient Israel, was at hand to be fulfilled; that the preparatory work for the second coming of the Messiah was speedily to commence; that the time was at hand for the Gospel in all its fulness to be preached in power unto all nations that a people might be prepared for a millennial reign. I was informed that I was chosen to be an instrument in the hands of God to bring about some of his purposes in this glorious dispensation. I was informed also concerning the aboriginal inhabitants of this country, and shown who they were and from whence they came, a brief sketch of their origin, progress, civilization, laws, governments, of their righteousness and iniquity, and the blessings of God being finally withdrawn from them as a people, was made known to me.

"I was also told where there was deposited some plates on which was engraven an abridgment of the records of the ancient prophets that had existed on this continent.

"The angel appeared to me three times the same night and unfolded the same things. After having received many visits from the angels of God, unfolding the majesty and glory of the events that should transpire in the last days, on the morning of the 22d of September, A.D. 1827, the angel of the Lord delivered the records into my hands. These records were engraven on plates which had the appearance of gold. Each plate was six inches wide and eight inches long, and not quite so thick as common tin. They were filled with engravings in Egyptian characters and bound together in a volume as the leaves of a book with three rings running through the whole. The volume was something near six inches in thickness, a part of which was sealed. The characters on the unsealed part were small and

---

* He was then eighteen years old.

beautifully engraved. The whole book exhibited many marks of antiquity in its construction and much skill in the art of engraving.

"With the records was found a curious instrument which the ancients called 'Urim and Thummim,' which consisted of two transparent stones set in the rim of a bow, fastened to a breastplate. Through the medium of the Urim and Thummim I translated the record by the gift and power of God."

Such is Smith's daring and circumstantial narrative of the origin of the "gold plates," and of his divine authority to translate them. In its professed historical accuracy it certainly stamps its author as a master in the arts of sublime impudence.

It is not dissimilar to Mohammed's account of his vision and revelation. But Mohammed at that time was forty years of age, while Smith had his vision at twenty-two. Mohammed lived in an age of Cimmerian darkness, and his new religion was a manifest improvement upon the idolatry and polytheism of Arabia. Smith lived in the nineteenth century, and his new theology was stupid and retrogressive. Mohammed was a prosperous merchant and of high reputation. Smith was a man of no standing and no influence. Yet Mormonism gained more converts in the first three years than Mohammedanism. Smith made a pretence of translating the gold plates, the resulting production being popularly known as the *Book of Mormon* or sometimes as the *Gold Bible*. It is dull and prolix in the extreme and is what Mark Twain would pronounce "chloroform in print." It is a bold attempt to counterfeit the Jewish Chronicles, and is about as long as the Old Testament. It purports to detail the flight from Jerusalem, about 600 B. C., or before its destruction, of Lehi with his wife and sons, Ishmael with his sons and daughters, and Zoram, many of whom subsequently intermarried. Lehi believed in the coming of a Messiah and was reviled by his countrymen, and so he set out under God's guidance to escape from them.

After eight years' wanderings in a south-south-easterly direction, amid hardships and privations, they arrived on the sea-shore. Here there were constructed, according to command, vessels which bore them across the great sea, finally reaching this continent, and, according to later Mormon revelation, the coast of Chili.

Early in their wanderings a schism occurred in Lehi's family, between Nephi representing the believing faction, and Laman representing the ungodly. Lehi, who was a descendant of Joseph the son of Jacob, assumed the prophetic rôle, and predicted the coming of a Messiah within six hundred years. Upon his death Nephi

and Laman became arrayed in deadly enmity to each other, and this was entailed upon their posterity. The conflict between the Nephites and Lamanites, as they were called, endured until the extinction of the former. The Nephites tilled the soil, built cities, temples, and synagogues, and established a line of kings and judges and a code of laws upon this continent. The Lamanites, however, were so wicked that God changed the color of their skins to black and "they became wild and ferocious, and a bloodthirsty people full of idolatry and filthiness, feeding upon beasts of prey, dwelling in tents, and wandering about in the wilderness, with a short skin girdle about their loins." The Mormons consider the Lamanites the progenitors of the American Indians, who according to their theory are, consequently, of Jewish extraction. Repeated engagements occurred between the Nephites and Lamanites, and many minor episodes are introduced. The moral of the story is, that as long as the Nephites were obedient to God's commandments like the Israelites of old, they were successful at arms, but when they got astray, as frequently happened, defeat and punishment were visited upon them.

The rule of kings, at first instituted, gave way to judges whose duties were to administer the established laws and customs of the people. Although the *Book of Mormon* is, in general, a commonplace record of the supposititious experiences and contentions of the Nephites and Lamanites, one episode is extremely bold and sensational. This is the description of Christ's visits to the Nephites on this continent. This event and the physical phenomena which were to precede it are foretold in the earlier pages. Intense darkness fell upon the land before the supreme moment of Christ's appearance here and after His resurrection in Judea. A terrible tempest arose, accompanied by vivid lightning and the cities were destroyed by earthquake, fire, and inundation.

Heralded by a voice from out the heavens, Christ descended before the assembled multitudes, clothed in a white robe. Christ selected twelve apostles, upon whom he conferred the power to preach and baptize *by immersion*. He delivered an almost literal transcript of the Sermon on the Mount. In fact, many of his New Testament sayings are inserted either in paraphrase or literally *in the language of King James's translation*. He instituted the Sacrament of the Holy Supper and was borne away to reappear twice thereafter.

Temporarily peace was restored between the warring Nephites

and Lamanites, and they adopted communal rights to property. This gave way to private ownership, and the old feuds were revived, leading finally, about 420 A. D., to a desperate engagement near the hill Cumorah, where 130,000 Nephites were slain, only twenty-four escaping. Two of these survivors were Mormon and his son Moroni. The gold plates which bore this record were deposited by Moroni in the hill Cumorah, where Joseph Smith, Jr., found (?) them fourteen hundred years later.

The latter portion of the *Book of Mormon* describes the settlement of this continent by a colony of Jews, headed by Jared, who migrated hither at the time of the confounding of the tongues at Babel. Remains of their occupation of this country were found by the Nephites, and plates that were found and translated by them furnish the material for this valuable historical contribution.

The doctrines taught in the *Book of Mormon* are harmless enough; the evils of Mormon theology are a fungus of later growth. Its salient points are, the natural depravity of man, doctrine of the Trinity, atonement and salvation through Christ, the laying-on of hands, baptism by immersion, hostility to secret societies, the sins of infant baptism, and of polygamy. It purports to be a strictly American revelation: not contradictory to the Bible nor a substitute for it, but merely a supplementary record not known to the authors of the books of the Bible. It is full of plagiarisms from the Bible, however, and is written in imitation of its literary style.

When presented to the printer, according to his testimony and that of the compositors, the manuscript was full of glowing errors in grammatical construction, punctuation, and spelling. Some were corrected at the time, others in later editions, and many stand to this day.

Professedly the Mormons believe it to be an honest and inspired translation of the gold plates by Joe Smith. Of course, every intelligent person outside the Mormon Church and, perchance, some within, instantly repudiate Smith's absurd and mythical account of its origin.

Smith himself appears to have been a little confused, for the title-page of the first edition bore the inscription, "By Joseph Smith, Junior, *Author* and Proprietor," whereas in all subsequent editions it merely read, "Translated by Joseph Smith, Jr."

One of the great literary conundrums has been "who wrote the Junius letters?" and it remains a mystery unsolved. In the case of

the *Book of Mormon*, Smith was its ostensible and responsible author, but it has been contended by many that he derived its idea and substance from a novel written by Solomon Spaulding, a broken-down business man and clergyman; while others contend that the real brains behind the work were furnished by a cranky Campbellite preacher, named Sidney Rigdon. A Western professor is now engaged in writing a book to show from internal evidence that Sidney Rigdon must have written its doctrinal parts, as they agree with his peculiar opinions expressed immediately previous to its publication, and that he had been preparing the minds of his flock for some new revelation. It is said by some writers that Rigdon clandestinely visited Smith, during the period of the Mormon incubation, but there is not a shadow of proof that Rigdon knew anything of Smith's chimera, until October, 1830, when his attention was openly called to the *Book of Mormon* by Parley P. Pratt, another Campbellite preacher who had embraced Mormonism while on a visit to central New York.

Whether Rigdon was an accomplice of Smith's or not, the commonly accepted tradition is that the *Book of Mormon* is a plagiarism of the Spaulding story.

The evidence of this is rather vague, but may be summarized as follows: Solomon Spaulding, who was graduated from Dartmouth College in 1785, preached a few years, taught school, finally embarked in an iron foundry at Conneaut, O., failed in 1812. He had some antiquarian taste and curiosity as to the Indian mounds in his vicinity and, according to common report, wrote a romance entitled *Manuscript Found*. It purported to be a translation of an ancient manuscript which he had found, describing aboriginal events as viewed by mariners borne to these shores by chance. He was in the habit of reading this narrative to his friends and neighbors, and after his failure in business, with a view to the publication of his story, he submitted it to a friend in Pittsburgh, named Patterson, who had a printing office.

The printer returned it to the author, however, with the remark, "polish it up, finish it, and you will make money out of it;" and in 1816 Spaulding died with the manuscript in his possession at Amity, Pa.

His widow removed her effects, including an old, hair-covered trunk, to her brother's residence at Onondaga Valley, N. Y., and after marrying a Mr. Davison, she went to Hartwick, N. Y., in 1820. Her

daughter "distinctly remembers this trunk and its contents," and that "one of the manuscripts she distinctly remembers had the title *Manuscript Found*." Later still, Mrs. Davison visited her daughter at Munson, Mass., where she remained permanently, leaving the trunk and manuscript in the custody of her cousin, Jerome Clark, at Hartwick. This was in 1828, or one year after Smith had his vision and began his "translation." Consequently, he could not have had the original in his possession; in fact, this is not claimed.

Mrs. E. E. Dickinson, a grandniece of Spaulding, has lately written a book, *New Light on Mormonism*, with the avowed object of proving the *Book of Mormon* to be essentially a literary theft. She asserts that Smith must have had *a copy* of the Spaulding manuscript, and, to account for this, she assumes with no adequate proof, 1st, that Sidney Rigdon had heard the *Manuscript Found* read by Spaulding at Conneaut; 2d, that he had followed its author to the Patterson printing office in Pittsburgh, and had there secretly made a copy of it. It is highly improbable that Rigdon, at the age of nineteen, should have made a copy of this story and kept it unused for fifteen years, finally to give it in 1827 to Smith, whom there is no evidence to show that he ever knew before 1830. But Mrs. Dickinson throws in another surmise for good measure. She says that she often heard members of her family say that Joe Smith was at one time their servant or hired man. "*Probably* it was while Mrs. Spaulding was at Onondaga Valley." She dismisses the theory that he stole the manuscript, for she tacitly concedes that it subsequently was in the old trunk, but she says that he there "heard of it, and from his knowledge of it was afterward prepared to use what he knew of the matter."

When the *Book of Mormon* appeared, it was said that it bore a striking resemblance to the Spaulding story, as remembered by some old residents, and in 1833–4 affidavits to this effect were made by various relatives and friends of Spaulding. Almost invariably, however, these witnesses explicitly excepted "the religious portion" of the *Book of Mormon* from the comparison. John Spaulding said: "I well remember he wrote in the old style and commenced about every sentence with 'and it came to pass' or 'now it came to pass,' the same as in the *Book of Mormon*, and according to the best of my recollection and belief, it is the same as my brother Solomon wrote, *with the exception of the religious matter*. By what means it has fallen into the hands of Joseph Smith, Jr., I am unable to

determine." Various affidavits stated a belief that such names as Nephi, Lehi, Laman, Mormon, Moroni, etc., were also in Spaulding's story.

Naturally, curiosity concerning the facts of the responsible authorship of the *Book of Mormon* suggested the procurement of the original Spaulding manuscript for comparison. At this date, E. D. Howe, then publishing a newspaper at Painesville, O., was engaged in preparing a work on Mormonism. He sent one Dr. D. P. Hurlbut to Munson, Mass., in 1834, to get it from Mrs. Davison. She gave him an order on her cousin at Hartwick, N. Y., and Mrs. Dickinson says: "Very soon after Hurlbut left Munson, the ladies heard directly from Mr. Clark (the cousin) that he had given him *The Manuscript Found*, and that he opened the old trunk for the purpose."

Hurlbut took this manuscript to Howe, who was disappointed in it, as it was not written in Bible phraseology, contained no events identical with the *Book of Mormon*, though it did relate a story of aboriginal life. No value was attached to it in consequence, and until recently it was supposed to have been lost or destroyed.

Mrs. Dickinson, recognizing the fact that Hurlbut must have gotten the original manuscript, is driven to the alternative of abandoning her theory, or assuming that he found *two* manuscripts. She chooses the latter, and would have it appear that he delivered one to Howe, destroying the other, or seeing it destroyed, "by the Mormons at Conneaut in 1834, after his being paid for his share of this transaction." This supposition is the purest moonshine, and not supported by a shadow of evidence.

But the manuscript found by Hurlbut, and submitted to Howe and others, has been unexpectedly recovered, and we can judge for ourselves whether it is not, surely, the actual original *Manuscript Found*, upon which is based the whole theory of Spaulding's story serving as the basis for the *Book of Mormon*.

In 1839, L. L. Rice, an antislavery editor, bought Howe's printing office and all its accumulation of books, pamphlets, papers, manuscripts, etc. About the year 1880, Mr. Rice went to Honolulu to reside, carrying with him a mass of papers from the printing office.

In the fall of 1884, Mr. J. H. Fairchild, President of Oberlin College, O., while visiting the Sandwich Islands, suggested to Mr. Rice that he might have some antislavery papers that would be a valuable acquisition to the college library. Search was made, and the richest find was what President Fairchild describes as an "old, worn,

and faded manuscript of about 175 pages, small quarto, which purported to be a history of the migrations and conflicts of the ancient Indian tribes."

The chain of possession is complete, the manuscript is now in the archives of Oberlin College, and President Fairchild, in a private letter, says: "It is a manuscript of Spaulding's, genuine beyond question."

One would expect a graduate of Dartmouth to have some regard for the rules of syntax, orthography, and punctuation; but, after making due allowance for changes in the language during the past sixty-five years, it must be confessed that this manuscript is sadly deficient in these respects. The story, too, is incomplete and very dull. These facts are circumstantial proof of its identity with the original manuscript submitted to the Pittsburgh printer; for he said, "Polish it up and finish it," showing that it was imperfect and unfinished.

Let us for a moment examine its contents. In the introduction, Spaulding says that as he was walking in the remains of an ancient fort, on the west bank of Conneaut River, reflecting upon the various conjectures respecting the character, situation, and numbers of those people who far exceeded the present Indians in works of art and ingenuity, he trod upon a stone. This stone had a singular appearance, and bore upon its face characters considerably effaced by the ravages of time. He found that it covered an artificial cave, into which he descended, discovering a cavity in the wall. Within this cavity he found an earthen box, with a cover, which shut it tight. In revised spelling and punctuation, he then proceeds:

"My mind, filled with awful sensations, which crowded fast upon me, would hardly permit my hands to remove this venerable deposit, but curiosity soon gained the ascendency, and the box was taken and raised to open it. When I had removed the cover, I found that it contained twenty-eight rolls of parchment, and that when . . . appeared to be manuscripts written in elegant hand with Roman letters and in the Roman language. They were written on a variety of subjects. But the roll which principally attracted my attention contained a history of the author's life, and that part of America which extends along the great lakes and the waters of the Mississippi. Extracts of the most interesting and important matters contained in this roll I take the liberty to publish."

Surely the title of *Manuscript Found* possessed by the manuscript from which Solomon Spaulding used to read, is perfectly descriptive of the story now before us.

The first chapter begins:

"As it is possible that in some future age this part of the earth will be inhabited by Europeans, a history of its present inhabitants would be a valuable acquisition. I proceed to write one and deposit it in a box," etc.

This might be recalled by Smith's story of finding his record "hid up" in the hill Cumorah, the difference being one was written on parchment while the other was engraved on gold plates.

The parchment is supposed to be written by Fabius, a young Roman, who sailed from Rome to Britain during the reign of Constantine, but as they neared their destination boisterous seas and furious westerly gales swept them into the open sea. Consternation seized the voyagers, but at length a mariner arose and cried out:

"A voice from on high hath penetrated my soul and the inspiration from the Almighty hath bid me proclaim, 'Let your sails be wide-spread and the gentle winds will soon waft you into a safe harbor, a country where you will find hospitality.'"

The *Book of Mormon* also relates a voyage to our shores, though by a company of Jews, not Romans, and across the Pacific and not the Atlantic.

This company of Romans were received in a friendly manner by the tribe of savages, called Deliwanucks, and after residing amongst them for two years, they pushed on to the confluence of two great rivers. After a twenty-five days' march they reached the large city, Owhahon, where they found different and more highly civilized tribes, presumably the mound-builders of Ohio. Then follows an account of the social relations, religious rites, amusements, laws, government, and tribal wars. The language is pretentious and bombastic, and the style of composition is diametrically opposite to that in the *Book of Mormon*.

The incidents, too, are wholly dissimilar. While the *Book of Mormon* makes no mention of any indigenous tribes, the multiplication of Lehi's Jewish colony forming the exclusive population, whose fortunes and misfortunes are detailed, in the Oberlin story the Roman voyagers found the continent densely peopled by Indians, whose conditions of life are portrayed.

Among the names employed in the *Book of Mormon*, all of which have a more or less Jewish cast, are Mosiah, Sariah, Noah, Jacob, Benjamin, Gideon, Enos, Ether, Aaron, Alma, Helaman, Jarom, Gilgal, Ammon, Amalekites, and Josh.

In most instances the local names introduced in this manuscript are unlike those of the *Book of Mormon*, such names, for example,

as Deliwanuck, Owhahon, Crito, Bombal, Hamkal, Tobaska, etc., being peculiar to the manuscript. There are some, however, that suggest one another, such as

Mammoon,	Mormon,
Moonrod,	Moroni,
Labanco,	Laban,
Lamesa,	Laman,
Nemapon,	Nephi,
Sambul,	Sam.

Laban is a Jewish name and appears in Genesis, and belongs to one of the historical personages in that Book of the Bible.

It is very true though that this resemblance, such as it is, might be an accidental result of the attempt of two writers to coin unique words.

When it is remembered that Spaulding's hearers were uncritical, that his story was not sufficiently interesting to have deeply impressed itself upon them, that they heard it over twenty years before, it would not be surprising if the shadowy resemblance of a few names and incidents common to both, such as the finding of ancient records relating to aboriginal life, should after this long lapse of time persuade them that the one was based upon the other.

The Oberlin manuscript has no moral or religious purpose or matter, and the original *Manuscript Found*, according to almost uniform testimony, was devoid of the religious element. From a literary point of view, it would be hard to conceive of the sterility of the *Book of Mormon*, if divested of its religious purpose. Its purpose, its literary garb, the very warp and woof of the entire work are, essentially and intrinsically, religious. The events all hang on moral and religious conduct, and to say, as the affidavits in 1833–4 do, that the *Book of Mormon* resembles the original Spaulding story as remembered by witnesses, except in its religious part, is obviously a fatal admission. But all the literature on the subject up to the discovery of this manuscript concedes the probability that the *Book of Mormon* was fashioned after Spaulding's story; that it was a servile imitation covering the same names, phraseology, and incidents, everything except its religious cast. Senator Edmunds of Vermont, who should be familiar with Mormon history, in a private letter, says: "I think that the *Book of Mormon* is founded on the Spaulding romance."

If, however, the Oberlin manuscript is the original production of Spaulding which he read to his friends and neighbors in Ohio in 1810–12, as the writer of this article fully believes it to be, must not history and opinion be revised on this point? If this *is* the original, granting that the author of the *Book of Mormon* saw or heard of it, can it be said that his production is a plagiarism, where the plot, characters, and motives, are in nowise indentical with the Oberlin manuscript.

That it is a genuine Spaulding manuscript is an established fact, and as it appears that Spaulding had but little ability, and as his friends and neighbors never mention the existence of two different stories, it is improbable that he invented two distinct imaginative accounts wholly dissimilar in motive and literary style. The writer believes that any other Spaulding manuscript than this is a myth, and that the story is due to imagination, allied to defective memory. Until some convincing proof is brought forward, Joseph Smith, Jr., must stand as the actual author of the *Book of Mormon*, and while his literary equipment was not complete at the early age of twenty-two, his mind was fully imbued with Bible readings, which furnished the basis for his production. That he made no verbatim copy of somebody's work, and that he kept no exact duplicate on hand, is conclusively shown by his embarrassment when the first 116 pages of his alleged translations were lost. He had intrusted them to one of his believers, Martin Harris, a simple-minded, honest, well-to-do farmer, whose wife secretly burned the pages. She knew that Smith was trying to inveigle her husband into defraying the expenses of publishing the new Bible, and she had wit enough to foresee the disastrous pecuniary consequences. Smith did not know their fate, but supposed that some enemy to his purposes had stolen them, intending to confound him by pointing out such discrepancies as might be discovered in comparison with any subsequent "translation." Any variation would spoil his claims to plenary inspiration, so he resorted to an original contrivance—a pretended direct revelation from God, depriving him temporarily of his gift of translation. He thus gained time to find the missing pages or construct a substitute. This was in July, 1828. In May, 1829, another revelation restored his gift, but commanded him to translate some of his other gold plates, instead of attempting to reproduce the missing pages. The manuscript work was completed by the aid of an amanuensis, who copied from dictation. Oliver Cowdery, a village schoolmaster and dupe, was

Smith's principal assistant, and they sat on opposite sides of a blanket partition.

Smith arranged with E. B. Grandin, a printer of Palmyra, N. Y., for the publication of 5,000 copies of his patent Bible, and Harris pledged himself as security, giving a mortgage on his farm. Harris' action resulted in a rupture with his wife, a division of their property, and marital separation.

The Mormon community was extremely small at that time, and as neither curiosity nor literary taste created anxious buyers, the publication was a losing pecuniary venture.

It appears that Harris did not relish the outlook, and, to keep him well within the traces, Smith professed to have another revelation, entitled: "A Commandment of God and not of Man, to Martin Harris, by Him who is Eternal." The Lord is supposed to address Harris, in part, as follows:

"And again I command thee that thou shalt not covet thine own property, but impart it freely to the printing of the book of Mormon. . . . Behold this is a great and lasting commandment which I shall give unto you concerning this matter; for this shall suffice for thy daily walk even unto the end of thy life, and misery thou shalt receive if thou wilt slight these counsels, yea, even the destruction of thyself and property. Impart a portion of thy property, yea, even a part of thy lands and all, save the support of thy family. Pay the debt thou hast contracted with the printer."

This is quoted at sufficient length to show the methods he employed to hoodwink and terrorize his simple-minded followers. They were superstitious, and his audacity in invoking God's punishment upon all who hesitated or declined to obey his wishes, and to promise divine protection and favor to all who obeyed, worked like a talisman in governing the Mormon hierarchy. It was a mine of more varied and prolific resources than Pandora's box to the magician. One would say that his affectation to act as a medium for the expression and transmission of God's pleasure or disapprobation would be a ridiculous phantom weapon, but it was more effective than force or logic. His pretended revelations were afterward published in book-form, known as the *Book of Doctrines and Covenants*. This constituted the by-laws of Mormonism, and herein appears its real essence and distinctiveness as a religious dogma.

The constitution of the Church was the *Book of Mormon*, which was published in the early summer of 1830.

In order to procure its acceptance Smith naturally had to provide

some evidence besides his own assertion as to the existence and genuineness of the alleged translation. Necessarily, he could not offer to exhibit his mythical plates to the public, for even if he had some sham plates, the fraud would be immediately exposed.

In anticipation of this dilemma, he very cleverly had inserted a proviso in the *Book of Mormon* itself which stated that the gold plates should not be seen by the world "save it be by three witnesses." It further says that "they shall testify to the truth of the book and the things therein: and there is none other which shall view it, save it be a few, according to the will of God, to bear testimony of His word unto the children of men."

The three witnesses selected by Smith were, Oliver Cowdery and Martin Harris, of whom we have already spoken, and David Whitmer, a Pennsylvania Dutchman and simple farmer.

They signed a proclamation to the world, which accompanied the *Book of Mormon* on its appearance. They say that they have seen the plates through the grace of God, and "know that they have been translated by the gift and power of God, for His will has declared it unto us." They say, also, that they have seen the engravings on the plates, and "they have been shown to us by the power of God and not of man, and we declare with words of soberness that an angel of God came down from Heaven, and he brought and laid before our eyes, that we beheld and saw, the plates and the engravings thereon."

Singularly enough, these three witnesses, with their eyes of faith, were all subsequently excommunicated from the Mormon Church. Harris was the only one of three whose word was considered as of any value, and it appears that Smith had to discipline him before he could be made to "see" all these things.

As he was investing money in the new Bible, based on the gold plates, he naturally had some curiosity and claims to see them, but, to blind his eyes, Smith resorted again to his patent revelation process, of which Harris stood in awe. In March, 1829, or a year before the book was issued, the Lord is made to say of Harris:

"If he will bow down before me and humble himself in mighty prayer and faith, in the sincerity of his heart, then will I grant unto him a view of the things which he desires to see, and then he shall say unto the people of this generation, 'Behold I have seen the things which the Lord has shown unto Joseph Smith, Jr., and I know of a surety that they are true. . . .' But if he deny this he will break the covenant which he has before covenanted with me, and, *behold, he is condemned.*"

Another statement went out to the world, signed by three Smiths, four Whitmers, and Hiram Page, a root doctor, who married one of the Whitmer girls. In this an angel did not show them the plates as to the three witnesses, but "Joseph Smith, Jr., author and proprietor," showed them. They say: "We have seen and hefted and know of a surety that the said Smith has got the plates of which we have spoken, . . . and we lie not, God bearing witness of it." The plates themselves have not been preserved, and the tradition is that an angel, literally, spirited them away.

It would not be easy to imagine a more transparent fraud, which indeed approaches the ludicrous more than the serious, yet this is the beginning of a religious sect which was organized by Smith on April 6, 1830, and soon reached very large proportions. In one of Smith's subsequent accounts of the infancy of the faith, he says:

"Some few were called and ordained by the spirit of revelation and prophecy, and began to preach as the spirit gave them utterance, and though weak, yet were they strengthened by the power of God. And many were brought to repentance, were immersed in the water, and were filled with the Holy Ghost by the laying-on of hands. They saw visions and prophesied; devils were cast out and the sick healed by the laying-on of hands. From that time the work rolled forth with astonishing rapidity, and churches were so on formed in the States of New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and Missouri."

Before their religion had crystallized into the obnoxious tenets and practices of succeeding years, they made an open bid for converts among other denominations in the Middle and Eastern States and in New York city. Their missionaries pushed out to Europe, and to the uttermost parts of the earth, and the returning tide of proselytes greatly swelled their numbers.

Though supported by able lieutenants, Smith was the ambitious head of this growing sect, and he lost no opportunity to aggrandize himself. Lust and cupidity were his controlling passions, and, like Mahomet, he was fondest of "women and perfumes." He used his pretended revelations to direct his disciples how and what they should contribute, and through this means he introduced the tithing system, by which the Mormon faithful were to contribute one-tenth of their income in money or in kind to the support of the Church. This not only proved to be an effective agent in concentrating power in the hands of the Mormon leaders, but it also gave them private opportunities for enriching themselves. Space does not allow, and this article does not require, that the evolution of Mormon theology

should be traced—its one present distinguishing feature is polygamy; prior to its adoption, the millennial or latter-day idea was, perhaps, its most peculiar precept. The name, "Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints," shows their idea that we are now living in the latter days preceding Christ's return to earth and personal reign.

The "Church," in 1831, migrated to Kirtland, O., where the first "stake" was driven. Soon after the Mormons established themselves at Independence and in adjoining counties in Missouri. Smith and Rigdon organized a bank in Kirtland, which collapsed, involving their hasty retreat "between two days." In Missouri, the Mormons got a very bad name, and between the hostility of the people and the State authorities they were compelled to leave.

They took refuge in Hancock County, Illinois, founding the town of Nauvoo in 1839, procuring for it a charter with extensive powers. Its population rose to 15,000, and, in 1843, Joseph Smith was elected mayor. He was lieutenant-general of the "Nauvoo Legion," a military company under his control, and, in 1844, he issued an address as candidate for President of the United States! He wielded great political influence in Illinois politics, and practically held, for some time, the balance of power between the Whigs and Democrats. Even Stephen A. Douglass did not disdain to espouse his cause in return for political aid. But secret vices and immoral practices undermined his high estate, and, coupled with his supercilious and dictatorial conduct, brought down upon him the severe retribution of a violent death, and the uprooting and transplanting of the Mormon settlement. His high-handed action, in conjunction with the Common Council, in ordering the destruction of the printing office of the *Expositor*, a sheet which issued only one number, but was designed to expose his crimes, led to his arrest on the charge, first, of inciting riot, and, afterward, of treason. He was imprisoned in the county jail at Carthage, but killed by a mob, who overpowered the guards, on June 27, 1844. Thus perished a notable character, whom the "Gentiles" would pronounce a prince of impostors, but who, according to the Mormon *Book of Doctrines and Covenants*, did "more (save Jesus only) for the salvation of man in this world than any other man that ever lived in it." It proceeds to say that "he lived great and he died great in the eyes of God and his people, and, like most of the Lord's anointed in ancient times, has sealed his mission and his works with his own blood."

Polygamy, which is denounced by federal statutes, and by public

opinion, is no less condemned by the *Book of Mormon*, as well as by Mormon literature up to 1844. The reversal of its belief was as radical and complete as if Abolitionists had abandoned their anti-slavery principles and espoused the proslavery cause. The article on marriage in the Mormon Church is repugnant to plural marriages, though by verbal jugglery Mormon apologists would now have it otherwise interpreted.

It runs: "Inasmuch as this Church of Christ has been reproached with the crime of fornication and polygamy, we declare that we believe one man should have one wife, and one woman but one husband, except in case of death, when either is at liberty to marry again." They contend that the word "crime" refers to fornication, for if both fornication *and* polygamy had been meant, the plural form, "crimes," would have been used. Further, that while it expressly says one woman should have *but* one husband, it merely says that one man should have one wife, not prohibiting more than one. Of course, this is an after-thought, and a silly piece of philologic legerdemain, but it is put forth in all seriousness. It is not easy for them, however, to explain away the following plain language, addressed to persons about to marry: "You both mutually agree to be each other's companion, husband and wife, observing the legal rights belonging to this condition, that is, *keeping yourselves wholly for each other, and from all others, during your lives.*"

Joseph Smith, Jr., married a Miss Hale in Harpersville, Penn., in 1826, and, owing to her parents' opposition, the young couple eloped. By her he had several sons, one of whom, Joseph, is now the respected head of the non-polygamous Mormons known as "Josephites," in contradistinction to the "Brighamists." Their numbers are about 8,000, and their head-quarters are at Lamoni, Iowa. They never accepted Brigham Young's presidency, and in a private letter the present Joseph Smith writes that "it may be correctly said that we never departed from the Mormonism of Utah, but that they departed from original and primitive Mormonism."

The question arises, Since polygamy was at first condemned by the Church and is still condemned by a surviving branch, when was the doctrine interpolated into Mormon theology?

On August 29, 1852, eight years and two months after Smith's death, Brigham Young read before a special conference at Salt Lake, a document which he declared was a copy of a revelation to Joseph Smith, Jr., on July 12, 1843. It purports to be God's answer

to Joseph's inquiry how He "justified" His servants Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, also Moses, David, and Solomon, "touching the principle and practice of their having many wives and concubines." The Lord gives His consent to it and says further: "Those who have this law revealed unto them must obey the same, for behold, I reveal unto you a new and everlasting covenant, and if ye abide not that covenant then are ye damned." Thus polygamy was, by these terms, to be no idle doctrine. That Smith did issue this revelation, even privately, or approve of this practice, has been denied, especially by the Josephites, but there are internal evidences, aside from historical grounds, for believing both. Senator Edmunds writes: "I think Joe Smith practiced and privately sanctioned polygamy."

The alleged revelation goes on to explain and defend the plural-wife doctrine, and commands Joseph's wife, "the elect lady," Emma, "to receive all that have been given unto my servant Joseph, and who are virtuous and pure before me, and I command my handmaid Emma Smith to abide and cleave unto Joseph and to none else. But if she will not abide this commandment she shall be destroyed, saith the Lord; · · · and again, verily I say, let mine handmaid forgive my servant Joseph his trespasses and then shall she be forgiven her trespasses." This suggests the idea that Smith had already committed bigamy, that his wife Emma was dissatisfied, and contemplated a separation and scandal, and that this "revelation" was necessary to justify his acts. To have publicly promulgated the doctrine, however, would have subjected his followers to arrest for bigamy under the laws of Illinois. The private life of leading Mormons of Nauvoo gradually became a matter of gossip outside their community, and they were compelled to deny their belief in polygamy.

As late as February, 1844, seven months after the date of the alleged revelation sanctioning polygamy, Joseph and Hyrum Smith cut off an elder for his "iniquity" in preaching "polygamy and other false and corrupt doctrines" in Michigan. The spiritual-wife doctrine, which provided for the "sealing" of a woman to a man for her soul's salvation, was the germ which grew into a great social evil. The secret practice of the plural-wife doctrine at Nauvoo paved the way, too, for its ready adoption as an acknowledged tenet of the Church in Salt Lake. At this time the Mormon community was firmly established in a remote and isolated region, free from the restraints of law and social judgment. Under these conditions it was openly proclaimed as a legal and Christian practice.

Its announcement was a crushing blow to Mormon propagandists in all enlightened communities, and, particularly since that epoch, recruits have come almost exclusively from the lower classes of Continental Europe.

For years the Mormons have defied the national statutes, sought to intimidate all Government officials, and have enjoyed, practically unmolested, an *imperium in imperio.* Thus polygamy has not only defiled the soil of Utah but it has bred disloyalty to the Government and contempt for constituted authority. Now, for the first time, judicial processes have been actively engaged in pursuing the violators of law, and the chances favor the speedy extirpation of polygamy. There is nothing in the story told in these pages which increases one's respect for the dignity and character of Mormon religious pretensions, for they are the veriest humbug. Religion in name, like charity, is often a "cover for a multitude of sins." The Thugs of India profess to be religious.

GEORGE RUTLEDGE GIBSON.

INDIAN TREATIES AND NATIONAL HONOR.

"The Indian side of the story is unknown to the people."—BISHOP WHIPPLE.
"The hardest thing is to go and fight those whom you know are in the right."
—GEN. CROOK.

WHEN hearing of the reception given to the first invaders of America, who has not been thrilled with the thought of what might have been! Had the new-comers been in all things a superior race to those over which Montezuma and the Incas reigned, welcomed as "Children of the Sun," had they been indeed "Children of Light," coming in love and brotherhood, not to conquer, but to teach the elements of a really high civilization, meeting the longing of those nations and fulfilling their ancient traditions, how different would have been the history! What a dreadful contrast is the actual story, in spite of all its daring adventure and the fame of its heroes!

How many who read the history with pitying horror realize that that sad story begun in the sixteenth century has been carried down in monotonous sadness to our own day? That here in our own country, and in this nineteenth century, cruel wrongs are still the daily portion of the great mass of the native race, despite the efforts of many good men and women? The civilization that Cortes introduced has never ceased to disregard their rights when they stood in the white man's way, even when those rights have been solemnly recognized and confirmed. Missions for the Indians were established in the early days of our country, and carried on with devoted zeal. Christian ministers and philanthropists found the red men docile pupils; many a village sprang up around a church, where year by year more and more land was brought under cultivation, more and better houses were built. Why is it that the mass of our native tribes are still an uncivilized, pagan people? Let us look into the matter.

As Hudson sailed into New York Bay the neighboring shores were thronged with natives, crying: "The gods have come to visit us." These joyous people were Algonquin, or Delaware, Indians, whose lands extended from the Hudson River to the Potomac, and from the Atlantic Ocean to the Mississippi. With part of this tribe the United States made its first Indian Treaty (1778) guaranteeing

to the Delawares "all their territorial rights," and suggesting the formation of an Indian State with a Delaware representative to Congress. These guaranteed rights were soon invaded. In 1786, the Delawares and their allies sent a significant message to Congress, saying—"We briefly inform you of the means of effecting a lasting peace. All treaties . . . and especially any cessions of our land should be made in the most public manner, and by the united voice of the Confederacy. . . Let us pursue such steps as become upright and honest men." In 1791 it was reported: "The treaties have been well observed by the Delawares." The next year war broke out, and a message from our Government said:

"You believe the United States wants to deprive you of your lands. . . . Be assured this is not so. . . . No additional lands will be required of you, or any other tribe."

The guarantee of our Government protected the Delawares so little that by 1793 they had been deprived of all those "territorial rights" east of the Ohio River, and still "additional land" was required of them. They refused to sell, saying:

"We want peace. . . . Consider, brethren, our only demand is the peaceable possession of a small part of our once great country. Review the lands from which we have been driven. We can retreat no farther."

The Commissioners reported, "The Indians refuse to make peace," and General Wayne wrote, "The dignity and interest of the nation forbid giving up an inch of ground." War followed, and General Wayne reported from the chief settlement of the Delawares, "extensive and highly cultivated fields and gardens," in which he cut and burnt the crops. Defeated and starving, the Indians yielded, and the Treaty of 1795 gave us about two-thirds of Ohio, the United States *relinquishing* (!!) "all claim to all Indian lands" north-*east* of the Mississippi, and promising to "protect the tribes in the quiet enjoyment of their lands against all white persons," and telling the Indians to "punish settlers as they think fit."

In the two following years there were more cessions, one of two millions of acres for a permanent annuity of $1,000. Finally, the Delawares ceded all the remainder of their own land, the United States guaranteeing to them "$4,000 a year in addition to all sums promised by previous treaties" and the land between the Kansas and Missouri rivers "*forever*, with undisturbed enjoyment of the same against the claims of every other people whatever."

In 1853 the Indian Commissioner called "the attention of Congress to treaty stipulations with various tribes which the Government for a number of years has failed to execute."

In 1854 settlers crowded to Kansas. The Delawares ceded land, but the settlers invaded the reserved portion and wasted its timber. Complaints were vain, more land was ceded; but it was now declared "for their interest and that of the State of Kansas the Indians should be removed," though they were self-supporting, and most of their children could read.

Robbed and oppressed on all sides, in 1863 the Delawares "were prepared to make new treaties with the Government." They wanted to go westward, but they were removed to Indian Territory in 1867, the Cherokees having already been banished there.

Let us review the history of our next set of treaties.

The Cherokees greeted the arrival of white men with "gifts and welcome," wished to be their close allies, and eagerly learned their ways. So apt were they that very soon after we became a nation this Cherokee Nation on our southern borders had a regularly organized native government, with a supreme council, and district judges and marshals. Every family cultivated its farm; domestic manufactures, schools, and printing-presses were established; the Cherokees were "overflowing with gratitude to their good white brothers," and officially announced that their children were "looking up to their white brothers for instruction." In 1785, we made a treaty with these progressive neighbors. In 1789, the Secretary of War reported the treaty with the Cherokees "entirely disregarded by the white people." New treaties were made and broken by us.

In 1816 the Cherokees ceded all their land in South Carolina, but determined to cede no more. Georgia importuned the General Government to compel them to cede. In 1822 they sent a message to the United States Senate which is remarkable in every way and speaks for itself. It begins:

"The Cherokee Nation has determined never again to pursue the chase, or to engage in wars, unless by the common call of the Government to defend the common rights of the United States. . . . The Cherokees have turned their attention to the pursuits of civilized man; agriculture, manufactures, the mechanic arts, and education, are all in successful operation in the nation. While peacefully endeavoring to enjoy the blessings of civilization and Christianity on the soil of their rightful inheritance, and while the labors of various religious societies are successfully engaged in promulgating to them the words of truth and life from Holy Writ, they are threatened with removal or extinction. . . . We appeal to the

American Congress for justice. . . . We claim it from the United States by the strongest obligations—by Treaties ; and we expect it from them under that memorable Declaration that 'All men are created equal and are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, that among them are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.'"

President Jefferson had said to these Cherokees :

"By adopting industrial occupations and a government of law you may always rely on the assistance of the United States."

A report of 1825 says :

"The Cherokees carry on considerable trade with the adjoining States. . . . Agriculture engages the chief attention. . . . The Christian religion is the religion of the nation. The whole nation is penetrated with gratitude for the aid it has received from the United States Government and from different religious societies."

The message, and other appeals to Congress, "produced only reiterated proposals to the petitioners to accept a price for their country and move away." *Missionaries were imprisoned for preaching to Cherokees.* They had earnest advocates in and out of Congress. But a bill for their removal passed the Senate by a majority of one.

The Cherokee paper, *The Phœnix*, truly forecasting the future, said :

"There is no place of security for us, no confidence left that the United States will be more just and faithful towards us on the barren prairies of the West than on the soil inherited from the great Author of our existence."

The nation was divided, one party wishing to yield and go, the other to stay and resist. The peace party prevailed, and in 1835 the Cherokees gave up all their lands east of the Mississippi River, and were *removed at their own cost* to the present Indian Territory. This new land the United States "guaranteed to be conveyed in patents," . . . and "covenanted that [it] shall in no future time, without their consent, be included within the limits or jurisdiction of any State or Territory."

In 1876, it was proposed to "reduce the size of the Cherokee Reservation," as the Indians "had more land than they need." Some white people of the United States have more land than they need ; large estates are owned by individuals. If there must be reduction, let it at least begin with those with whom there has been no solemn "covenant" of permanent possession, who are protected

by law, who can be heard in their own defence, and who have all the privileges of citizenship.

That trust of citizenship is easily obtained by immigrants from all lands: would the country suffer it if it were open to the winning of such natives as those Cherokees who, so long ago as 1822, "expected justice" from us "under that memorable Declaration," and who, in spite of our oppression, have steadily advanced in civilization, as have the Omahas, Flandreau Sioux, and other tribes? Can we not educate all Indians for citizenship, and let them graduate into it as other wards do, thus relieving our Government of this heavy charge of guardianship? Private guardians are held to a heavy accountability; should the larger trust be irresponsible? Can the most "inalienable right" of the Indian ever be secure until he has a vote and it becomes some one's interest to treat him well?

The *Cherokee Advocate* of December 25, 1885, says:

"Secretary Lamar expresses the dissatisfaction caused by 'so much land being locked up from the use of civilization'—that is, from the use of other people. . . . As much as we need, say they. This temper has had the result of passing ninety-nine one-hundredths of land the red men owned to the possession of the white man. . . . The same Government that has pledged us peaceful possession forever is engaged in bringing thousands upon thousands from Europe to disturb our possession, and when they arrive the Indians are blamed because there is not enough land to accommodate them."*

Let us now turn to the north. We found the Nez Perces on the mountains of Idaho; their story has been recently told, but let us glance at it briefly.

In 1834 they "sent across the continent for white teachers." They were always friendly and self-supporting, never accepting rations, and "almost to a man a church-going people." In 1855, a treaty confirmed their title to their land. In 1865, Chief Joseph and other chiefs refused to sign a treaty ceding a large part of their Reservation, and remained on their land. Troops were sent to remove them; they retreated, but at last surrendered on the condition that they should be returned to Idaho to live with the loyal Nez Perces. General Miles pledged the Government to this, but he was overruled. Joseph's band was taken to Indian Territory, which these mountaineers called "The land of fire," and kept there six years. Within a few months of their arrival one-fourth of them

* The *Cherokee Advocate* is published weekly at Tahlequah, I. T. Its similarity to civilized papers would astonish many even of the Indian's friends.

died; but three children born to them there lived to the age of three years. Their kindred in Idaho begged to have them sent to them.

The Presbyterian General Assembly took up the matter. All honor to those Christian men for that act of justice and mercy! The remnant of those nine hundred hunted exiles were returned to their native land. This summary gives little idea of the suffering of *one* forced removal: there have been many.

One more instance, now, from the extreme West. Under Spanish rule, Franciscan monks established twenty-one missions in California, and the Indians who were under their care and their descendants' are called the Mission Indians. The monks taught them farming and cattle-raising, as well as the Christian religion, and their rich harvests and valuable herds spread far over the land. In 1848, the Treaty with Mexico brought them under the jurisdiction of the United States as *citizens*. The conditions of the treaty were utterly disregarded. An invasion of barbarians could not have been more disastrous to these peaceful, industrious people than was this transfer from Spanish to American rule. Their cultivated farms and corraled cattle were appropriated as though the Indian owners had been so many wild beasts. Whole villages were given to new owners under homestead and preëmption laws. The Indians retreated, almost always peaceful and patient, though driven from refuge after refuge. New treaties set off new land for them, but when this was wanted by white men patents were easily obtained for it, and the Indian owners were ejected *by law*. Still they continue "planting, fencing, irrigating, building houses on land from which long experience has taught them that the white man can drive them off any day he chooses. . . . They beg for papers to show where their lands are, and for schools," and want to learn American laws.

Mrs. Jackson (H. H.) has told the story of one of these Mission Indian villages in her tale *Ramona*. In her official report she says:

"There had been a settlement of Indians in Temecula from time immemorial, . . . and it was part of the tract given to the San Luisenos and Dieguinos by the Treaty of 1853. In 1873, a decree of ejectment against them was obtained. The San Diego *Union* of Sept. 23, 1875, says: 'For forty years these Indians have been recognized as the most thrifty in California. For more than twenty years they have been yearly told by U. S. Commissioners that they could remain on these lands. Now they are ordered to leave, . . . and the sheriff is not only commanded to remove them, but to take of their property to pay the costs incurred.' A portion of them, to remain as near the graves of their dead as possible, went into

a cañon three miles distant, a barren, dry spot. They sank a well, and went to work again. In 1882, the tract was set off as a reservation. In 1883 it was one continuous field of grain. . . . The whites already look with envy on the crops the Indian exiles have wrested from land nobody thought worth taking up."—*Report on Mission Indians*, by Helen Jackson and A. Kinney.

East, south, north, west, these are representative cases, given in barest outline: this is our "Indian policy." "Advancing civilization," so-called, sweeps the natives of the country before it as completely as war, flood, and cyclone have swept all traces of civilization from some of these very lands. The vital question here is not, "Is the Indian worth saving? but, Is this American Nation capable of justice and good faith? Patriotism, no less than humanity, insists that justice shall be done at last. We proclaim ourselves lovers of liberty, we threw off the yoke of a ruler who disregarded our "just complaints." Out of our own mouth are we condemned. There have been, and are, many individual protests against this course of robbery, but the State has upheld it, and the Church raises her voice against it rarely and feebly. In many cases the sufferers have been her own faithful, though poor members, and sympathizing white members have hoped that their protest would be emphasized by at least all the Christian community—but they have hoped in vain. The Churches gather hundreds of Christian citizens, voters, to spend weeks over the wording of their constitutions, but these great national crimes, of which they share the responsibility, pass unheeded. And from Indian Christians come words of patient trust that shame us; they look with reverence to our Eastern Churches as to their examples, and, stripped as they have been, they "give of their substance" to hasten the day when all men shall dwell as brothers.*

Nor is it of their natural rights only, that we deprive the Indians. Let us look at others they have acquired from us. Secretary Teller will not be accused of sentimentality. In his last Report he says:

"An honest compliance on the part of the Government with the conditions of the treaties with the various tribes concerning schools will provide all the schools required. . . . The amount now due (June, 1884), after deducting all appropriations for school purposes, is $4,033,700. A large part of the money so agreed to be paid was in *consideration of land ceded to the Government by the Indians. It is not a gratuity, but a debt due to the Indians*, incurred by the Government on its own motion, and not at the request of the Indians."

---

* The Episcopal Indians of South Dakotah gave $1,800 to missions in 1885 through the offertory of their little churches. And the Congregational Indians $1,165," much of it the fruit of hard labor of Dakotah women with the needle and in the wash-tub."

All persons do not know that our Executive Officers, one and all, are powerless to execute money contracts, even when signed and sealed, without an act of appropriation by Congress, and appropriations for payment of debts to Indians Congress constantly either neglects to give or cuts down. Our people generally think such appropriations simple gratuities! Still more remarkable, our present Secretary of the Interior and Commissioner of Indian Affairs, in reporting on Indian schools, make no allusion to the unpaid debts! One would suppose, from their late Reports, that the appropriations for such schools were all gratuities! The Commissioner says:

"The appropriations made by Congress, *which has seconded every effort for Indian advancement with commendable liberality* (!!), have steadily increased from year to year. . . . It is cheaper to give these people education than it is to fight them. . . It is the policy of this Bureau to extend to the Indians the advantages of education as rapidly as it can be practically afforded."—*Report*,* p. 13.

Can we "practically afford" to buy land, and when in possession refuse to pay the stipulated price, and treat each instalment of payment as a gratuity to be cut down at will? Our Indian creditors have never ceased asking for these schools, but the Commissioner says:

"The Indians must learn the arts of civilization, . . . learn to labor, . . . *to know more of their obligations to the Government*, . . . and understand that it is their interest and duty to send their children to school. *Industry and education will awaken the spirit of personal independence* and create a desire of possessing property, and a knowledge of its advantages and rights." (!!)—*Report* p. 5.

History repeats itself! Mr. Atkins's predecessor in office reported that "The case of the Cherokees is a striking example of the liberality of the Government."

Again: an Indian is not a person in our courts; he can give no witness; to kill him is the reverse of a crime. Arizona and New Mexico had in 1881, and may still have, laws offering from $250 to $500 for an Indian scalp. Some of the half-starved Apaches in those Territories are "troublesome," "can not be civilized," "must be disarmed." They have no appeal but to their rifles. Indian agents call attention to the need of protective laws, and other great wants,

* These Reports can be had gratis by writing to the offices in Washington for them. They are usually thin pamphlets, and a knowledge of their contents would correct many false impressions about the Indians.

year after year, but their suggestions are disregarded, and they grow tired of repeating them.

There is a settlement of Chippewas at White Earth, Minn., of which Bishop Whipple writes: "There is no protection of law, yet there is not a community in Minnesota which is more peaceable and orderly." In 1881, reservoirs were constructed at the head waters of the Mississippi, by authority of the Government, for which some of the lands of the Chippewas were taken. The compensation offered was refused by the Indians as utterly inadequate. A commission was appointed to review the valuation, and much higher estimates were presented. But *Congress did not make the appropriations recommended.* The Commissioner said:

"These Indians have been, and are, peaceably disposed and loyal to the Government. Bishop Whipple, Mr. Blakely, Governor Marshall, and other prominent citizens of that locality urge the justness of the Indian claim, and I concur with their judgment. . . . The benefits [of these dams] enure solely to the United States. *I cannot too strongly press the urgent necessity for the appropriations recommended. No one can compute the evil consequences that may arise should Congress ignore its duty to these Indians* by a failure to make the appropriations or carry out the terms of the award."—*Report for 1884.*

Again last winter Congress failed to make an appropriation, and Bishop Whipple, knowing that this part of his flock was in danger of starvation, issued an appeal in which he says:

"The Government offered the Indians less compensation than the value of their pine used in the construction of the dams. . . . I have hoped against hope that at last justice would be done them. I fear the words of Secretary Staunton to me are true: 'Bishop, the United States Government never redresses a wrong unless the people demand it. When the heart of the nation is reached, then, and not till then, will the Indians receive justice at our hands.' Nations reap exactly what they sow. If we sow robbery, we shall reap robbery."

In 1878 an Indian Police was organized at thirty agencies. Let us see how the Indians respond to so much trust as we show them. Agent Parker says of the Sioux:

"The police are very efficient, ready day and night.'

Agent Cook, Idaho:

"Police assiduous in discharge of duty."

Agent of Klamaths:

"Police efficient and faithful, though poorly paid."

Agent of Poncas:

"Police obey orders with alacrity."

The testimony is the same at almost all the agencies. As freighters and mail-carriers the Indians have proved equally faithful. As a race they hold power as a sacred trust, and the betrayal of that trust the deepest disgrace. They dread a degrading influence in personal possessions; they prefer poverty and exile to dependence. Would such an influence among our voters be corrupting?

We have long held whole tribes responsible for the ill-doing of a few, sometimes of one member; have we not taught all Indians that each one of us should be held responsible for the ill-doings of white men against them? Bishop Whipple tells us that, after special inquiry, he has

"Yet to find the United States officer who does not acknowledge that *in every instance we have been the first to break our treaties with Indians*."

And we talk of "those treacherous savages."

What are the marks of an absolute despotism? Are not some of them making its subjects dependent on its good-will for their welfare; making it unlawful for them to move from place to place without permission, or to buy and sell where they wish? Our Indian policy has these marks. How can it escape the stigma, how can it fail to inflict the suffering that attends despotism?

The difficulty in this Indian subject lies not in the Indian but in ourselves. Public opinion alone can effect a change. All who hold their peace are responsible for the acts of our representative Government. The few who do "cry for justice" have already accomplished something, but to those who are waiting, literally, in the shadow of death, how slowly and meagrely the help comes! We hear much of a "strong pressure" on the Government against the Indians for self-interest; let there be a strong pressure for justice, for right.

De Tocqueville says:

"There are two divisions in ethics, equally important in the eyes of God, but which in our day His ministers teach with very unequal zeal. One belongs to private life; it comprises the duties of the human being as parent or child, wife or husband. The other concerns public life, and consists of the duties of the citizen to his country. . . . I see multitudes of women who, thanks to religion, are faithful wives, just and indulgent mistresses, and full of charity to the poor; but of that portion of their duty which concerns public life they have not the dimmest idea. They fail to practice it themselves, and they do not seem to dream of enjoining such practice on those who come under their influence. . . . My grandmother, after enjoining on her little son the performance of every private duty, never failed to add: 'And, my child, never forget that a man belongs first of all to his country; that he must never be indifferent to her fate; that God requires of him to be always ready to consecrate his time, his fortune, and even his life to the service of the State.'"

A country that is worth fighting for is worth purifying. We can yet, perhaps, redeem with good this "Century of dishonor." We can clear this dark blot from our national scutcheon. Humanity says to us:

> "Prove now thy truth,
> I claim of thee the promise of thy youth."

Two associations exist for the express purpose of rousing the nation to a recognition of our obligations to the Indians and for securing for them a long-delayed justice, especially full legal title to their lands, payment of debts, and protection of law.

The Women's National Indian Association, organized April, 1879, is now at work in twenty-seven States and Territories. It gathers and spreads information about Indian affairs, sends an officer all over the country to tell facts and extend the organization, petitions Congress for needed legislation for Indians, opens pioneer missions* which it turns over to churches willing to take them, and raises the money needful for all this. Bishop Whipple cheered its workers by telling them that they had already done "immense good" and were "reaching the heart of the nation." Bishop Hare compared the effects of its work to that of a "calcium light thrown down a dark alley; evil-doers could no longer work in the shade there."

The Indian Rights Association (of gentlemen) was formed in 1883, with the same objects as the Women's Association, but somewhat different methods of work. Both societies need money and workers. Who will help?

SARAH NEWLIN.

---

* Sixty-four tribes are still without church or mission of any kind.

THE FREEDMAN DURING THE WAR.

II.

MR. LINCOLN, in his proclamation of emancipation, issued January 1st, 1863, after stating that all persons in certain States and Districts "are, and henceforward shall be forever free," adds this effective clause: "That the Executive Government of the United States, including the military and naval authorities thereof, will recognize and maintain the freedom of said persons."

In the latter part of 1863, in Lookout Valley, among the many negroes who were escaping from slavery, there came to the Head-quarters of the Eleventh Army Corps a slave family. They were from the district of East Tennessee, and consisted of a mulatto woman with two little children, a girl very black of perhaps fifteen years, and a negro man, a relative, about thirty, who conducted the group. As there was a prospect of an early move in the spring of 1864, the Commander of the Corps decided to send the family at the first opportunity to the North, where work, wages, and subsistence were offered. But as yet, Tennessee had not been mentioned in any emancipation proclamation, and so the question of how to deal with this family and numerous others similarly circumstanced at different head-quarters in his Corps, perplexed the General.

He finally went to Chattanooga, and consulted with General George H. Thomas, who then commanded the Army of the Cumberland. He asked him if there was any way to secure for the members of this slave family manumission papers. Thomas promptly replied, "Yes, I will give them their manumission." And he did so as soon as he could procure their names. The papers were drawn up in form and given to the delighted family. Soon after, an officer undertook to conduct these colored people from Lookout Valley to a New England State; he found it as much trouble as to move a body of troops. After reaching Nashville, Tenn., the train northward was just ready to start. The fare of each member of the party had been paid and they were moving toward a passenger car and ready to enter, when the conductor stepped before them and roughly stopped them with the expression, "Niggers are not allowed on this train."

The officer remonstrated and plead with him not to hinder them, till at last the conductor pointed to a rougher car filled with soldiers, and said: "The niggers can go there." The officer, much troubled, for evident reasons objected to that course. Finally, he was obliged to reveal his rank and authority, and firmly to demand that the negro family be allowed to enter the passenger car, otherwise he himself would also stay behind and make this a test case with the authorities. The conductor, though still with a bad grace, then yielded the point and let the family enter the car. This incident illustrates by a glimpse the feeling then existing against the blacks, and the exceeding difficulty which their friends encountered in giving them reasonable care and protection.

Generally it was most convenient to herd the fugitive negroes and refugee whites in large "camps." The numerous army hospitals and soldiers' temporary barracks were used for this purpose. They were brought together on large abandoned plantations, where, for short periods, work, food, and shelter were found for them. Now behold them! Everywhere in these "camps," or crowded upon such plantations, were these indescribable masses, of every variegated hue, of every size and description, from the baby in arms to the aged grandmother hobbling along on her staff, from the curly-headed, bright-eyed lads, to the strong and muscular men bent with labor; all dressed in abundance of rags and tatters. They brought with them in their arms and on their heads when they came, curious bundles, little and big, which comprised their worldly goods. Every child of strength sufficient to stand on his feet had a bundle of some sort. But these fat bundles, when opened, merely revealed the frugality and savings of simple poverty.

Writing of these masses of human beings, the secretary of a Freedman's Society truthfully said: "Their physical destitution was no more manifest than was their eagerness for learning. In the midst of pinching want, amounting almost to starvation, they seemed more anxious for schools than for food." This desire for knowledge, which with the poor Africans seemed to be an instinct, commended itself to the philosophy of the worthiest and most refined of the Christian people of America.

The "associated workers" in the North combined their efforts in behalf of the newly emancipated. They made themselves felt over wide fields through societies formed for the purpose. Many Freedman's Aid Associations, under different designations, arose. In

some cases they were a missionary branch of this church and that, such as the Presbyterian, the Baptist, the Episcopalian, the Friends, and the Methodists. The Congregationalists and some other Christians, acting separately from their churches, adhered to a society which was formed some years prior to emancipation. It had been inaugurated for the express purpose of caring for, educating, and christianizing early fugitives from slavery in America, and also natives in Africa. This society, "The American Missionary Association," did a vast work, really out of proportion to the number of contributors that it represented. The war had hardly begun, as we have seen, when its agents appeared near Fortress Monroe, and promptly undertook the work of the relief of "contrabands," and very soon thereafter opened its Primary School. Subsequently it devoted its main efforts, as did the church societies, to a Christian education of the negro children and youth.

All citizens of the United States, who had for years either directly or indirectly advocated the emancipation of the slaves, believed in their proper education as the essential and immediate consequent. The eagerness of the emancipated was soon more than matched by the enthusiasm of the Northern people. A large army of teachers manifesting the same spirit of energy and self-sacrifice that, after Sumter fell, had seized the volunteers, offered their services and pressed forward to the field.

An English writer looking on, painted the memorable picture in glowing terms. He said: "When the history of the slave-holders' rebellion shall come to be penned by a modern Gibbon, the deeds of martial valor performed by the soldiers of the North, however deserving of record, will pale in the brilliant light shed over the pages of such a history by the self-sacrifice of the pioneers of education who, reckless of danger, persecution, contempt, and the numerous moral and social disadvantages they had to encounter, went bravely forth on their self-imposed mission of creating educated citizens for the Republic."

The Englishman did not exaggerate the story. The female teachers matched in this warfare their fathers and brothers in arms, and filled with zeal, gave to this work the most heroic examples of self-denial. With firmness but with cheerful hearts they went forth from all the love and comforts of beautiful homes, to be hated, to be scorned, and to be vilified by every opprobrious epithet, to be held by those who were properly their social equals, as the very

dregs of human society. This they did that they might teach little black children, with unwearying patience, the rudiments of knowledge. No followers of the Great Master ever more literally carried out His precepts to go and teach, none ever encountered opposition and opprobrium of a character harder to be endured!

That portion of General Sherman's campaign of 1864, usually denominated "From Atlanta to the Sea," covered in its execution a broad extent of territory. The right wing often dividing itself into three and sometimes four parallel columns, set out in the direction of Macon and swept down the Valley of the Ockmulgee, till wheeling to the left it guided itself across the country mainly by the Macon and Savannah Railway. The left wing, usually in two columns, sometimes in three, followed the direction of the Atlanta and Augusta Railway; bearing to the right after passing Milledgeville, it directed its course also upon Savannah. The scouts and flankers of the right were often sixty and seventy miles from the scouts and flankers of the left. These hosts like locusts were living on the country. They produced terror in advance; desolation and despair in their track. Naturally thousands of negroes and many poor white families left their homes and joined themselves to the various moving trains, where there was at least the hope of subsistence. Not far from Savannah these numerous non-combatants, after every officer's mess had been supplied with abundance of servants, became a great burden to the army and a source of weakness. The commander of a corps in the left wing, being more worried and impeded than others, by these masses of destitute humanity which thronged his moving wagons and his camp at night, at last undertook to separate them and force them back to the impoverished farms which they had abandoned. It was alleged that he took up his pontoon bridge across a broad creek, "leaving sleeping negro men, women, and children on the other side, to be slaughtered by Wheeler's Cavalry." These statements did the officer great injustice, as he was far from having any cruel intention. When this act of his came to be known in the North by the reports and publications of the ever present newspaper correspondents, the severest criticism was meted out to the offending officer, and some of the imputed blame was awarded to the enterprising commander of all the columns, Sherman himself. Subsequent experience, however, showed that there would have been starvation amongst the eager and impoverished fugitives, had they been permitted to consume the meagre rations, which

during the long delay before Savannah until Fort McAllister fell, hardly subsisted that part of the army itself to which they had attached themselves. Then food began to come in more abundance from the sea.

It would be difficult to describe the mingled terror and joy of the negro population that the army found in large numbers upon the rice plantations. Some would plunge into the ditches and endeavor to squeeze themselves into the soft ground at the sound of the screeching and crashing of the shells; while others would dance in groups, shout with gladness, or sing songs of praises by night, for hours together.

It was a day of great sadness to the majority of the white people when the Confederate Commander withdrew his troops from Savannah, and the Union forces, in joyous triumph, came marching into the city. These proceedings overwhelmed them with a sense of their defeat and their helplessness. But, on the contrary, it was, to the numerous slave people, a day of rejoicing; for it was an answer to their long continued importunate prayers. It was the harbinger of deliverance from bondage, and the ushering in of the fruitage of their brightest hope; certainly so it appeared to these simple souls.

The Hon. E. M. Stanton, Secretary of War, came to Savannah soon after its capture. He manifested a special interest in the negroes who were now flocking into the city in increasing numbers from every avenue of approach. He desired to test their knowledge, their appreciation of what had been done for them, and their ideas, however crude they might be, of their prospects for the future. At the secretary's request, General Sherman called a meeting of the most prominent among them; the questions and answers will be found recorded in *Sherman's Memoirs.* The insertion of a few answers will indicate the character and quickness of apprehension of these observing black men:

"Slavery is receiving by irresistible power the work of another man, and not by his consent. The freedom, as I understand it, promised by the proclamation, is taking us from under the yoke of bondage and placing us where we can reap the fruit of our own labor, and take care of ourselves and assist the Government in maintaining our freedom.

"I would prefer to live by ourselves, for there is a prejudice against us in the South that will take years to get over; but I do not know that I can answer for my brethren.

"I think they would fight as long as they were before the 'bayonet,' and just as soon as they could get away they would desert, in my opinion.

"I think, sir, that all compulsory operations should be put a stop to. The ministers would talk to them, and the young men would enlist. It is my opinion that it would be far better for the State agents to stay at home and the enlistments be made for the United States under the direction of General Sherman.

"We looked upon General Sherman, prior to his arrival, as a man, in the providence of God, specially set apart to accomplish this work, and we unanimously felt inexpressible gratitude to him, looking upon him as a man who should be honored for the faithful performance of his duty. Some of us called upon him immediately upon his arrival, and it is probable he did not meet the secretary with more courtesy than he did us. His conduct and deportment toward us characterized him as a friend and gentleman. We have confidence in General Sherman, and think what concerns us could not be in better hands. This is our opinion now, from the short acquaintance and intercourse we have had."

The last was in answer to a question caused by some unjust reflection on Sherman that had already crept into the public press.

Considering the multitude at hand, for which there was but little food, and the frank and intelligent opinions of the leading negroes, Sherman, after consulting with the Secretary of War, issued his famous order, usually called his "Sea Islands Instructions," dated January 16, 1865. It is a condensed statement, and is very important in the freedman's history in the coming years, so it is inserted in full:

1. "The islands from Charleston south, the abandoned rice-fields along the rivers for thirty miles back from the sea, and the country bordering the St. John's River, Florida, are reserved and set apart for the settlement of the negroes now made free by the acts of war and the proclamation of the President of the United States.

2. "At Beaufort, Hilton Head, Savannah, Fernandina, St. Augustine, and Jacksonville, the blacks may remain in their chosen or accustomed vocations; but on the islands, and in the settlements hereafter to be established, no white person whatever, unless military officers and soldiers detailed for duty, will be permitted to reside; and the sole and exclusive management of affairs will be left to the freed people themselves, subject only to the United States military authority, and the acts of Congress. By the laws of war, and orders of the President of the United States, the negro is free, and must be dealt with as such. He cannot be subjected to conscription, or forced military service, save by the written orders of the highest military authority of the department, under such regulations as the President or Congress may prescribe. Domestic servants, blacksmiths, carpenters, and other mechanics will be free to select their own work and residence, but the young and able-bodied negroes must be encouraged to enlist as soldiers in the service of the United States, to contribute their share toward maintaining their own freedom, and securing their rights as citizens of the United States.

"Negroes so enlisted will be organized into companies, battalions, and regiments, under the orders of the United States military authorities, and will be paid, fed, and clothed according to law. The bounties paid on enlistment may, with the consent of the recruit, go to assist his family and settlement in procuring agricul-

tural implements, seed, tools, boots, clothing, and other articles necessary for their livelihood.

3. "Whenever three respectable negroes, heads of families, shall desire to settle on land, and shall have for that purpose selected an island or a locality clearly defined within the limits above designated, the Inspector of Settlements and Plantations will himself, or by such subordinate officer as he may appoint, give them a license to settle such island or district, and afford them such assistance as he can to enable them to establish a peaceable agricultural settlement. The three parties named will subdivide the land, under the supervision of the Inspector, among themselves, and such others as may choose to settle near them, so that each family shall have a plot of not more than forty acres of tillable ground, and, when it borders on some water-channel, with not more than eight hundred feet water-front, in the possession of which land the military authorities will afford them protection until such time as they can protect themselves, or until Congress shall regulate their title. The Quartermaster may, on the requisition of the Inspector of Settlements and Plantations, place at the disposal of the Inspector one or more of the captured steamers to ply between the settlements and one or more of the commercial points heretofore named, in order to afford the settlers the opportunity to supply their necessary wants and to sell the products of their land and labor.

4. "Whenever a negro has enlisted in the service of the United States, he may locate his family in any one of the settlements at pleasure and acquire a homestead, and all other rights and privileges of a settler, as though present in person. In like manner negroes may settle their families and engage on board the gun-boats, or in fishing, or in the navigation of the inland waters, without losing any claim to land or other advantages derived from this system. But no one, unless an actual settler as above defined, or unless absent on Government service, will be entitled to claim any right to land or property in any settlement by virtue of these orders.

5. "In order to carry out this system of settlement, a general officer will be detailed as Inspector of Settlements and Plantations, whose duty it shall be to visit the settlements, to regulate their police and general arrangement, and who will furnish personally to the head of each family, subject to the approval of the President of the United States, a possessory title in writing, giving as near as possible the description of boundaries; and who shall adjust all claims and conflicts that may arise under the same, subject to the like approval, treating such titles altogether as possessory. The same general officer will also be charged with the enlistment and organization of the negro recruits, and protecting their interests while absent from their settlements; and will be governed by the rules and regulations prescribed by the War Department for such purposes.

6. "Brigadier-General R. Saxton is hereby appointed Inspector of Settlements and Plantations, and will at once enter on the performance of his duties. No change is intended or desired in the settlement now on Beaufort Island, nor will any rights to property heretofore acquired be affected thereby."

Thousands of Negro families were distributed under this order along the coast of South Carolina and upon the Sea Islands, and they regarded themselves for more than six months as in permanent possession of the lands which they were sent to occupy. What befell them after the death of Mr. Lincoln and after peace had been declared, when the Confederate families returned to claim their cot-

ton and rice plantations, affords a sorrowful tale in the next year's history; but the unique order of General Sherman did relieve multitudes of refugees from want; and what is better, it distributed idle masses from the cities and villages, set them into active motion and inaugurated a system of industry under freedom that was never anywhere wholly lost sight of. And everywhere the zealous, self-denying Christian teachers followed up the distribution, to inaugurate the primary schools. In one instance upon an island, far from any town, three maiden ladies of wealth, who had come from New England, started a school with all the appliances of object-teaching and all the neatness of a northern academy. In another instance some forty children were daily instructed for months by a queenly woman, the niece of a governor of one of the Northern States; officers of the army of the highest rank and their friends, and prominent families of immigrants with their wives and daughters for a time took active interest in this humane work.

The plans for the subsistence of freedmen upon plantations in 1863, heretofore mentioned, especially in the Mississippi Valley, had not been very successful. The supervisors or employers were often speculators; they undertook their work with too little capital, expecting to pay off their employés subsequent to harvesting the crop. They charged enormous prices for the necessaries of life, and often failed in their agreements to give their hands decent shelter or schools according to the contract. Freedmen in consequence became restless; helped themselves to necessary food, and were frequently absent during the hours of labor. Of course, great discontent arose when this state of things existed. The "army-worm" had appeared to injure the cotton crop. Troops devastated some regions, and guerrillas moving hither and thither, terrified and drove off others. There were, of course, exceptions where supervisors *were* successful and the freedmen contented. There were, too, numerous instances where enterprising negroes alone or associated with others leased cotton plantations, and in spite of a bad year made fair profits. But there was no general regulation, no protection for employers or employés, and viewing the whole field, the friends of the freedmen in high quarters were considerably discouraged.

During the summer of 1864, the Hon. William Pitt Fessenden, Secretary of the Treasury, inaugurated a new "Series of Regulations." He had supervising special agents of the Treasury Department in different portions of the South which had been cleared of

the enemy's troops and were already securely held. These agents were to have charge of the freedmen, each in his own district. The agent was to form a "Freedman's Home Colony," and to appoint a Supervisor for the colony, to be under his direction. The Supervisor must provide buildings for the freedmen, obtain work-animals and implements of husbandry, and other supplies which might be necessary; he was to keep a book of record in which was to be written the former owner of the plantation, the name, age, residence, and occupation of each of those received into the colony; the births, deaths and marriages; the coming and going of each employé, and other like data.

Under this arrangement the freedmen were divided into classes with wages fixed from $10 to $25 per month, according to the class, whether male or female. In fact, there was established under this supervision a very complete and detailed system of employment. Food and clothing were guaranteed at cost, and all parties concerned were to work under written contracts. For a time the system thus devised worked well. It gave a temporary relief. The working-people had in the supervisor and the special agent those who were usually friends; and where courts of any sort were established under them for hearing complaints of fraud or oppression, these government agents reviewed the cases and their decisions were final. When General Sherman's army moved northward from Savannah, his right wing was taken over by steamers from Georgia to the island of Beaufort, S. C. There special supervising agents of the Treasury had been for some time in full operation. The plantations, deserted by their owners, had been sold by the Tax Commissioner and tax-titles given to immigrants from the North, to loyal refugees, and to promising freedmen. The farms were occupied, and many were under cultivation; and when the army came to disturb the quiet settlements, everything seemed to be in a thriving condition; the people were happy, the schools were good, and the future hopeful. The freed people received the troops with every demonstration of joy and expression of gratitude; but, unfortunately it was impossible to regulate a marching force of 25,000 men, so as to prevent mischief and demoralization among the poor residents. The soldiers had been living on the country. They were now in South Carolina, the offending State; and it seemed to many of them that every species of property should be a prey. Hence the difficulties that arose. Some freedmen lost their crops; some their rails; and some, material of

more value still. In numerous cabins, the negroes on the island had met together and sang and prayed the whole night, when the troops were drawing near. They thanked the Lord for the coming of the Union Army and rejoiced for the day of jubilee. Yet, when the hosts were fairly gone, and the last of the vicious stragglers and the inevitable army followers had disappeared, there were many sorrowful faces and many complaints that General Saxton, Sherman's new "Sea Islands' Superintendent," found it hard work to meet and to satisfy.

The right wing of Sherman's army built a long bridge from Beaufort Island to the main-land and crossed over, clearing the country of the Confederate forces, as far as Pocataligo. The left wing, crossing the Savannah, formed a junction in the same neighborhood. Then spreading out much in the same order as in the campaign of "Atlanta to the Sea," the entire army moved northward, carrying before it every natural and artificial obstruction, past Orangeburg to Columbia, and thence eastward through Averysborough, Cheraw, Fayetteville, Bentonville, and on to Goldsborough and Raleigh, North Carolina. This route being more thickly settled than that in Georgia, there was a greater consequent disturbance of the population, furthermore there was a disposition on the part of the soldiery to do more damage to houses and property, particularly in South Carolina. The result was that larger numbers of refugees, white and black, clung to the line of march. Multitudes moving with the trains and other multitudes formed peculiar trains of their own and followed in the wake of the columns.

As the soldier foraging-parties had been thoroughly organized, we may be sure they did not fail to bring in at night to the places of encampment all the provisions that were needed. In truth, it was often necessary for corps and army commanders, to prevent positive starvation among the inhabitants, to redistribute among them a part of the day's accumulation. At Fayetteville, N. C., as the resistance of the Confederates became stronger at every step in advance, and the forces ever larger under General Johnston, the best Confederate commander in the field, General Sherman adjudged the burden of his multitudes of non-combatants too great to be borne. He therefore directed that many helpless families be sent down the river in steamers, and that a special train be organized, with ample provisions sufficient for the subsistence of men, women, and children, till they could reach the coast. The grand host and train was then

turned off southward. It would take the pencil of an artist to depict the scene. There were horses of every quality and condition, fat and meagre, some with saddles and some ridden bareback, some harnessed to wagons, buckboards, nice carriages, or shabby carts; there were mules and donkeys loaded down with bundles of every description and size; luggage was carried in the vehicles, or on the heads of the pedestrians; and distributed along this train was the irregular column of negro families, usually in rough and ragged costumes, with hats, caps, and bonnets odd and various. It was a strange spectacle. There were 8,500 people in the moving train, and it took more than an hour for this queer, joyous multitude to pass a given point. Here they parted company with the army and moved off southward, to be sent to the newly promised land. Soon after they were dispatched to the abandoned plantations on the Sea Islands or on the coast of the Carolinas. These glimpses into the anomalous condition of the newly emancipated race along the line of Sherman's great march give a fair idea of what was going on all over the South—in Louisiana, where Superintendent Conway undertook an immense charge; and in Texas, or in Southern Alabama, wherever our troops were making long marches and engaged in active operations. Matters became more and more irregular and unsettled everywhere, till early in the spring of 1865, after Lee's surrender had taken place, followed by that of Johnston in North Carolina, and soon by that of every Confederate force in arms, chaos appeared to have reached its climax. The refugees had accumulated in the villages and cities, begging for food; nearly every expedient to secure order and industry was in operation, and yet the armies were feeding immense multitudes of newly-made paupers.

It was in view of such a chaotic condition of human society that the law inaugurating a "Bureau of Refugees, Freedmen, and Abandoned Lands" finally, against the most strenuous opposition (March 3, 1865), passed Congress and was approved by the President. At the end of the grand march on the 12th of May, 1865, the commander of Sherman's right wing was detailed as commissioner. He had been selected by President Lincoln before his death, but was not to be taken from the field till his military services there should be no longer required.

O. O. HOWARD.

IN AND AROUND A DESPATCH BOX.

III.

WHAT is this letter that drops to pieces in my hands and has to be carefully patched before I can make out that it is a passionate protest of some kind, and is signed "J. Burgoine?"

"Albany, 20th Octo, 1777.

To Col. ———

If my letter of the beginning of Sept. reached you the events which succeeded will not appear to you extraordinary tho' unfortunate. I foresaw and I believe expressed to you that passing Hudsons' River was putting the fate of the Army upon a chance, but that the precision of my orders, the season of the year & other circumstances of the time made the step unavoidable. I enclose to Ld D——by (illegible) a copy of my despatches to Ld George in order that I may be published by him in case that Ministry should mangle or curtail any part of it in their Gazette. I desire him also to communicate it to you in the first instance & I refer you to that public Account trusting indeed that the fairness of Ministers will make that Manuscript unnecessary; for the detail of as difficult, as dangerous, as diversified & as bloody a progress made in that space of time in any Campaign has produced. I shall . . . (torn off) herto extracts of Paragraphs of my private Letters . . Ld George & Ld North & I do it to furnish you with . . . . Campaign if the State thought it necessary to devote a Corps of troops for general purposes it was no more —— the General's duty to decline proceeding upon motives of prudence & upon Speculation of consequences than it would be justifiable in a sergeant who heads a forlorn hope at the storm of a Breech to recede because his destruction was probable; mine was a forlorn hope, with this difference, that it was not supported. This Army has been diminished by scandalous desertion in the collateral part by the heavy drain of the garrison of Ticonderago & by great loss of blood. It has been totally unsupported by Sir William Howe. When my conduct for proceeding so far as to leave my communication with Canada is arraigned to face the accusation with the wording of my instructions, & ask the accusers what they would have said had I remained supine in a camp at Fort Edward. Is there a man that would have . . . fensible had I left exertions untried in the circumstances . . . then was? At Hubberton, at Ticonderago, at Sheensbourg . . . the ascendancy of British Troops had been apparent . . . (strip torn off) be now their only trouble to vindicate a spirited exertion of orders, the utmost that malevolence can say will be that I have been too bold. Upon the whole, my Friend, if I do not deceive myself my friends may maintain the following ground; a principle of duty engaged me to accept a Command of which I foresaw the difficulties and the dangers respecting the Public Service, & personal reputation, orders in the construction of which there was neither latitude nor alternative compelled me to lay by (of consequence) the general maxims of military

reasoning. Upon securing a retreat I twice fought and once conquered double my numbers. I afterwards courted an action from more than quadruple my numbers with which I was invested, & at last with only three days' provision for the Men and not a particle of Forage, the Troops gall'd with the cannonading into all parts of their position, & exhausted with the watchfulness of many days & nights under arms, the Germans dispirited & ready to clubb their Arms at the first fire, under all these circumstances of distress, amongst all these causes of despair I dictated terms of a convention that saved the Army to the State for the next Campaign. The consolation I have received from a public view of Gates' Army is, I confess extreme. I have now the stubborn fact witnessed by every Officer & soldier of my Army that I was not much deceived by Intelligence & that I have not overrated his numbers in calling them 16ᵐᵐ. Sorry I am to add that a better disciplined a more alert or better prepared Army in all Essentials is hardly to be found on our side the question. When all these facts are notorious, I am clear I shall. . . . the Public. I am impatient as you may imagine to be at home to undertake my own cause but I think it indispensable to be directed entirely by Sir William Howe. I shall certainly wish to precede the embarkation if he approves it; As to myself I am exhausted in Mind & Body. The agitations of the one, & the fatigues of the other are too much for me. An American winter, should that be my fate, will be decisive of my health, possibly to my Life. To its last Moments be assured of the inviolable affection of dear ——— Yours, &c

J. Burgoine."

To fail will always be criminal, and always has been. A peerage and Westminster Abbey are for success, gained no matter how, so weary me not with explanations, worthy Burgoyne. You were defeated, it is enough. Do you suppose the Duke of Wellington would have—Ah! I beg your pardon, that was after your day. I will just have a look at these note-books.

The first relates to a journey taken in a private coach-and-six to the Augusta Springs in 1780, the first step being emphatically one that cost, for the gentleman taking it began by drawing on his factor for two thousand five hundred pounds. The first entry shows that he needed it all: "Expenses at Coffee House for night & morning, £39. 11. 0." Except when he stayed with friends and "was very hospitably & civilly entertained," he was never accommodated for much less. For the rest it seems to have been an affair of weeks, and he records his satisfaction and surprise at being able to cross the mountains without getting out of his phaeton; notes "the material change of climate"; is "sensible struck with the great difference of cattle from those of the lower country"; meets an old schoolfellow, which is remarkable, he having been educated in England; describes "a most entertaining character, wife of the landlord"; visits his "plantations in Orange"; stops to see Captain John Spottiswood, and pushes on "with all possible dilligence," noting down his expenses

as he went, "£28 for dinner," for instance. If he were alive now, and cared to do so, he could make the trip in a few hours and at an expenditure of ten dollars for his ticket.

The second begins with this entry, "Paid Capt. Bruce Dec$_{br}$ 4th 1775 12 guineas for my Passage in the 'Potomack' to Glasgow. Paid Capt. Bruce cards £1. 15. 0." A record of his embarkation follows, which shows that he was junketing at a half-dozen delightful country houses, more or less, in the neigborhood of his ship which sailed about, picking up its cargo here, there, and everywhere, for ever so long, and laid off, and came in, and anchored, and waited, and behaved generally in what we should think the most eccentric way until the connection was made at last and both sailed away triumphantly, off at last, after delays that would have driven the modern American distracted. Pleasant, placid period of long days and quiet ways, and time for everything! This gentleman goes on his travels through Scotland, through England, visits his old friends, his old college, crosses the Channel, is presented at the French Court, where I warrant there were few finer gentlemen than the American (his court suit is still here to tell of the figure the outward man must have cut), and so on the grand tour, yet the note-book—aggravating silence!—tells us nothing of all this. The salt-works at Portsmouth are described at length, the fact noted that he has "hired at Paris Chas. Promling at 12 guineas per annum, his board & washing, & livery to be furnished, at my Plantations on my return." He gives the posting-routes, but that is all, except so far as this meagre record is supplemented by a few letters, one introducing to his family in America "the Barron D^{e} Wolfen, an officer of merit in the King of Prussia's service, desirous to enter himself in the American Army"; one to Lord North, which shows that he had got into trouble and was trying to get out again. It runs:

"Portsmouth Thomas Koulican Feb^{ry} 5th 1778.

My Lord,

Knowing the very important Post you hold in this Realm, I have taken the liberty of representing to you my present situation, that of a Prisoner, which I by no means find agreeable, & doubt not when pointed out, you will render me all the justice I deserve. On the 18th of last month I was sent into this Port a Passenger on the Thomas Koulican & have been detained first by S^{r} John Hamilton, & since I suppose by other Authority, tho' from the applications made to the Admiralty & to S^{r} Thomas Pye, I have expected to have been discharged long before this Period. But it seems as I have just heard that the Cause of my Detention may be this, that it is reported I have in my possession a Treaty of Commerce to be established between the Court of France & the Congress particularly

relative to a supply of Tobacco from Virginia. That this cause of further Detention may not continue to exist, I do candidly declare that I have not in my Possession any such Treaty, nor have I ever had, nor have I any concern whatsoever in the ship. I have not a Doubt but your Lordship will judge as impartially of these Circumstances as the nature of the Information will admit, & if farther should be required I should be happy to have the honor of waiting on your Lordship to satisfy you that these suspicions have not originated in Truth. I have the honor to be,

Your Lordship's most obedient & Humle Svt."

The third letter deepens one's interest in the complication, whatever it was, without explaining it. There is no heading, no date, and it is addressed to him by a friend, who says:

"I have been threatened all along that if I would not speak or cause to speak I should go to Prison, but they have been generous enough to take into consideration that it was a matter of Impossibility for me to do it without running the chance of going to the Bastille for the remainder of my days if I disobeyed my Sovereign. How can you require I should advise you to speak. No, I can't. You may do just as you think proper. Don't mind me any more in that affair but act for yourself, and in every case let us remain good Friends."

This is endorsed "Respecting my examination in London," so the probability is that the American, who had been somehow implicated in one of the myriad plots of the time, was sharply catechised and allowed to go his way. No traitor this, if he was abroad when all good Americans were supposed to be at home, an absence that doubtless caused his loyalty to be called in question, as is shown by a curious deposition made before a magistrate by his brother, "aide-de-camp to his Excellency," in which he speaks of "the misfortune he received in his youth which prevented his taking an active part in the Defence of his Country," and the "warm resentment he expressed at the Conduct of Britain after the Battle of Lexington." He had not contented himself with words either, but had with his brother's help raised and equipped a regiment at a great sacrifice, hearing which what should the impulsively generous Queen of France do but send over the uniforms for the officers (that of the Austrian *Garde-du-corps*) and the colors. Strange! the idea of an Austrian princess of the straitest sect helping forward a revolution of the kind—furnishing matches, as it were, for burning down the house over her own head.

IV.

This gentleman came home when the war was over, and brought an English lassie with him and settled down on his "plantations,"

where he lived to a great age. Among the letters found among his papers after his death was one on which was written, in the quavering text of three-score and ten, "My mother's Letters." It was not a period of penny-postal, frantic correspondence, and he probably received only a few such from his distant Virginian home in the five years of his absence at school in England. It was no doubt read and reread a thousand times, until he knew it by heart, and prized as it deserved to be. A tender mother-letter, full of the formality of the period, and fuller of the love which mothers have felt and kept in all ages for their sons, near or far, worthy or unworthy:

"Virginia——
25th May, 1770.

"My dearest Johnny

"By Mr. Morse I received your very kind and dutiful letter and I make no Doubt it would be very agreeable to you to hear oftener from me; but when I consider that you hear often from your dear daddy and well know what a scribe I am, you will I am confident excuse it. I often read yours to him and rejoice greatly to find what an Improvement you have made in your studies and could I but see you now I know I should be heartily satisfied. But when I consider—five years without a single glance! it allmost distracts me! But my dear child I hope to God all will be for the best. If you are to be away I highly approve of your going to Cambridge *the most renowned Seminary of Learning in all England.* My dear, it does give me more Pleasure to hear of your health! I have by several opportunities heard that your affected side is much amended for which God of His Infinite mercy be praised. I am extremely sorry you have been disappointed in not getting *the fine choice Hams, cyder, old brandy and fine Madeira* which were packed up and sent to Ayletts Warehouse for you. You may depend upon another attempt this year. Pray finish your education as soon as possible my dear, for we all cannot bear any longer without seeing you. I shall write again by Capt. Robertson. We caught a great many redd & Mocking Birds, but by one accident or other lost them all. The whole Family desire to be remembered to you, though none more so than my dear, dear Johnny your most tender & affectionate mother

Frances ——"

Many a night must she have laid awake thinking of that "affected side"—many the hamper packed in imagination to be sent to Aylett's warehouse, and when the wind wailed about the house there was the voyage back that must be taken before she could have her "dearest Johnny" safe in his mother's arms. Truly the proverb is right: "God could not be everywhere and so he made mothers." The advice and the sermonizing so conspicuously absent from this gentle "epistle" (nobody wrote letters in those days, or even read them; "perused" was the correct phrase and action), in which there is only the usual maternal anxiety that the absent darling shall not lack for

creature comforts and amusement, is amply given in a package, neatly tied up, beautifully written, letters from the lad's tutor ——, the ancestor of Mr. Barlow by all that's pragmatic, prigmatic, pedagoguish! Model letters these, written emphatically by what I have recently seen called an "educator," not a teacher. Worthy Mr. Bond of Caius College was emphatically an educator. Hear him. In the first he says:

"Dear Sir,

"Although the relation of tutor and pupil has ceased between us, the concern I take in your welfare will I am persuaded remain through life. It is impossible that I should ever become indifferent to the happiness of a person in whose education I have had a little share. I shall always be extremely glad to hear of your prosperity. If you found that I was of some service to you while you resided at Cambridge, you saw likewise that without your own application no assistance of mine would have been effectual. You are now to derive all your future improvement from yourself alone. Believe me, Sir, I shall be glad to know that you do not find any want of assistance. The knowledge you will acquire by your own industry alone will be more useful to you than any you may borrow from others. You are I hope far from thinking that your education is finished, although the years of your pupilage are expired. It would be a melancholy consideration to the wisest of men to know that they are capable of no further improvement. Sir, I cannot but rely with confidence on the natural suggestions of your own understanding. (*Delightful Sentence!*) With the books you take with you you will employ the many necessary intervals of diversion to your solid advantage. I find that it is not to your own estates and to the province of Virginia that you intend to confine yourself but adjacent countries have invited your curiosity. In reading therefore your date from Philadelphia I was pleased with thinking that you had made an excursion in which you might be equally amused and instructed. I supposed you saw that as the usual time for scholastic exercises was past with you, your best employment would be a careful observance of men and things, together with as much judicious reading as could be spared from the attention necessary to the culture and improvement of your inheritance."

There is a good deal more in the same strain, and other letters as didactic and admirable; but here is one written after the Revolution, which is more interesting. After some preliminaries, in which, from sheer force of habit, he adopts the old tone, although his pupil must have smiled to find himself considered "a youth" still, he says:

"Tell me what advantages you and your neighbours have derived from becoming an independent people, for though an Englishman I can wish prosperity to every American and whatever political differences may have arisen between our several countries, I have always felt that interest which I ought to feel for a gentleman who once stood in the relation of Pupil to me and who studied with me in the University which will I trust always be dear to us both. I sincerely wish your country all the prosperity it may acquire by improving its natural advantages. I will not reflect on the violence with which you Colonists were separated from your

Mother Country. It were unavailing now to regret the fault on both sides or to observe how the same or greater ends might have been obtained by gentler means. In Britain the example of France I hope will always deter the people from attempting too much, and from hazarding great evils for the chance of small improvements. I shall send you nothing of the news we receive from France for you will probably receive as fresh intelligence by the public papers which may come in y^e^ same ship with this. We are in hourly expectation of hearing that the Queen of France has been murdered. There is nothing too bad for us to expect to hear of such Barbarians. Cambridge is quite another place from that you remember it. Some improvements have been made in the Coll. & walks. But in ye Town all the streets have been paved after the London fashion. Most of the houses have been newly-fronted, several new ones built & some of ye streets widened. The Dinner hour has been altered to 3 O'clock in almost all ye Colleges & the school disputations are finished before dinner. The Hall in Caius has now a good Fire-Place & is made a very handsome room. The streets are lighted wh. was not the case in your time. I was lately at M^r^. E. S. Heatherset near Norwich. He lives very happily in a pleasant situation, having a Wife & two Boys, very jolly *(jolly* at that period !) little fellows. As to that important matter in which you are pleased to consult me, the education of your Son all I can say is that I should make choice of Eton ; much of his improvement in morals & learning will depend on the private tutor he will want there. There is indeed a school at Rugby in Yorkshire of good repute if you prefer a Seminary for its being at a greater distance from London. But upon my word it is a subject too difficult for me. Neither do I know what may be all the requisites in the Education of a member of the Thirteen States, what acquaintance with our Laws may be useful to him for I cannot but suppose that something more than Greek & Latin is necessary to qualify a youth for being a worthy member of any country in the world. I only hope & trust that if you consign the young American to England he will derive such advantages from his Education here as may attach him to England as long as he lives & dispose him to join in that harmony which ought to exist between two people so nearly allied in interests & birth as you Americans & we Britons. There are this summer two small camps on ye coast near us. We are only five miles cross from ye sea. But these camps are I trust sufficient to defend M^rs^. Bond & me from ye invasion of French Revolutionists, nor do I fear that my Parishioners would join with them against me should they come. Let me request you to present my most respectfull compliments to M^rs^.—— I shall ever remember with pleasure the civilities I received from her family in London & wish her every happiness for her own sake & for being the wife of you my good friend, I am, dear Sir," etc., etc.

That joke about the parishioners has a kind of "grouse in the gun-room" flavor about it, and is the only even faintly facetious point in the whole correspondence.

But of course the most interesting letters in this as in every despatch-box, in point of liveliness and vivacity, are written by the frivolous sex. A lover, a Boswell, or a Walpole excepted, men cannot write letters. Histories, tragedies, poems, essays, epics; anything but letters. When a man has collected and set down in order a few facts, and given them with a bald brevity that would look conscien-

tious if it were not so evidently a sincere desire to spare himself all trouble in the matter of description and amplification; when he has explained about the cheque that he encloses, very particularly and at some length, and said his manful say on any questions awaiting his decision very decidedly and shortly, and got in a word or two about the weather and the like in a closing paragraph, and signed himself an affectionate husband or brother, the poor dear really thinks that he has written a letter, and congratulates himself upon having achieved the mighty task. But mark the difference. The wife or sister picks up her portfolio, balances it on her knee and instead of beginning "Your's of the 31st to hand & I am glad to see that the plumber's bill is so moderate," etc., etc., she says: "We have been snowed in all day & it would have been dreary but for the X'mas fires & à Beckett who has kept us laughing uproariously all the afternoon while the children amused themselves by blowing soap-bubbles in the bay-window & now here is Jane just come in with the tea-tray & your letter put under the blue muffin dish where I did not at first see it," and so on and on in effortless domestic spontaneity, giving pictures of everything and everybody about her, so that being blind he can see with her eyes. He knows Jane, and every cup on the tray; he has given the blue muffin-dish on a birthday, and knows that, too; he can see the children and feel the fire—in short, he gets a letter. And so it is with two ladies in London who, in 1778–9–93, write to their cousin who has married and gone to Virginia. Is it Fanny Burney who writes?

"My dear Fanny's agreeable letters were quite a cordial to her disconsolate Friends, & revived our drooping spirits, so that with the assistance of your kind present we spent as chearful an evening as yours & your husband's absence would admit. Indeed my dear Fan, I knew not my affection towards you till they were put to the severest trial; my heart has received a wound that time can only heal but never cure. Why do I complain? The satisfaction of seeing you happily allied to the man you love ought to be a sufficient consolation, but human nature will be frail and murmer when we have the greatest reason to be satisfied. Tho. these unhappy troubles may be the means of separating us forever believe me I shall ever be happy to hear from you & yours; neither the changes of time nor place will ever erase those tender seeds of Friendship sown in our early days & what ever part of the Globe my Darling is fixed, I will most chearfully obey the commands of my ever esteemed Friend. As I have now obeyed the dictates of my heart I will resume a more pleasing Topic. Your dear mother bears the separation with a fortitude that amazes me; she has fits of Grief but in general her spirits are good; she laughs & talks of you constantly which joined with the amusement she finds in planning her Voyage prevents her from indulging melancholy recollections. Mr. Baynhan drank tea here last night

& desires to be remembered to the new-married couple. My brother stayed till more than twelve O'clock; he desires more than compliments which is due to old acquaintance. Mary Tucker and myself have been quite Rakes! Three plays, and an oratorio. M^r^. Baynham is our Beau on these occasions. M^r^. Hubbare & Capts. Hatch & Moseby compose our society. The latter has quarreled with his father & is totally absorbed in a new purchase of a Brig. Poor Baskerville is but one degree from madness, has quarreled with his mother & will not break bread in her house. Last Sunday we took a peep at the Quakers' meeting. The spirit moved one of their principal orators. Your mother approved much of the Discourse. For my part that kind of preaching does not suit my taste. The soil of my brains requires great Labour to bring forth Fruit & it was with great difficulty that I could compose my countenance. The hard usage of my poor lips is not yet recovered. We enjoyed the illuminations on M^r^. Keppels' acquittal & took a coach with the intention of riding thro. the Town but the mob treated us so roughly at Temple Bar we were glad to return, broke the glass, threw squibs & mud & bestowed on us every mark of insult. The Third night we made a second attempt on foot—reached Cornhill, was there obliged to retreat. In our return visited old Willy's. Mr. Hubbard & Moseby called for Lights, knocked at the door. In a minute a candle in each window were produced more were demanded & we left the old miser to brood over the Expence. I met the other day M^rs^. Jansen; she looked very ill & we were rather stiff as I have not been to see her since her marriage. Upon my word your husband was right to carry you away from this sad land, for a woman is *nobody* till she has been wedded & divorced half a dozen times. If I had a little of Lady Teazles volubility I could run along fifty divorces & marriages encore. Really my dear, I believe I should certainly forsake the vain world and take the veil if there were such a thing as Nunnerys in England. Indeed it is not at present a world for either Love or Friendship both men & women have taken such large draughts of the very Essence of *Puppyism*. The times are so bad one could sit moralizing for an age. I was last week at Ranelagh, and mercy on us! Such a collection of puppets! Ladies with heads two yards above them, no waists, huge rumps & petticoats not much longer than a short apron. Then the beaux—rouged, feathers in their hats, buckles larger than ever & such an inundation of frizzed hair enveloping their poor countenances. But I will enclose you a few of their likenesses in paper. Then in walking the gay circle the men affect to *swim*, the women to *strut;* in short it soon must be the fashion for the women to turn soldiers the men fine ladies. You will think me grown ill-natured, but indeed it is terrible to see the crowds that daily sacrifice at the Shrine of Folly. May you my dear ever keep within the peaceful bounds of domestic felicity far from the thoughtless, vain, & giddy *Fashion* for I am very sure that when every scene is tried, when every degree of dissipation is run thro. it is in ourselves and our true friends that real contentment & solid happiness can be found. If we lay a basis of Peace at home the world may frown in vain, in vain we seek for Joy in the Gay World for tho. it may smile while it offers to your taste the intoxicating cup yet when 'tis drunk the dregs are bitter. Forgive me for being thus grave. May all that's happy & pleasant be the lot of my dear friend is the sincere wish of her affectionate Isabella H——.

"Lady L. may not write so I will tell her gossips' tale. Old Mrs. I—— is just the same as ever her poor daughter married & dead, & the grandmother passes her time in humoring the two children & making them as disagreeable as possible. Will is married at last to Mary & has enough to build a Ch; Fred is

engaged, James at sea, Charley diddling about at home just as he used to be. As to your Tower Hill friends you would have better accounts than I can give you. The T.s. at Stoke Hall are grown older but no wiser than they used to be. Pray write very soon."

If the vivacious Lady L. did not write by that packet she did by others and very bright and diverting must these "missives" have proved and greedily devoured in the quiet Virginia home by the English lassie, a matron now with her heart and life very full of absorbing interests, yet with all the old love for the old land and the dear kindred she had left. What an event the arrival of the packet must have been. What eager seizing of letters and breaking of seals put on at "Gould Square Crutched Friars" or "Oxford Sreet" or "Tower Hill," not very fashionable localities nowadays any more than Lancaster Square with its huge, melancholy vaults of houses deserted of lords and linkmen and lackeys. How amusing to read:

"I am now modernizing myself dearest Cousin for I am in Town & a hundred & seventy miles from the Metropolis is as much out of the world as you are & people are about a couple of years behind-hand. My waist is again pinched in, & my Handkerchief up to my chin; My head wide—becurled most terribly, so that when I am compleatly finished which is not very often I look like a Witch. I have particularly my thanks to render you for your second undeserved favour & the introduction it gave us to Friend Suttons' acquaintance with whom we may now I think call ourselves sociable particularly my eldest Daughter who has a quick penetration of characters & is pleased with those of plain strong sense & unaffected manners & that of a Quaker had not fallen so much under her notice. He dined with us last week & met among others a French Emigré Priest. I was diverted with the thought of two so different beings meeting together, but they had a great deal of conversation & desired me to give them another opportunity of meeting. Friend Sutton said he had a great many fashionable commissions from you which were rather out of a Quaker's way, so we have since spent a whole day in shopping; but he seemed to know what was *smart* as well as we did. You would probably have smiled to have seen us all at the Milliner's together chusing vanities for you, with the Misses of the inner shop giggling in the back ground. Of our commissions I must now give you a few remarks. *Two* feathers are in general worn, lilac or straw to a brighter yellow are the prevailing colours & as lilac changes by sea conveyance I have ventured only two pieces of narrow Riband."

Pages of closely written comments follow about "girdles," "tuckers," "pipes," "bobbins," "callicoes," "shoe-bows," in short, the fashions of the day, a sweet geranium sprig, and a green-tipped feather and pink wreath are sent for an assembly, and then less important matters come in for a share of attention.

"Sir Robert was ordered on the service in Flanders where he has now been

for some time before Valenciennes which, it is supposed cannot resist much longer the great force by which it is attacked. The Arsenal is burnt, the Citadel was set on Fire. That will probably be extinguished ; but as they are now advanced within distance of battering the Walls its surrender is soon expected. The Departments of France are most of them in a state of revolt against the Convention, & Gaston de Foix having entirely defeated their General Santerre is advancing rapidly, to the great terrour of the Parisians who dread him much more with his Bretons than they do the combined army of the allies. The Duke of Orleans is now in a Dungeon at Marseilles ; it was yesterday reported he was Guillotined ; that report is contradicted to-day. Never were the opposite shores of the British Channel in greater contrast. There Anarchy, Murder, & every evil work, here a mild yet energetic Government, peace in our Councils, & piety in our Palace ; & those who six months ago advocated principles subversive of its tranquillity are awed for the present at least into a silent enjoyment of its benefits. Are you very gay in your Province ? My best love to you, a thousand kisses to the sweet children, & remember me to your husband. Your truely affectionate cousin Judith L——."

"Sir Robert before Valenciennes." That does feel several centuries back, somehow. We count time in a ridiculously conventional and rigid fashion, anyway. It *is* that long since the siege of Valenciennes, let the almanacs say what they choose. But the midnight oil is burning low—I have been left alone. The eyes of the portraits are fixed upon me with uncanny meaning. The old furniture creaks in a sinister way. Outside, the moon is obscured by clouds; and the silence of the night can be heard. What changes, I think, since this family came across the sea and settled here. What wars, rumors of wars, toppling of thrones, changes of dynasty; what commotions, convulsions—religious, social, political, physical ; what earthquakes, tidal-waves, famines ; how many millions of souls have been born, have lived, loved, enjoyed, suffered, died—— What is that on the lawn there ? Mist, whitely enveloping the trees ? *Ghosts !* Companies of ghosts from that dead past which buries its dead, indeed, but cannot always keep them buried. Ugh ! Let us shut the door in their faces; but gently, not to be impolite and rouse their wrath ; huddle their papers back into the box, apologizing mentally for the liberties taken with them, and go upstairs to sleep—perchance to *dream.*

FRANCES COURTENAY BAYLOR.

THE BLUE VEIL.

THE burden of my professional labor had been so heavy during the by-gone summer and autumn months that unfortunately I could not think of recreation before the first week of November. A prolonged stay in the country was impossible so late in the season, and I decided to take a fortnight for a trip. A particular fondness for south-western Germany had turned my steps in that direction, and when, after glimpses of Strasburg, Baden-Baden, and Heidelberg, I arrived safely in Mentz, I hesitated whether I would return by way of Frankfort and Cassel or take the longer route down the Rhine through Cologne. A longing to see once more the scenery between Bingen and Cologne led me to choose the latter alternative. Moreover, I recalled how in former years I had passed a number of pleasant weeks in a small well-kept inn at B—— on the Rhine, and to spend two of the four days still at my disposal in so charming a spot would be a delightful ending to my pleasure trip.

I.

I arrived at B—— after a short journey at seven o'clock in the evening. The porter shouldered my modest portmanteau and led the way to the Hotel Rheineck, down through the narrow antique streets, past the old church toward the river-bank. The lights of the little town on the opposite side of the river glimmered through the rows of trees which skirt the banks for the entire length of the town, and were reflected in the stream, which was swollen by the autumn rains and rolled by in black and angry billows. The sky was black, too, and it was with difficulty that we could distinguish the dim outlines of the mountains on the other side. We turned to the left, as the hotel was further down, at the lower end of the town. Cautiously feeling my way between the lines of trees, and following the measured tread of the porter, I pictured to myself my reception in the familiar inn. The solitary guest, unexpected but welcome, I was to have the pleasant room with the bow-window and the view of the river. Then, after supper, over a bottle "from our own vineyard," mine host—a passionate sportsman—would regale me with his well-worn tales of field and flood, a pleasure, by the way, in which my

earlier studies would stand me in good stead, for, like many of the older German newspaper men, I once studied theology, and was in my day well up in dogmatics. Then, a little later, thought I, a few pages in a pleasant book, a glimpse through the window, even if it be of no avail in the already gathering shades of night, and the welcome sleep in a bed worthy of honorable mention. The early morning will show the valley filled with the mists which hover over the river, after breakfast the usual drizzle, but when at noon the weakly November sun nevertheless conquers, then in clear outline bursts forth the well-remembered scene—mountain and river, castle and town. So I thought to myself.

Meantime we were at our journey's end. But, instead of the scarcely discernible outlines of a darkened house which I had expected, the windows were ablaze. The dining-room to the right on the ground-floor, the smoking-room on the left of the main staircase, the hall windows of both upper stories—all were brilliantly illuminated. Light gleamed even in the bedrooms, and dark figures moved across the windows. A gloomy presentiment came over me, and I entered the office dispirited and out of humor. The porter, in eager haste to be gone, could scarcely find a spot in which to put down my luggage—for wherever the eye fell, everywhere stood and hung guns, game pouches, canes, hunting-coats, thick blankets, boots, hats and caps in a profusion of fashions and shapes that was bewildering. From the dining-room came the ring of merry voices and the sound of revelry; in the smoking-room, the door of which stood open, sat five bearded, red-faced men, who stared from behind the numerous wine-bottles at the new-comer with that impertinent assurance which can spring only from a good conscience and the fumes of a protracted drinking bout. Somewhat crestfallen, I turned to the left. Before me in his private office sat the landlord over his accounts. The occupation struck me as strange, but otherwise he was little changed, although it was a number of years since I had last seen him. A little heavier, a little redder perhaps in the face, somewhat grayer—still, on the whole, the same. The same, too, in that, when I addressed him and asked if he knew me, he remained sitting, scrutinized my features, and answered with an unintelligible growl. Just then his wife, a well-preserved matron, made her appearance, like a good angel; her pleasant "Good-evening—welcome, doctor," sounded as friendly as ever. But then followed the unwelcome information that the entire house was full, not a single room unoccupied. A great

hunting party, sportsmen from Cologne and the neighborhood, had arrived that afternoon on their way, as was their custom once a year, to hunt in the deep forests which stretch westward along the Rhine. Two large rooms, moreover, were taken by relatives who were on a visit. "Still," continued the kindly hostess, "an old guest of the house is not to be driven away. It has just occurred to me that we can perhaps spare one of our private rooms, and while you are at supper I'll have it put to rights. You'll get on as well as you can for to-night, and to-morrow we'll see what can be done."

I gladly agreed and went to the dining-room, where, seating myself at the unoccupied end of the long table, I was greeted by the thin old waiter as a well-known benefactor. There was a momentary pause in the animated conversation of the company as I entered, but it was only momentary, and as I began to eat the gayety commenced again and I had abundant opportunity to examine the faces of the party. Some I had seen in former years, but most were strangers. One in particular I sought in vain, although I frequently heard his name in their conversation. An empty chair, before which was a half-emptied wine-bottle, led me to suppose that he also was in the house and absent only for the time being. He was a former officer in the dragoons, who had long since quitted the service, but as officer in the reserves had of course taken part in the war of 1870. He had been brevetted Master of the Horse, and resided as a wealthy squire in the vicinity of a town on the lower Rhine. He was a well-preserved, stately man of some forty years of age, with a fiery eye and, judging from his own account of certain experiences in France, a no less fiery heart.

One warm August evening years before, mine host, he, and I were chatting as one bottle after another was emptied and clouds of tobacco smoke floated through the hall, when the conversation turned upon songs. The captain had a splendid voice, a rich baritone, and great talent for music, but sang only as nature had taught him, his motto being, unfortunately, The louder, the better. I seated myself at the consumptive piano, and one song followed another in the most remarkable succession and questionable taste. Kücken gave place to Robert Franz, Abt to Mendelssohn, Robert Schumann, and Brahms. At last we fell into folk, college, and hunting songs, for which my memory as to melody and words never fails. The landlord sang an uncommonly sentimental ballad in which the huntsman finally asks a young lady if she could be his "lady huntress," and

"the maiden murmured, yes." Amid great applause he rose and crossed the room to his wife, who (with a young girl whom I did not know) was sitting in the background, and as he bestowed upon her a hearty kiss wiped an unbidden tear from his eyes. Meantime the night was far advanced and dawn was breaking over the hill-tops across the river. So we closed with Geibel's *May is here*. The captain had risen and stood at my side. As I played the accompaniment and he sang in a thundering voice, I could see from the corners of my eyes that our hostess had somehow managed to fall into a gentle slumber in spite of the noise. But a pair of deep, dark eyes sparkled beside her which were fastened not by any means upon me but upon the captain. Our host sat behind us and intensified the artistic effect of the music by mighty thwacks upon the table, in which he marked the time till bottles and glasses rattled and crashed. The song came to an end, the landlord fell asleep in his chair with an inexplicable rapidity, the audience had dispersed, and as my powers were no longer equal to such majestic artistic effects, I said, "Good-night, captain," and withdrew to my room.

I would have been glad therefore to meet the captain once more. As, however, the chair was still empty, I waited no longer and left the room. The landlady was outside. "Everything is ready," she said, "and you will find your things upstairs. Your room is No. 19 on the second floor. It does not, I am sorry to say, front on the Rhine, but it was the best we could do for you. I hope you will sleep well."

I had been much depressed by the disappointment which I had felt on arriving, but these words were like balm to a wounded spirit. I may as well confess it, I am somewhat superstitious. From a certain moment of my life—how well I remember it, but that is my own business—I have always fancied that the number 19 has brought me good luck. To be sure, as a matter of fact it has often been far otherwise. I might almost say it has at times been connected with the bitterest misery that I have hitherto suffered. But if any one supposes that either experience or reason has any chance against superstition, he knows but little about it, and so it happened that all my ill-humor was dispelled by the number of my room. I said "Good-night" and mounted, candle in hand, to the second story. The door of No. 19 was ajar. Light glimmered through the crack, and as I entered, supposing some maid-servant to be inside, a man's voice met my ear.

"You wicked woman," I heard, "here we are, six entire months married, two old people and far advanced towards our silver wedding, just returned to your ancestral home, from which we went out as bride and groom, and no sooner are we here than you desert your poor old husband, whose support and guide through life you ought to be." It was a playful reproach and from the lips of my friend the captain, unchanged evidently since I last saw him. The voice had a softer ring, the eye a deeper expression, and the somewhat haughty, triumphant manner, which had pleased me so before, now seemed changed by a grateful sense of happy possession—a great improvement, it seemed to me. The cause of the transformation was not far to seek. She stood beside him and answered with a gentle smile: "While you were dressing in the next room—you're surely not going down again to your merry huntsmen?—I heard that this room was being made ready for a stranger. The thought of the former occupant came over me, and while Gertrude was busy I came in to look at the little room which he had to exchange, so suddenly, for the new home. Strange creature that he was, now that I stand here in his chamber, I feel heartily sorry that he is gone. I forget all else, and remember only that we both meant well by one another." With these words she held down, so that the lamp-light could fall upon it, a portrait in a simple frame. She was slender and rather tall. Her face was serious but amiable, as it looked out from under the masses of her dark-brown hair. Her voice had a peculiar veiled sound, and when she spoke it was in a tone which was in part that of a low question, in part that of a timid exculpation. As she looked up at her husband, I recognized her. Those were the deep blue eyes I had seen sparkling on that evening in the past. Only now she who stood by the table was no longer the young girl of those former days, but a happy young wife. "Of course you are right, Eva," answered her husband, laying his arm over her shoulder as he too examined the picture, "only, as was natural, I noticed the poor fellow's queer side more than the good one, the existence of which, however, I do not doubt."

It was a pleasant surprise when the captain, as he took the portrait from his wife's hands to hang it again over the writing-desk, looked up and at once recognized me. We exchanged a hearty greeting. As he introduced me to his wife, I thought again of the evening we had devoted to the muse of song. "I remember you well," said she. "True, the gentlemen had tested my father's cellar

somewhat too thoroughly, and Mr. Confident here sang so furiously that at last it was no longer agreeable. But I was deeply grateful to you for the untiring accompaniment, and delighted that you knew by heart all those lovely melodies. I envied you your music that evening, because even then I loved him dearly. But he never knew it and let me wait long enough." This was said so simply and sincerely, without any trace of coquetry, that it touched me deeply. The veiled voice, a slight touch of the Frankfort dialect, in short everything combined to form an impression of charming good nature and innocent purity.

During the conversation the chamber had been put in order. A fire was crackling on the hearth and the old maid-servant was gone. We bade each other a hearty good-night. They left the room, and across the corridor I heard the door close behind them. Everything was still, and now I was alone.

Yes, entirely alone. Involuntarily I thought of the dreary bachelor quarters at home, where no one but my books and a well-worn desk awaited me. Eva's eyes had been too much for me. They were so marvellously like a pair I could never see again. And sad thoughts of a lonely life and a still more lonely future came over me as my eyes wandered absently through the room.

It was small but comfortable. To the right of the door was an open fireplace in which flickered a cheerful blaze. Opposite was an alcove for the bed, shut in with dark hangings. Over against the door, between the two windows, stood a little desk, above which on the wall were fastened photographs of every variety. On either side of the fire was a low chimney-seat. A solid old arm-chair covered with leather stood by the centre-table. On the table burned a lamp with a broad green shade. Nor were my old habits forgotten, for a bottle "from our own vineyard," flanked by tall green rummers, stood temptingly not far from the lamp.

I unpacked my valise, made myself comfortable, and was about to open the volume of Goethe which I had brought along and begin where I had left off the evening before in Mentz, when I noticed a number of books set upright on the desk. Now I have always had the troublesome habit of rummaging about among the old books which I find either in other people's rooms, the bedrooms of hotels, or in my various lodgings. One finds, of course, much that is worthless or superfluous; yet I have discovered in this way many a treasure, and made the acquaintance of good books I might otherwise never

have seen. And so it was this time. Like an old friend, the illustrated edition of Musæus' fairy tales looked out upon me. In boyhood, the tales and illustrations by Ludwig Richter were alike dear to me, but singularly enough the volume had never since then come in my way. I took it down and seated myself in the great arm-chair. The wine sparkled in the glass, and a cigar which I lighted deserved the encomiums of the dealer in Mentz from whom I had bought it.

But I laid the book down before I had turned many leaves. Too many spectres had been raised in my own brain for me to listen to the tales of others. The wine, too, refused its solace. It was not like the other, and seemed too heavy. After the first taste I put the glass aside, and, leaning back in my chair, dreamily watched the light clouds from my cigar. All was still upstairs, but so much the clearer came from below the noise of the banqueters. For some time past they had been singing, and—of course, it had to be—here comes the melody of the sentimental hunter to whom "the maiden whispered, yes!" I thought of how often the maiden's lips utter the pleasant reply, while the views of worldly parents differ widely enough from those which are thus agreeably expressed. For some time my thoughts dwelt on this unfortunate but frequent opposition. One memory followed another, sometimes sad, sometimes merry, good and bad—in short, I indulged in the luxury which is in general known only to editors in writing their leading articles, the luxury of a waking dream.

How long this lasted I do not know. I only know that I was about to throw the end of my cigar into the fire when suddenly a thin, rather hoarse, voice said to me: "Beg pardon, doctor, if I intrude."

II.

I looked up. On the other side of the table stood a young man who had just closed the door behind him as carefully and noiselessly as he had opened it, without my having noticed it. His figure was youthful and slender, and of medium height, inclining to be short rather than tall. His general appearance would excite no remark in a hotel. A black frock-coat, white cravat, a *col cassê* which, in the fashion of our day, leaves the neck bare, thin, red hair parted with scrupulous exactness from the middle of the brow to the back of the neck—all this marked the head-waiter or elegant clerk of a modern hotel.

I recognized him instantly. It was a son of the house with whom in former years I had frequently conversed. Not that he seemed on first acquaintance to be very amiable ; on the contrary, he was a perfect coxcomb. In spite of his freckles and watery eyes, he was as vain as a lyric tenor, conceited about his French and English, his accomplishments, his knowledge of business, and more than everything else his sensible, practical views of life. In short, he was altogether an unendurable creature, a perfect sample of that threadbare demi-culture which ruins the youth of our day. On my previous visits he had amused me as a type of his kind, and when he put himself forward I never failed to set him down. Nevertheless, or, perhaps, for that very reason, he singled me out for special consideration. His duties were rather those of business manager than head-waiter. He kept the books, conducted the correspondence, and while the rough old sportsman at the head of the house cared for little else than the cellar and the busy mother was concerned only for the kitchen and the housekeeping, it fell to his share in the establishment to meet the demands of modern elegance. For this reason I gave him the nickname of "Chesterfield."

But still he never failed to wait upon me at table with his own noble hands, and every night at bedtime he appeared at my door with a "night-cap." Of course, there was always some conversation on such occasions, and I gradually came to understand that there was a true and amiable side to his character. There was more behind the coxcomb than I could at first have believed, and, best of all, more than he himself knew. He was insatiable in his thirst for knowledge, had, in his own way, examined and proved all things, and had at bottom a sincere, lovable, and sensitive nature. Its manifestations, however, were unconscious. He was twenty-five years old when I had last seen him, three years before. In his dealings with me he never showed any lack of tact, but with persistent accuracy preserved a certain "company manner" of which he was not a little proud, while I, of course, never lost a chance to make light of it, or reprove him in earnest for the little affectation. His father and he were not on good terms; his mother, he loved tenderly. He had great confidence in me, and justly, for he not only interested me, but I had actually come to be fond of him. I had already shamed him out of many a silly notion, generally by means of harmless fun, to which he was sensitive, although he never lost his temper. One odious trick, however, he had which would yield to no treatment—a habit of passing

his delicate right hand rapidly over his necktie, to feel apparently whether it was in order. And every time as he did it the expression of his features was so utterly conceited and self-satisfied as to be almost unendurable. I often rallied him upon the habit, but was always met with a mysterious smile and the little toilet arrangement went on as before.

The modern varnish was indestructible, but I often thought how little he himself was responsible for the ugly gloss, and how under other circumstances he might have grown into a cheerful and lovable man.

"Not at all," said I; "on the contrary, I am so wide awake that sleep is not to be thought of. And it's good of you to welcome an old customer; better late than not at all. To tell the truth, my reception downstairs was not edifying. The house is crowded. Your mother was good enough to improvise this shelter for me, but your respected sire, whose politeness never did exceed the narrowest limits, thought proper to remain sitting while I stood. I do not even know whether he recognized me, for the hoarse mutter with which he answered could not well be translated into the German language without a reference dictionary of some kind unknown to me. Take a seat there by the fire, and tell me how you've been and why I didn't see you downstairs."

"Thank you, most kindly," he replied. "With your permission, I will occupy a few moments of your time."

He took a chair, refused, with a deprecating gesture, either a glass of wine or a cigar, and then continued: "I am very sorry for what you tell me of your reception, and trust you will accept our humble apology. The governor's behavior"—I knit my brows, but he went on unconcernedly—"is nothing new. He thinks of nothing but the cellar, and his manner grows more and more boorish every day."

"John," said I, "or out of respect for your little weakness perhaps I should say 'Jean,' please to remember he's your father."

"He's only my step-father," he smilingly answered, "and with all respect nothing but a clown."

"Oh, if your step-father doesn't take your frankness, in which, by the way, there is some truth, amiss," said I, "why should I do so? It does seem to me, though, that aside from the slackness of the filial tie which you have just made plain, your words are unbecoming. You go too far. At the utmost, you cannot say more than that your respected step-father either was a clown a short

time since, or will be one a short time hence. The latter is my opinion."

His answer was a weakly smile, but, as far as I could see in the shade which half concealed him, his former conceited, self-satisfied expression was gone. His countenance expressed more earnestness.

"True," he replied, "I did forget myself, and I take the point; but I must say that never before in my life—but enough. He has often been stern and harsh—now we have nothing to do with each other. At first it was better. I, however, have no taste for hunting. Once, some years ago, he took me with him. I am a little short-sighted, and thinking I had shot a fox, found I had hit father's setter in the fore-leg. The old man was simply furious. He groaned and moaned as if I'd shot his grandmother, who, by the way," he added as an aside, "has long been dead."

"No doubt," I answered. thinking of his step-father's gray hairs.

He went on: "He never took me again, especially as not long afterwards, on my recovery from a protracted illness, the physician warned me against any undue exertion or excitement.

"From that we have grown further and further apart. Because he himself cannot comprehend even the meaning of refinement and enlightenment, he can't endure to see others interested either, and he snorts with scorn at the very thought, coarse to the very core. I've felt so calm and peaceful this afternoon. Scarcely do I enter the house when all the old bitterness is stirred up again. But what's the difference? I'll complain no more, especially as I have the unexpected pleasure of seeing you again. One thing more only, our worst difference is in the matters of faith and religion. My sainted father was a Protestant, my step-father, however, is a Catholic, and always votes the clerical ticket. Of course, that's nothing to me; a good education and instructive reading——"

I interrupted: "My dear 'Jean,' I've heard all that before; on that subject you talk like a book, but, with all respect, not like an 'instructive' one. Perhaps you will recall that I am no friend of a short-sighted and selfish conservatism—least of all do I admire Jesuitry, whether Protestant or Catholic. But the weakness, and in part, if I must say it, the meanness of those who believe themselves chosen to combat both these movements, and who put themselves forward in this conflict, are no less plain and intolerable. For to-night, therefore, we'll let politics and religion alone. Remember how long it is since we were together. I want to know about your-

self, what you've been doing and thinking. I take no interest whatever in hearing from you the short-sighted wisdom of other people who are utterly indifferent to me. Talk about yourself. I was surprised to hear, for the first time, that you were not the heir-apparent. There is probably no secret in the matter, so tell me all about it. Were you born here, or where do you come from, and who was your mother's first husband? I am perfectly wide awake, and if I were not, the noise downstairs would make sleep impossible; so, if you feel as I do, go ahead."

He nodded. "I am not quite as lively as usual. My limbs seem numb, but I am so happy to see you again, so comfortable here in the corner, and the fire which mother, like a sensible woman, without regard to its unseasonableness, had lighted is so cheerful. I'm not at all tired—why should I be when I've been asleep ever since midday until within a few moments?"

III.

He seemed to take no notice of the amazement which I felt at some of these strange expressions, and continued: "Moreover, this very day my childhood—in fact, my entire life—has passed before me with singular distinctness. During the long hours of my deep sleep it all went by like a dream, and I felt so unspeakably happy, so blissful, as never before in all my life. You see, doctor, I've thought so often about immortality, and how, if there be such a thing, it must be after death."

"Careful," said I.

"Don't be afraid," he replied, "I'll talk just as I feel; and I must say that I cannot picture the blessedness of the dead more distinctly than by means of a memory from my childhood which recurred to-day with great distinctness. Do you know what it means to come home from the far-distant town in the Christmas vacation? You drive or walk, with your satchel over your shoulder, the whole day long through snow and cold. At dusk you're there. How good you feel—father's hearty welcome as he takes your hand; mother's tender kiss, the cheerful light, the warm room after the cold, heartless school-term. But there is better still to come—upstairs the attic room all ready: to bed about nine o'clock. It was all so comfortable and home-like. I undressed and crawled in; then the door opened softly, and my mother entered, set the lamp on the bureau, and came over to the bed. 'Are you asleep, my boy?' 'No,

mother.' Then she tucked me in, smoothed the pillow, leaned over and kissed me as she murmured, 'Good-night, dear child; God have you in His keeping!' 'Good-night, mother.' And then she left, closing the door gently behind her. Do you know how you feel then? Have you ever experienced that?"

"Do I know? To be sure, I have to go further back than you, but one never forgets such an hour. The restful peace, dark and still in the chamber, the firelight glimmering through the stove-door —even the sturdy old clock ticks more gently. You fall back in the soft pillow; gradually the line between waking and dreaming grows dim; sweet and peaceful in the true, true love, of which we are as certain for the morrow and eternity as for to-day and yesterday. It seems as if a mean act, a wicked thought had never yet come nigh us. Behind us have disappeared wrong and remorse, pain and sorrow, and one falls asleep in the certain hope of a happy morrow full of the old love and some new unsuspected blessedness."

"Yes," he said, after a pause, "we're never as well off again. And if there be a hereafter, who knows what is in store for us if death does not end all? Thank God, we had it once anyway, even if it has to last us all our lives. My bliss was of short duration. Over yonder in the Taunus mountains, in the heart of the forest, I spent my childhood. My father was a ranger in the service of Count Isenburg, much older than my mother, who, as you know, is still, Heaven be praised, a well and hearty woman. I remember my father only as an elderly man, though still strong and erect, with iron-gray hair and beard. I was the only child, and from the very first, unfortunately, a weakling. I was more in the woods than in the house, but not like other children, leaping and running, playing and climbing—I remember it too well how much better I liked to lie quietly on the moss under the trees and dream. For though you, doctor, have teased me not a little about my training and culture and my practical turn, in those days I was very different. By nature I was given, I think, to a very different sort of thing, and beyond the fairy tales to which I listened in winter at the fireside, I cared for nothing at all. I was early taught to read, and all my life-long nothing has seemed such pure delight as to lie up there in the woods with a book, and then in thought to weave further and further—— There now, you'll laugh at me, but I really believe I could have been a poet; not exactly a great poet—no, but a poet that could make little verses and rhymes like those I found in an old song-book that

was in father's little collection, and which I soon knew by heart from end to end. And once when father gave me as a Christmas present that book of fairy tales there before you, I can remember still the happiness I felt. It always seemed to me as if I too must do something of the kind, and as if I could; but I never did.

"I was not allowed to go far from home. One day I had gone further than usual or than was really allowed and was lying under the shade. What quiet—only now and then a woodpecker drumming on the tree-trunks. The peculiar wood odor was very strong and almost stupefying, and the fierce, clear sunlight streamed over the tree-tops. Suddenly a peculiar nameless horror overcame me. I sprang up and ran directly towards the house, through the underbrush, down the sand-pits, just as it came, without regard to path or trail. My mother soothed me, but father seemed troubled as he paced up and down the room, anxiously regarding me from time to time. When my tears were dried he caught me by both shoulders and lifted me. 'John,' said he, 'what is to become of you? You're no giant, I'm sorry to say, and very weak in the knees.' It had never occurred to me that I could do otherwise than stay in the forest all my life, and so as children do when frightened, I said, half timidly, half in bravado: 'I am going to be a keeper like you, father.'

"The conclusion of all the consultations which were for some time held almost daily was that I was to be sent to the city to the classical school. 'The world is changed,' said my father. 'You can't begin at the bottom as I did—you're too weak and sickly. You can, perhaps, make a Latin forester, you're wrong-headed and queer enough.' It was only his way, he didn't mean to be cruel.

"My parents were poor and saved from their scanty table enough to send me to the town fifteen miles away, where I was taken in charge by a poor school-master and entered in the classical school. Of course, I was in the lowest class, but somehow even there I could not make my way. Latin was very hard for me and my progress was slow. Then, too, I had lived so much alone, with no society but that of my parents, that I did not get on with my comrades. I think I was old-fashioned and did not know it, and when you grow up that way in the country, it's hard to become accustomed to city ways. Besides, I kept on dreaming. I liked my fairy tales and poetry better than my school-fellows. Once I had the misfortune to leave in my Latin exercise-book a leaf on which I had tried in my poor fashion

to shape a poem. How it came I no longer know. The master was angry at the many mistakes which, as usual, I had made in my Latin theme—read the verses to the class, and advised me to write good Latin translations and let bad German verse alone. It was, of course, good advice. Still, I have a feeling to this day that the reproof was over severe and not entirely deserved, for the boys never called me anything else after that but the poet or even Goethe, whom I do not in the least resemble, more likely Schiller. Boys, you know, are not really mean, but they can hurt and persecute and cut you to the quick. I often shed bitter tears in secret and was half distracted, but still I held fast to my dreams.

"And then my father died. One bitter night while on duty he had caught a severe cold; and now the end was come—one day, sound and well, the next dead. I didn't even know that he was sick. News came from mother that father was dangerously ill and I was to come home. I knew what that meant, and when I arrived he was cold and still in his coffin. I'll never forget how he looked. The dear old serious face so gray and cold, the corners of the lips strained into a weird smile, the hands piously folded and laid over the shroud on his breast. Every man," he paused in the narrative to remark, "has his own peculiarities. In large cities, and even here in the Rhine valley, people generally clothe the dead in their best garments. But I can't tell you how horrid and unpleasant it always was to me to see the dead lying there, stretched out white and motionless, clad, Heaven forgive me, as if for a party, dress-coat and white cravat and all the rest."

As he spoke he stretched himself in the chair, folded his hands over his breast, and imitated the position. As he shut his eyes he looked pale and stiff, and a certain feeling of anxiety crept over me.

He straightened himself out again, however, and then began again: "Then followed hard times. Estate there was none, but neither was there a farthing of debt; for father was one of the old school which considered debt a thing to be ashamed of, and mother, though thirty years younger, agreed with him. But what was to be done? I was not yet fifteen. It never occurred to either of us that I must leave school and choose another career. At every sacrifice mother determined to carry out the plan which father had formed. We could keep our house three months longer until father's successor would move in. On the first of April, I went to assist with the moving. I cannot describe my feelings on leaving my early home

and the dearly loved forest. It was an early spring, and never before did the old house seem so homelike or the garden so blooming, the woods so tempting and friendly as then, when I must say farewell to them all. The parting was bitter, the more so for a presentiment that I stood in the presence of a great change, that what had hitherto been my pleasure and my solace would soon no more be mine.

IV.

"I returned to the city to continue my studies. By the sale of everything that could be spared, and with the help of a small gratification from the count, mother had scraped together enough for the following year. She herself had found a situation—that of housekeeper in the hotel which belonged to him who subsequently became my step-father. He had lost his wife but a short time before, and stood in need of some one to care for his household and business as well as for his little eight-year-old daughter. At the end of the customary year of mourning they were married. I know that this determination was made easier by the affection which had sprung up between my mother and the little Eva. But the resolve was finally settled by the promise of my step-father to interest himself for me, and faithfully to perform the duties of a father.

"He did it, too, of course in his own way. Kindly but firmly he talked with me, for he was not then as he is now, the brutality which now characterizes him at times came only in the course of years. But he would even then listen neither to a course in classics nor forestry, and my fondness for poets and 'all that nonsense,' as he called it, was simply not to be tolerated. Such occupations had no money in them, they might do for the rich. 'And much as I love to hunt, forestry itself is nothing but a green-painted starvation. Give it up: besides, how would you go about it? I won't give you a penny. I'll take care of you, but you must become a practical, rational man. It's the people with money that are everything nowadays. What you want is something by which you can earn money. You're an able fellow with all your tomfoolery. I'll send you to a business school. Then when you're a ready accountant you shall travel, learn in Switzerland the management of a great hotel, and become perhaps my right-hand man. Book-keeping and letter-writing never did exactly suit me, but if we are to stand competition, everything must be done in a business-like way.'

"Everything happened as he had said. 'Twas hard for me and mother. But what could we do? Old fancies were put aside, and I turned a new leaf. One thing only of my childhood remained—my habit of flying to the woods if any burden or care was too heavy for me. The house gets too small and I have to run and hide under the trees. I know it's a childish folly, but there's nothing really bad in it, and you may take as much pains as you can and preach about better sense, something of childhood will always hang about you. And I've had no lack of sorrow, either; yes, yes, be as sceptical as you like——"

I was not in the least sceptical; with every word there came into the features once so expressionless more and more of the traces which nothing but experience leaves behind.

"And never did such a quiet hour spent under the trees refuse its consolation. And so I cannot banish the little folly, though I have certainly learned in other things to take a very practical view of life, and guide my steps accordingly. I can safely assert that my step-father never had any reason to complain. I drained to the last drop the potion he prescribed, bitter as it tasted. It was no fault of mine that it was stronger and more effective than he perhaps expected or desired. From the very first my new life was earnest and real. I saw how needful a fine polish was, and I think I succeeded as well as many another in securing it. For, you see, a dull apprehension that you're never quite secure in that kind of refinement which one of us can reach never quite left me. We're not so sure of it as the students, and as in general everybody is that has been thorough, because we have to go faster. And if we didn't always carry it about with us nobody, least of all ourselves, would believe we had it. And that's the reason we have to pay such regard to externals, and be always fine and elegant in our manners. You can't find anywhere nobler fellows than among us; there are far more than, for example, among artists and students. Don't you see, if I call myself 'Jean,' a thing for which you have often made fun of me and father often hurts my feelings, why, everybody sees at once that I'm an educated man who knows French. If I call myself John simply, as I was baptized, everybody, even those who are no better than I am, makes sport of the common name, and pronounces it so unpleasantly that every one at once thinks of a person no more educated than a boot-black or no more enlightened than a wood-sawyer. That doesn't suit my purpose at all, for it's more difficult than you think to con-

vince people who are ignorant of it or will not believe it that we really have intelligence and polish.

"At times I haven't been able exactly to satisfy myself with this kind of thing either. For there is a little sham in it, as there is in everything I have learned, or think I have learned, and every now and then the thought comes over me how splendid it would be if that were not necessary, if I could follow my inclinations, if I knew thoroughly what I know, could love and hate honestly and simply, could live and die as God made me. Such people are better off than we are. There are such, of course, in all conditions. I even know some of my own fellow-craftsmen who pretend to be nothing but what they are; real, whole men, not three-quarters men, such as I probably am. They, however, grew downright and upright like the trees in the woods. I had to forget a good deal, and learn, as one might say, around things when somewhat advanced in life. In such a case you have to call in the little tricks of the trade which are easier learned. You can't get rid of them so easy, either."

He was silent, and looked sad as he sat there.

"Don't talk like that," I rejoined. "By-gones are by-gones, but, thank God, there never is a too-late for any human being as long as he lives, and least of all for a young man like you. Here, to be sure, you will find it difficult to strip off all that once seemed so important, but which, to my delight, you now see in all its worthlessness. After all your apprenticeship and travels you have still been a good long time in the house. Your step-father will shed no tears, your good mother will accept the inevitable—so go somewhere else for a few years. I trust you will return all a man, capable and trustworthy, mature and purified."

"I once had half a notion of that sort myself," he replied. "To-day, however, it is a fixed resolve, and strangely enough it must have been during the deep sleep of which I told you that I made up my mind. For I know that when I fell asleep I was determined to stay here in spite of all the pain and sorrow I have suffered, and the wretched life before me. When I wakened I felt in myself as if it were a revelation the determination to get away, away from here, anywhere. Then it seemed as if there was something lacking, as if I had forgotten something."

I looked at him inquiringly. "Don't go too far, John"—I could not now bring the old "Jean" over my lips. "You once went too far in your cold, calculating theories; don't go to the other extreme now.

Your step-father's dislike cannot concern you much considering the footing on which you and he are. Vexation and chagrin you may feel, but surely not sorrow."

"But I have a sorrow, nevertheless," came the low answer. "I feel that you are kindly disposed to me, so hear this too. It is really not a secret, and besides you'd be sure to hear it some time, even if only as a mean joke of my step-father's. It's about his daughter by his first wife, about Eva."

I was simply horror-struck.

He went on:

"There is a difference of about six years in our ages, and at first we scarcely knew each other, although through the marriage of our parents we became, as you might say, brother and sister. I was at first but little at home, and Eva after my return scarcely ever, because for many years she was at boarding-school in Frankfort. And there for the first time we made each other's acquaintance. I had been rejected in the military examination year after year on account of physical weakness, and was enlisted considerably later in life than others. My regiment was stationed in Frankfort. At the same time Eva was at an aristocratic school in Gutleut Street. It would have been entirely natural for me to visit my step-sister frequently. But the principal did not like gentlemen to come to the house, and especially those in uniform. So it was only once a month that I could see her for half an hour in the common parlor. That soon came to be far too little, for, to be perfectly frank, it was all over with me. Her dark eyes—did you ever see her?"

I could only nod in the affirmative.

"I had soon discovered," he went on, "that the entire school, when the weather was at all tolerable, took a walk almost daily either in the Taunus park or along the quay. And with what cunning and patience I managed to get away, right or wrong, at the proper hour—it cost me the sacrifice of many a gulden. Unfortunately I am short-sighted, and in the long line of girls as they walked two by two it was hard to tell whether Eva was there or which she was. At that time it was the fashion for ladies to wear around their hats a long veil with loose streamers. I soon remarked that Eva had a hat with a blue veil—it was really violet, a peculiar color, but prettier than any I ever saw."

He made suddenly that rapid movement of the hand towards his

neck which I remembered so well, dropped it in a moment, however, as if ashamed, and threw a sharp quick glance towards the desk. Then he continued:

"Another young lady had a similar veil, but it would not have been possible to mistake her for Eva. She was small and fragile, but they were devoted to each other, and Eva always gave her arm to the little Margot, that was her name, and then—I see her now before me—took little mincing steps, so that her companion could keep pace with her. I meanwhile stood far away and was happy when I had seen them pass by.

"One perfect spring day, as I stood in apparent unconcern near the door waiting for their approach, I saw Eva leave the house alone, accompanied only by a maid. I had not spoken with her for so very, very long, that I took courage and followed. She walked rapidly, but seemed overcome with grief. A few blocks further on she turned into a large florist's establishment. I peeped through the bars of the gateway and saw Eva in conference with the saleswoman, who thereupon disappeared with the maid-servant through the greenhouse door. Eva remained behind. She stood, with downcast eyes, near a lilac bush in full bloom slowly turning till her back was towards me. Then I saw that her veil had caught on a twig and a torn shred was still hanging. I stepped swiftly in. 'Good-day, Eva,' said I, but her thoughts were so occupied she scarcely heard me. As she turned I saw she was weeping. 'Crying, Eva, what has happened?' With her sweet, veiled voice—Did you ever hear her speak?"—he broke in on his story again.

I could only nod assent once more.

"She told me that Margot, her little invalid friend, had breathed her last the evening before. She was getting flowers for the wreath and a nosegay to place in her hand. Her tears continued to flow. Above us was the clear blue sky, beside us the lilacs breathed their sweet perfume and the sprays nodded in the zephyr. High overhead sang a lark. Then a railway train thundered across the railway bridge across the Main—as the sound disappeared in the distance, I heard the lark once more. 'My poor Eva,' said I, and unconsciously I had taken her arm, 'poor Eva'—nothing further occurred to me. After a pause—what a fool I was—I said: 'Do you know, Eva, that your veil is torn? You must have caught on something.' She drew it forward over her shoulder and mechanically tore off the half loose end. It came hard, for the hem was strong. Suddenly a

thought shot through my mind. 'Give me the piece, Eva.' She handed it quietly to me and said nothing. I heard in the distance the footsteps of the saleswoman and the maid. 'Farewell,' I whispered, and reached the entrance unseen by either.

"From that day I knew the depth of my devotion. It is and will remain unchanged. We spoke a few moments ago of eternal bliss. What my Maker has in store for me I do not know, especially after what has happened to-day; but this I know, that I cannot picture a heaven without my mother—without my mother and without Eva!"

For the first time his voice broke and failed him. He collected himself, however, and went on. "From that moment, too, I have been sure that Eva loves me—loves me not as a sister, no, but as I love her, for time and eternity. She never said so, but before a maiden makes such an acknowledgment—judge for yourself if it wasn't plain enough when she gave me without a hesitating thought the piece from her veil. I am no longer the conceited jackanapes I once was, but I am absolutely sure that we belong to each other. If not here, then there; if not in time, then in eternity.

"Once in parting mother gave me a little leather case and hung it with a silken cord about my neck. There was in it a lock of her own and of my father's hair. 'Promise me,' said she, 'never to part with it. Perhaps it will save you in temptation.' That's the way with mothers; it has helped me at times, but not always.

"In this little amulet I enclosed the bit of Eva's blue veil. From that time I never put it off and guarded it as the apple of my eye. And gradually I acquired the habit of every now and then stealthily feeling to see if it were safe. You, doctor, thought that was my vanity. There was vanity or rather pride in the movement, but in another sense than you imagined. For as I felt it, I thought of it always as a token of our true love, and was happy in the possession of the treasure. When my time was up I returned home. Against my mother's advice, I went to my step-father and asked for Eva's hand. The old man stared: did any one ever hear of a marriage between step-brother and sister? I plead that we were really not related to each other at all. Then he became furious—my scheme was to carry off the rich heiress. He had other and better plans. I did not suit him. He never would give her to me.

"What could I do to move him? The old gentleman was stubborn, and one of that kind which cannot help attributing low and petty motives to every one else. When I found that explanations and sup-

plications were of no avail, I determined to wait patiently. We were both young and could afford it. The promise which he wrung from me never to speak to Eva without his permission I have faithfully kept. Year after year I have hoped for some propitious turn that would touch his heart. Eva was not often at home; she was constantly visiting at the houses of relatives or school friends. I, too, was often absent for weeks on business journeys in the interest of the house. And so the years rolled on.

"To-day, I returned from a most successful trip. I had done a good stroke of business and was in an excellent humor. It seemed to me, as it often does, you know, without any special reason, as if I were about to experience some great, good fortune. Perhaps, thought I, the old man will be gratified by my judicious purchases and put aside his contrary spirit.

"As I entered the room, who should be standing there?"—It was with difficulty that he could control his voice. But he mastered himself—"Not to make a long story, for you would never guess: Eva and your friend, the captain, who were introduced to me as bride and groom.

"My step-father smiled ironically; mother looked anxiously to see how I would take it. The captain behaved well: exactly as was proper. That he looked radiantly happy—who could wonder at that? Eva was easy and natural, as my own sister would have been; she is a brave girl, and I soon saw how everything had happened. All I could think of was that I, too, must control myself, for my own sake as well as for Eva's and mother's. And I succeeded. The morning passed. After we had dined together, however, I felt that my power of resistance was fast ebbing away, and that I must be alone at any hazard. I felt at first as if I must go to my mother. But why should I make still heavier the overburdened heart which I recognized in the anxious, careworn expression with which she had met me?

"Many a time before, when the old man had been too provoking, I had walked up into the woods and spent a quiet hour till I was calm again. There, too, I went to-day, and in the darkest hour of my life was not deserted by my childhood's friend when I sought the peace of mind which I hoped for. At first it was a bitter conflict, for as I sat in that quiet spot, you remember, on the edge of the woods above the church-yard on the hill-side and looked down over the town across the Rhine past our house, then for the first time did I realize that Eva was lost to me. And without

any effort it was as clear as daylight before my mind how everything must have happened. Eva had been made a sacrifice—sacrificed by her father. For some years business has not been prosperous. The two large new hotels at the steamboat landing are dangerous competitors. Our best and most reliable customers are the large hunting parties which, as you know, for some years past have been in the habit of spending days and even weeks with us. We could hardly live without them. The man that organizes these parties is the captain. He is, you might say, their very life; if he were to go elsewhere the others would follow. And now you'll understand as I do why my step-father did not refuse, and could not if he would, when the captain asked for Eva's hand. And Eva, well, she's a good daughter." . . .

V.

I listened in perfect amazement. Could any one have the heart, or even then would it have been possible to dispel the illusion in which the stricken soul had unconsciously taken refuge. And then how strange was the contradiction between much that he had said and what I myself had seen but a short time since with my own eyes and heard with my own ears. This feeling was strengthened as he went on:

"And then the lovely spring day! As beautiful as that on which under the fragrant lilac bushes she had given me the veil. And as I sat overwhelmed in sorrow I suddenly saw down below, far down on the quay, two figures strolling arm-in-arm. You know without my telling who it was. At first I did not exactly recognize them—the tall gentleman and the slender lady at his side—but when I saw the blue veil fluttering from her hat, then I knew who they were. For the old blue veil of long ago is still on Eva's garden hat, and so once more the glittering stuff had come to the aid of my poor dim eyes.

"Then I felt something like a stab through my heart: a pain such as I never had before. I fainted, and knew nothing more of how I fell asleep. I rested long and as sweetly as never before. I seemed to live again in my dreams the entire course of my life, only everything was far better and more peaceful. Of pain and sorrow there was none; only a feeling as if all that was over forever. How I enjoyed the blissful rest! And so the dream went on, my sainted father was there, and my mother was there—only Eva was not with

me. And as I thought of her there dawned a sense of something lacking. And this feeling grew stronger and stronger, like a dull, growing pain, until it overcame me. I remember still that for some time I resisted it. At last, as with a quick jerk, I caught unconsciously at my neck—the little pocket with the veil was gone! And so I awoke.

"It was as black as pitch and quite cool. I found my way still half as in a dream back to the house. I could tell by the lighted windows and the noise that the entire excursion must have arrived unexpectedly. They generally come, to be sure, in autumn or winter during the hunting season, and I don't clearly understand just what brings them here now. Still, I thought no more about it. One thought alone engaged my mind. You must away from here, but not without the precious treasure, even though in this life it can have no further value. I slipped in through a side door which the rascally watchman, in spite of every injunction, always forgets to lock, and came quietly upstairs without attracting any one's attention. It was only when I opened the door of my room and found you sitting here that I really wakened and came to my senses.

"And now"—he had risen slowly and passed over to the desk—"excuse me a moment if I look for what I was in search of. Then I'll go upstairs to one of the attic rooms. You must get to bed and so must I, for I am tired and it is late."

As he talked he kept looking and searching in and on the desk, but to no purpose as it seemed. At last he caught up a large volume from a box that lay on the middle of the table, and opened it. Between the leaves was a package wrapped in white paper. "A black seal?" said he inquiringly as he drew it under the lamplight, "what does that mean?" and therewith he tore it open and spread out the folds. "Ah! there you are," he murmured, and taking up a little leather bag with a silk string hanging from it opened it and drew out the bit of blue veil. Two locks of hair, one gray, the other dark brown, fell out on the wrapper.

He then put back the hair and veil carefully into the bag, drew the string tight, laid it on the paper, and caught at his necktie. I saw for the first time that both ends were ragged and torn. "Mercy! how must I look," he exclaimed in terror as his eyes fell on his clothes—"dress-coat and all black, a white cravat? Why, I was not dressed this way to-day in the woods. I look as if I were fixed for a ball or——"

Mechanically he had thrown the string over his neck and hidden the little pouch under his shirt. Then he bent over and examined the paper wrapper, on the inside of which something was written. Holding it near the lamp, he went on reading. . . .

Then straightening up he turned towards me. I shall never forget the strange transformation in the face I saw before me, nor the look with which he said:

"I must go to rest. Farewell."

He was already at the door. It opened and closed softly behind him. I heard no step. I was alone. The cock crowed without, and the lamp went out. The first flush of dawn shone through the window blinds.

When I had lit the candle, my eye caught the paper on which were the written characters.

I took it and read in a somewhat unformed woman's hand the following words:

"This bag with its contents was worn by my dear son John. We found it on his person when, after a prolonged search, he was discovered in the woods above the church-yard on the third of May, 1878—our daughter's wedding-day—peacefully asleep in the Lord. I have laid it in the family Bible of my sainted husband in memory of our dear child. God grant him everlasting rest and comfort his sorrowing mother MAGDALENE BÜRGERS."

How I got to the railway station I do not know. The locomotive of the early train shrieked, and as it carried me towards Cologne, high above the church-yard that sloped upward to the left, there glistened in the first clear rays of the morning sun a white cross.

From the German of ALFRED SCHÖNE.

CRITICISMS, NOTES, AND REVIEWS.

A REVIEW OF THE REVIEWS.

The veteran of American periodicals is the *North American Review*, now a septuagenarian. It may not be generally known, that this celebrated publication began in a much lighter and more miscellaneous vein than its later career of dignity and deportment would indicate. It could hardly have been otherwise if, as is stated, the editor of the first four volumes wrote three-fourths of their contents. The transition, however, into a full-blown and model review was rapid and striking. We shrewdly suspect that the adoption of this stately elegance was the secret of its success. It was so eminently proper, that it became a badge of respectability and "culture" to take it. The American reader, snubbed and sneered at by the British critic, was not a little consoled by casting his eyes upon those broad pages, which he knew were filled with as weighty discussions, expressed in as faultless Johnsonese, as those of any quarterly of proud Albion.

The first number of the *North American* gives a detailed account of the inauguration of the Rev. Edward Everett as professor of Greek, a new chair just founded in Harvard College. He was at this time only twenty-one years old, and had already been for a year the pastor of one of the largest congregations of Boston. The editor congratulates the literary world on the partial success of the stereotyping process, just introduced, and expresses great expectations of a new "water burner." It may aid towards deciding the question of to-day, whether the "literary centre" has moved westward from Boston, to state that new books are announced from not less than ten publishers of that city. One of the first two or three numbers has a long review of *Guy Mannering*. The authorship was still unsettled. The writer, though inclining to Scott, is evidently somewhat thrown off the scent by a quotation from the "Lay of the Last Minstrel" on the title page. He expresses a doubt whether it will "become a permanent work." He criticises the word "appetizing" as not English.

In an "Essay on American Poetry," which appeared in July, 1818, the "most celebrated American poets" are enumerated as the Rev. John Adams, Joseph Green, Dr. Church, William Clifton, "Mr. Alsop," St. John Honeywood, Esq., "the late Mr. Paine," Hopkinson, Freneau, and "the Connecticut poets" Trumbull, Dwight, Barlow, Humphreys and Hopkins! Those of the "present day" were characterized as "sickly and affected imitations

of the popular English poets." Whether "Thanatopsis" (published the year previous) is included in this denunciation, we are not informed.

The intensely anti-Anglican tendency of the time is amusingly exemplified by an article in an early number, which gravely advocates the adoption of the Indian language, at least in part, as a means to the development of a distinctive American literature! The movement of the national consciousness, thus absurdly indicated, was, however, a healthy one, and preluded the end of that era of bondage and imitation which our too impatient and pessimistic critic deplored.

In looking back over many of the short-lived periodicals of our country, one is struck with the amount of brains and hard work which was invested in these ephemeral and unremunerative enterprises. Those little mounds of abandoned undertakings are rich and glittering with gold dust. Among these we may specially mention *The New York Review*, everywhere revealing the trenchant style of the eccentric and belligerent Dr. C. S. Henry, the only man who ever drew out Dr. Charles Hodge into anything like a personal attack, in the PRINCETON REVIEW. More recently, the *International Review* presented in a single volume contributions from men like Presidents Woolsey, Porter, and McCosh, Profs. F. B. Carpenter, George P. Fisher, C. A. Young, and Newberry, Drs. Pressensé and A. P. Peabody, Gen. F. A. Walker, P. G. Hamerton, E. A. Freeman, Thomas Hughes, and Amasa Walker. *The American Quarterly Review*, which appeared in 1827, gave its readers a generous portion of three hundred pages in each number. Its first number contained a long and learned article upon "Symmes's Theory that the Earth is hollow, habitable within, and widely open at the poles." The writer speaks of a Homeric strife which was going forward as to the nativity of Captain Symmes, but authoritatively announces the gallant eccentric as a citizen of New Jersey. Another article which carries us back to obsolete things is a review of the *Annuals* of the season, with such titles as *The Forget-Me-Not*, *The Amulet*, *Friendship's Offering*, *The Memorial*, and various kinds of *Souvenirs*. These were collections of original stories, poems, and light sketches, illustrated with steel engravings, designed for Christmas and New Year presents. The *Forget-Me-Not* of the previous year is stated to have had an immense sale, an edition of ten thousand having been found insufficient to meet the demand. These were the forerunners of the "Dickens" Christmas stories and collections, as the latter have in turn given way to the costly, illustrated *Gift-book*.

In the first number of the *New Englander* (January, 1843), is a caustic review of Dickens's *American Notes*, exceedingly well done, but amusing from its endeavor to conceal the keenness of the national smart under a dignified disappointment in the author as an "English gentleman," and alarm at the growing "immorality" of his books. The earnest hope is expressed that Mr. Dickens may succeed in obtaining an international copyright, if only to restrict the circulation of his own writings in this country. The *New Englander* was a strong and interesting magazine from the very start.

The Democratic Review, which appeared in 1838, was far more than a political organ. At least half of the handsome pages were filled with literary matter of a high order, among the writers of which, in a single volume, we find Edgar A. Poe, George Wm. Curtis, Hawthorne, Whittier, Tuckerman, Duyckinck, Alexander H. Everett, Caleb Cushing, J. T. Headley, Cornelius Matthews, Anne C. Lynch (Mrs. Botta), and Mrs. Ellet. A curious case of editorial oversight occurred in the simultaneous publication of C. W. Webber's once famous story, "Shot in the Eye," by this and by *The Whig Review*. It was originally sent to *The Democratic*, but mislaid by the editor and supposed to be irrecoverably lost, whereupon the author re-wrote it for *The Whig Review*, and it appeared in the second number of that young and vigorous rival. Meanwhile the original manuscript had been found, and was published at the same date in both periodicals. Among the noticeable articles of one of the earliest numbers of *The Democratic Review* is one deploring the sensational and superficial tendencies of periodical literature, and its leading to the disuse of books. This seems to be as venerable a bugbear as the outcry against steam travel and labor-saving machines on the part of the working classes.

The Whig Review did not start into the race till 1845. It was still more literary in its plan than *The Democratic*. Among its contributors were George P. Marsh, Doctor Lardner, E. P. Whipple, H. N. Hudson, Alfred B. Street, Doctor Bellows, Tayler Lewis, Charles Lanman, and Henry J. Raymond, besides others who wrote for both the party organs. The second number stamped itself with immortality by publishing (with an introductory note of appreciation by the editor) a poem entitled: "The Raven, by —— Quarles." *The Whig Review* as a whole, however, soon came to its mortal end. After the lamented death of its gifted editor, George H. Colton, in 1847, at the early age of twenty-nine, it grew rapidly more dry and political, and anticipated by two or three years the demise of the party which it represented. Webber, by the way, was assistant editor with Mr. Colton. He was a brilliant Bohemian writer of that day, best known by his story of "Old Hicks the Guide." We find his name on the Catalogue of the Princeton Theological Seminary in 1843, and he first attracted notice as a writer by an article in the *Nassau Monthly*. The second number of *The Whig Review* has a notice of the great scientifico-theological sensation of the day, just published, *The Vestiges of Creation*. The political articles, which were mostly anonymous, were heavy with the endless tariff discussion, and lurid with the burning questions arising out of the annexation of Texas, which ultimately came near consuming our national structure as well as the Whig Party and its *Review*. The motto on the title-page was, "To Stand by the Constitution." Fortunately the Constitution proved its ability to stand by itself, or no amount of reviewing and able editing would have availed to make it stand, any more than "all the doctors in the land" could help the unfortunate Humpty Dumpty. *The Whig Review*, as well as *The Democratic*, published excellent portraits of the party leaders and statesmen of those days.

OMISSIONS BY MR. FROUDE IN CARLYLE'S "REMINISCENCES."

In his article on Carlyle and his "*Reminiscences*" in the last number of the NEW PRINCETON REVIEW, Professor Norton states that the only important omission made by Mr. Froude in editing the book for the press was that of the injunction forbidding the publication of the narrative concerning Mrs. Carlyle, "as it stood" in manuscript. So far as relates to Carlyle's own writing this is correct, but he wishes us to add that some pages of a diary by Mrs. Carlyle, inserted, without copying, by Carlyle into his manuscript, were also, and properly, omitted, and that his neglect to state this fact was due to his attention being given while writing entirely to Carlyle's own work. This omission is indicated on p. 245 of the second volume of the original English edition of the "*Reminiscences.*"

On pp. 14 and 15 of the REVIEW, to the reference to pages where slight omissions occur should be added the indication, "Original edition, vol. ii."

THE DEFEAT OF THE ENGLISH LIBERALS.

OUR kinsfolk beyond the sea have temporarily suspended the progress of the great political movement so auspiciously inaugurated by Mr. Gladstone. The interruption can only be temporary, for when Englishmen are thoroughly roused to the work of righting a great wrong, they are not easily thwarted. The history of great reforms, like those of the corn laws, of prison management, the slave traffic and the like, affords ample proof of English earnestness. There is already a majority in favor of some kind of local self-government in Ireland. The unfortunate division of the Liberals on the question of a constitution for Ireland and the powers of an Irish parliament, has thrown them out of power for the moment. Perhaps it is for the best. The certain inability of the Conservatives to cope with the complicated question from their standpoint will compel a wise compromise on the points now at issue between the friends and opponents of Mr. Gladstone in his own party, and conclusively prove to the whole country where the only solution is to be found. America is in hearty sympathy with the great statesman whose name and fame are linked indissolubly with a great movement for reform, made possible in this generation only by his magnetic power. As a nation with Protestant traditions and institutions, we must regret the bigotry and violence of the Ulstermen at such a crisis. Their terror, whether real or feigned, has a ludicrous suggestion in it of mediævalism, and their conduct, at this distance, does not throw into painful contrast that of their Romanist compatriots. It is distressing to see the wheels of progress clogged even momentarily by a suggestion of an alliance so incongruous and unhistoric as would be that between the great body of the Protestant Irish and their old oppressors, the English aristocracy. Perhaps this threatened overthrow of the great political principles for which Protestantism stands, even in the face of religious disagreement, may also be averted by the time for reflection which has been forced upon the country in the late elections.

ELECTIVES IN COLLEGE STUDIES.

THE colleges have questions to discuss. There are two of these in the present day likely to press themselves upon us for years to come: What place should religion have in a college? What liberty should there be in the choice of elective studies? A third question is coming up: What restrictions should be laid on competitive games to keep a portion of our young men from wasting their youth? We may have to take part in these discussions as circumstances require. We have a very decided opinion on the first of these questions in its bearing on what should be the highest end of all education, the formation of character, and the elevation of the mind. In this paper we are to confine ourselves to the second question.

Prior to the present century there was little or no need of college electives. In four years at school and in four years at college a student could learn the branches of a liberal education. But within the last two ages the departments of true learning have so multiplied that it is impossible for a young man to master them all. We know a foreign university in which, on its establishment, an attempt was made to make every student learn both the old and the new branches. At the close of the year some of the professors rejected nearly every student, while others admitted nearly all; in both cases on the same ground, that no student with such a heavy load upon him could thoroughly master any one department. The attempt was an utter failure. Electives are now a necessity. They are still resisted in many European colleges greatly to their disadvantage, as there is difficulty in introducing new branches, quite as important as the old; but they are admitted in all American colleges except those which are so poor that they have not a sufficient number of professors to conduct the varied studies.

But electives may be abused. It has been shown that they are abused. Students may be allowed to choose before they are fit for it, and may make premature elections which they regret all their lives after. The idly inclined will be tempted to choose the easy subjects, and those taught by an easy-going professor. The highest studies, those which produce scholars, and which should be specially pressed on Americans, if we are to keep up with the scholarship of Europe, will certainly be neglected. In these circumstances, limits, judicious and firm, should be placed upon the choices allowed. The advance in scholarship of the American colleges will depend on the wise settlement of the question of Electives. If every sort of choice is allowed, a large body of young men will be sent forth with the A.B. and A.M. degrees who have no title to be regarded as scholars. In these circumstances, it is essential to impose some restrictions on the liberty of election, if we are to send forth a body of well-educated graduates.

I. There should be certain prescribed studies in every year of the college course: a freshman year course, a sophomore year course, a junior course, and a senior course. Different colleges might draw out somewhat different courses, but there would be a general agreement, as there has hitherto been in American colleges. These courses should embrace the branches which

have been shown by the experience of ages to be fitted to train the mind and fit it for its life-work. They should comprise what should be regarded as the college trinity: language and literature, science, and philosophy. In order to develop fully his mind and its varied faculties every student should take so much of each of these. He should have certain languages, both ancient and modern, including Greek and Latin, the grandest languages of antiquity, and opening to us the whole ancient world ; and above all our own tongue, which should be taught scientifically. It will be admitted by all in the present day that a young man's education must be incomplete unless he is introduced to mathematics and the inductive sciences, which open to him the whole domain of nature. To combine and crown the whole there should be philosophy, embracing psychology, logic, and ethics. There should be the important social sciences with, if possible, some knowledge of art. It is quite possible, as we have tried and can show, to distribute these in a well-arranged course without burdening the mind.

II. With a well-arranged plan of obligatory studies there should be combined an indefinite number of elective studies. By this system every new branch of learning may be admitted into a college, always on the condition that it be true learning. We do not object, as some do, to the existence of small colleges, where scarcely any but the old branches are taught, but we insist that there be universities where the later studies are opened to all who wish it. Some of the recent sciences are quite as important as the old ones, and as well fitted to train and discipline the mind. Such, for instance, are geology and palæontology in all the fields they open up, giving us glimpses of the history of life. The older mathematics should be studied by all, but there are later departments, such as quaternions and quantics, which will be eagerly and profitably studied by a few. History, philology, with archæology now run over all countries, and should be studied in all our higher institutions of learning. Along with these there should be studies that require and cultivate the reflective faculties, such as the social sciences, and the history of philosophy in various ages and countries. All of these cannot be required of every student, but every student should have access to them, and the college authorities should make arrangements for securing this.

IS GERMANY OUR UNIVERSITY MODEL?

A BRIGHT though not impartial critique upon German universities, as seen from the latitude of Paris, appeared somewhile ago in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. It satirizes only too well the enthusiastic Père Didon, who left his professor's chair at Notre Dame and travelled away to Prussia in search of a new intellectual world, and "believed he had discovered America the day he entered the University of Berlin." From Père Didon's state of mind it is but one step to the very centre of that high, yet perplexed reverence for German universities which amounts almost to superstition in so

many Americans. The truth is, and might as well be proclaimed at once, that we are just now in danger of paying ignorant worship to everything German in education. The unknown, according to Schiller, is the chief element in the emotion of terror, and the undiscriminated is as truly the chief element in this our last superstition. We group in one inseparable view their transcendent opportunities for special study, their intellectually admirable gymnasial basis, the freedom of research, their illustrious array of great names in the faculties, with manifold other features small and great, until the scene is filled ; and then, unconsciously casting over this the mist of long distance which softens all that is rugged and uncouth, we say: "These are the German universities!" and thereupon bow down before them and serve them.

It is time that this glamour should be dispelled. Let us concede their very great eminence as German universities. Let us likewise concede them to be greater than any other universities of history. But let us not concede that they are complete models for our imitation. We are not Germans, and this potent fact should be the test by which we sift out all that is exclusively Teutonic for rejection, and adopt for incorporation into our own future universities only what is catholic in character. We are, however, Americans, and this fact should also be the test by which we take whatever is peculiar to ourselves in our intellectual life and which is at the same time bound up with our civil and social welfare, and put this also into American universities. This is the true historical method. German universities are the best for Germany. They are even better for us in many important respects than what we now have at home. But a thorough-going American university will be better still. Our intellectual roots are of Old World origin, but they are growing in our own soil.

What in the German system should we reject? First of all, everything that is necessarily indigenous. Many things distinctively Teutonic are not distinctively intellectual. Their primitive barbarian instincts are not yet all dead. Germany was born in the woods and not, like the Greeks, in cities. The student *corps* are indeed aptly named after ancient German tribes, and many uncivilized traits perpetuate themselves therein. Their grossness, their duels of mutilation, their *Frühschoppen* we need not imitate. Secondly, their political absolutism would be intolerable here. To live and move and have our being as the police may please would be to us a strange thing. Freedom of thought in Germany is certainly not freedom in political thought, and far less so in expression of political opinion. This affects university work insensibly but powerfully. It cripples the political sciences. The pent-up forces that are barred from exerting themselves naturally in society and politics, turn more fiercely by reason of this exclusion to extreme individualism, often to arrogance and caprice, in other spheres of study. German thought is in this sense centrifugal. Every possible, not simply every probable hypothesis, seems to be forever appearing in its manifold strivings. This cramped practical life, with its consequent danger of

intellectual excess gives point to the sharp comment of our French critic, that no nation in the world except Germany tolerates with such indifference open contradiction between theory and practice. This we need not copy.

Again, there is much to be said against their division and subdivision and re-subdivision of studies into specialties, and these again into endless chasings after minutiæ, the pursuit of *Wenigkeiten* in exclusively microscopic spirit. No matter how strongly resisted by the advocates of united as against partitioned faculties, this operates whenever it has opportunity toward disintegrating the whole university into its fractions, into a merely local aggregation of special schools. It is, in fact, no less a man than Hofmann, recently Rector at Berlin, who recommends critics of German universities "to take exception to the almost too narrow limits within which many instructors confine their departments." How significant here is the remark of Gegenbaur, one of their foremost physiologists, "The division of labor is not to be taken as the division of knowledge."

What then shall we take? Very much, both of their spirit and their methods. Far more than can be presented here even in outline. We want their thoroughness and devotion, their untiring toil for intellectual rewards, their concerted way of attacking special problems, their unending search after yet undiscovered knowledge, their unexampled honor paid to learning; all this and more. But we do not want essentials and non-essentials unseparated.

THE EDUCATION OF WORKINGMEN'S CHILDREN.

A WORKINGMEN'S CLUB in a New England manufacturing town last year appointed a standing committee on education, with instructions to "inquire, consider, and report regarding such features of the present system of instruction in the public schools as may appear to be of special interest to working people of limited means, who wish their children to look forward to manual labor as the means by which they are to obtain a livelihood." This committee recently presented the following report, which was adopted by the club:

"We have examined the reports of attendance, and the courses of study, of many of the public schools in manufacturing towns in various parts of the country, and the impression made upon our minds is that the arrangement of studies is, in the main, adapted to the wants of pupils who take the full public school, or high school, course, so as to be prepared, or nearly prepared, to enter college.

"We also find, by extended inquiry, that a large proportion of the children of laborers, especially in manufacturing and mining communities, leave school finally before they are fourteen years of age. It appears to us that the education of these children is, usually, peculiarly inefficient, and as a preparation for practical life, of little utility, from the fact that they have been employed mostly in *beginnings* in various branches of knowledge, and have acquired but little that is complete in itself. The studies for pupils under fourteen years of age seem to be, in great measure, only a preparation for the work of the more advanced classes, and they are therefore of uncertain value to those who must leave school at the age mentioned.

"We recommend that the club invite the coöperation of workingmen who are interested in education in the effort to arrive at some practical conclusion regarding the particular education which working people need—the kind of knowledge or training which can be obtained at school, which will be of most worth to them in mature life; and we suggest that it would be well to obtain and compare opinions as to a course of study, or different special courses of study, for boys and girls who must leave school at fourteen years of age.

"We will add that it appears to us that such inquiries will be more likely to yield valuable practical results if some division is made of the subject of education, than if it is taken up as a whole, or in an abstract, or general way. The following is suggested:

"1. It is desirable that the children of working people should obtain at school knowledge and training which shall be, in some measure, complete in itself and available for use in after years, regarding means and methods for the preservation of their bodily health. That is, they should receive specific instruction as to healthful ways of living, and in the care of their eyes, teeth, digestive organs, and other bodily faculties. The ordinary methods of teaching physiology in schools seem to us rather vague and ineffective, and, at any rate, not suited to the needs of the class of pupils we now have in mind. They should be taught the value of pure air and of pure water, and of some measure of out-of-door enjoyment, in relation to health of body and mind.

"2. Laborers of all classes need far greater readiness in 'the use of figures,' in ordinary business operations with numbers, than is usually attained, even by the advanced pupils of our public schools. Our children should be trained to thorough efficiency in the use of the tables and rules used in measuring or ascertaining quantities of all kinds in actual business, such as brick-work, stone-work, and everything connected with building operations; in the measurement of articles of merchandise, of surfaces and solids of various kinds, and in the methods of computation for interest, percentage, etc.

"3. They should be taught whatever will be in the greatest degree serviceable in enabling them to make life interesting for themselves and for those about them, and should be early taught that they must depend mostly upon themselves for this object. As one of the best means to this end, they should be taught to understand, enjoy and respect the powers of the English language, and should be trained to speak and write it with directness and sincerity, so that while they subsist by the labor of their hands, the life of working people may be made attractive and interesting to themselves by thought. We believe that the inefficiency of education, and the vagueness and uncertainty of thought or mental vision which it produces, are highly injurious to the interests of the working people of our country."

If any considerable improvement is to be made in the condition of working people in America, it must be brought about, in great part, by their own wisdom, earnestness, and vitality. If they should generally take up the question of the education which their children need, it would be an encouraging sign of the times.

COUNTER TENDENCIES IN MODERN ENGLISH LETTERS.

THE question of what, in scientific phrase, would be called the drift or trend of a nation's literary life and expression is one of the prominent questions of the hour. Principal Tulloch, in his recent treatise—*Movements of Religious Thought in Britain*—has discussed this question as it applies to the sphere of English ethics and metaphysics. Such a discussion is equally timely as applied to English letters, and in its wide relationships invites the

careful study of every thoughtful mind. We know of no topic within the area of modern literature whose thorough presentation by some competent English scholar would be more heartily welcomed by literary students, or do more practical good in the exposition of our English authorship. In this brief survey, we can simply follow the worthy example of the brothers Hare, and offer a few suggestions that may take the name of—guesses at truth. The result at which we aim will be best secured by viewing these tendencies in the light of counter influences striving for supremacy.

1. We are living in the day of authors and authorship. The bookmaker is abroad, publishers and readers are alike at their wit's end. While such fertility is manifest among us in all departments of personal effort, it is especially noticeable in the sphere of literature. Literary books and books on literature are filling every available space on our shelves, and the wonder is growing as to what is to be done with the hundreds of volumes just at the door and on the way. The question is becoming one of mathematical estimate as to the cubic capacity of our libraries, a commercial problem of storage in the bulk. In view of this lavish display of literary wares the observer is driven to one of two conclusions, either that the literary ability of modern Englishdom is so pronounced as to amount to national genius, or that production is one thing and over-production is another. This latter conclusion is the one that must be accepted. On the industrial principle of supply and demand, the literary market has of late been overstocked so that, as in commercial affairs, a reaction is likely to ensue. Books as mere books—so much paper and printer's ink—are a drug on the counters, so that publishers, patrons, and critics alike are puzzled and harassed. Despite all threatening evils, however, the author fails to follow the wise procedure of the manufacturers in arresting supply till a healthful equilibrium be restored between producer and consumer, but continues to produce and still to produce. All this is *quantitative* and only so ; so many books within a given time, so many volumes to the square foot. Without the money recompense of the daily journalist, who must furnish daily copy or forfeit his position, the literary author persists in satisfying what he regards as his special talent for expression, and all protest is in vain. Whatever one knows or does not know, this bibliomania takes possession of him, and he must ventilate his ideas, few or many, partial or complete, sold or unsold. If the volume is unread, the reader's judgment is at fault. If the critic is severe, all the worse for the critic, while it is certain that posterity will endorse what the present perverse generation has rejected. Nothing can disturb the serene self-complacency of the voluminous author, and nothing is a stronger proof to him of the total depravity of the race than this repeated failure to discover genius when it is clearly revealed. What is to save us from this measureless over-production ? Nothing, perchance, save another universal deluge, while even then, most of the literature of the age would be found light enough to float.

There is, fortunately, a counter tendency at work to diminish, approximately, the evils of excess. We may term it the *qualitative* element in our

native literature, as exhibited in those authors who have brains behind their eyes, and who have heard the call to their special work as distinctly as the poet Burns heard it from the lips of the Scottish muse. These are authors, not only in the mere etymological sense of the term, as increasers, but in the Baconian sense, as adding to the bounds of human knowledge in some substantial form. Nor is it meant by this that what is called literary genius is the necessary qualification for such productive work, but that whoever has a truth or a fact, a principle or a method which it would be well for the world of letters to know, and for which it is even unconsciously waiting, is thereby justified and commissioned to embody such possessions in permanent written form for the general good. Such authors are, indeed, comparatively few, and their literary product is far too limited; all the more, however, are they essential factors in any true literary progress, and what they give us is given us for all time. Modern English letters is more and more in need of this opposing tendency already partially at work. The battle of the books is still waging, and herein is our hope, that as the conflict continues mere numbers may gradually give way to the higher discipline of the chosen few. Within the spacious domain of the Republic of Letters there is ample room and pressing need for an aristocracy—the Upper House, where the best rule the many.

2. No improvement has as yet been made upon De Quincey's characterization of literary style as either mechanology or organology. Mr. Stedman in his recent criticisms calls our attention, once and again, to these two contrasted phases of literary expression. He speaks of Victorian verse as remarkable for "its *complex* and *technical* achievements," and strongly deprecates "that excess of elaborate ornament in which the sense of originality is lost." We are speaking here of the mechanical tendency in modern letters, the supremacy of the verbal and artistic over the mental and emotional. Form is allowed to take the place of subject matter. Vital and vitalizing ideas are made to yield to outer finish, and, ere we are aware, we have nothing before us but the mere husk and shell of a literature. In this respect, as in others, literary history is seen to repeat itself. It was this extreme attention to technique that marked the close of the Elizabethan era in the soulless productions of the metaphysical school of poetry. In the days of Dryden and Pope, correctness took the place of inspiration and the difference between prose and verse was reduced to the minimum. Still again, after the romantic revival under Burns and Moore, the critical exactness of Augustan times reappeared and passion yielded to precision. The classical school of Gifford, Rogers, and Landor, the Alexandrian school of Keats and the art school of Tennyson all point directly to this mechanism in poetry, while such an author as Matthew Arnold, in his acknowledged leadership of English prose, magnifies the same artistic element above all else. Hence has arisen the ever-increasing attention to literary criticism as distinct from literary creation. To sit in executive censorship upon the merits and demerits of an author is the final result of

literary ambition, while the decisions pronounced have primary reference to mechanism rather than to organism. When we are told that in Tennyson we have "every aspect of poetry as an *art*;" that in Arnold we find "a passion of the *intellect*;" that in Swinburne we see "the farthest extreme of *rhythm* and *diction* reached at this stage of metrical *art*," and that the study of Robert Browning "at once excites discussion as to the nature of *poetic expression*," it is evident at once that we are examining an order of literature in which the outer is made supreme over the inner, the how over the what. Mr. Gosse in his recent laudation of those seventeenth century authors whose writings are as spiritless as they are correct, but reveals the increasing hold which this merely artistic tendency is gaining over the minds of intelligent English critics. Here again, the hope of the era lies in the counter tendency already effectively expressing itself on behalf of a vital authorship, in which spirit shall control structure, and strong, sterling sense be ever held superior to mere propriety. Morris, Procter, Hood, Jean Ingelow, and, above all, Mrs. Browning, may be said to mark the rapid progress of this principle in verse, while it is especially in the sphere of prose expression—in fiction, history, biography and miscellany—that decided advance is now making in all that pertains to strength and spirit in letters. Dickens, Thackeray, Kingsley and others opened the way in this direction. Froude and Freeman, Greene and McCarthy have reversed Macaulay's method at this point, and substituted matter for mechanism in historical prose, while even in the broader field of English miscellanies there is a steady improvement in mental width and vigor. Though we are living in an era when mere pretence is a characteristic feature of all spheres of life, it is safe to say that such pretence as exhibited in literature has never met with stouter opposition from certain quarters. Literature is an organism—a body of vital processes and functions. Though as a species of human activity it involves in its very nature something of the ideal, its basis, after all, is in the real, and its final aim is to instruct and inspire. Most of the best writers of the present decade are seeking to present it on its philosophic side and to make it what it ought to be, a great national educator. Even in poetry and imaginative prose intelligent readers are demanding ideas rather than words, stimulus rather than structure, while in the higher realm of narrative and philosophic prose nothing will suffice save "that strong meat that belongeth unto them who are of full age." The fact that English prose is becoming the dominant literary form, and that in prose itself the substantial varieties are taking the place of the merely superficial, is quite sufficient evidence of the general drift toward what is better. To this most desirable result every English author and reader should direct his effort. Of mere literary technique, good in its place, but not the highest good, have we not had enough? Culture is one thing; genius is another and a better thing. Cousin is right when he tells us, "Form is not form only, it is the form of *something*." That something is the sense and spirit beneath it. We fully believe with Mr. Whipple in *Literature and Life*, that there is something better yet in store

for English letters than the resonant verse of Swinburne or the finished prose of Arnold.

3. Literature, we are told, is a subject distinctive in method, function and purpose. Ethics is another, while their relation to each other is simply that which subsists between any two independent systems of thought. The *litterateur* is bound, it is said, to keep within his own assigned domain as the moralist must abide in his. In fine, the art of letters is thus a purely secular one as to its basis, processes and ends, making no inquiries in the course of its development as to what is technically called the ethical. All forms of literary expression may thus take the name assigned by Mr. Gosse to one particular school of English verse, the "mundane order." Though there is, as Wordsworth teaches, such a power as "the vision and the faculty divine;" though Shakspere is right in speaking of the poet's eye as "glancing from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven," and though Milton's solemn invocation of the aid of the spirit in his poetic work is acknowledged and justified, these, after all, are merely figurative phrases within the area of poetic license, and have nothing to do in determining the author's moral and spiritual attitude. In literature, as in philosophy, science, art, and common life, the decided drift is toward naturalism as a sufficient explanation of all worthy literary effort hitherto, and a sufficient source of stimulus to all future product in prose and verse. Hence it is that literary history is written by many as the history of civilization has been written by Mr. Buckle, with the ethical facts eliminated. Such poets as Massey and Swinburne have adopted this "*mundane*" theory of poetic art and have often overreached it, as have Whitman and Poe, of this country, in the direction of the sensuous and revolting. Mr. Stedman's trenchant criticism of the indifferent ethics of Browning and the "pagan fatalism" of William Morris are but too well deserved, while the Laureate himself has never yet taken the ground of a pronounced and positive advocacy of the moral function of English letters. The leading name in modern English fiction still awaits a satisfactory defender against the charge of personal immorality, while the highest purpose of her literary work never rises to the level of the supernatural and spiritual. Lewes and Mill, Froude and Leckey as historians, have worked on the same earthly plane as interpreters of national life, while in the general department of English miscellany Arnold, Mallock and Stephens have wielded their pens on behalf of this divorce of literature and ethics.

Here as elsewhere, however, we note the action of a counter agency in the form of a decided moral purpose. Though from the days of Alfred such an agency has been at work in our national literature, there are signs at present of its increasing efficiency. No one has done worthier service in this direction than Henry Morley of London, a most suggestive contrast in this respect to the equally celebrated John Morley in his portraitures of Voltaire, Diderot and other Gallic authors. Mr. Selkirk in his *Ethics and Æsthetics of English Poetry* has taken the highest ground in this important

topic. Stopford Brooke in his *Theology of the English Poets* has called attention to the verse of Pope and Cowper, Coleridge and Wordsworth as illustrative of this ethical feature. Principal Shairp in his *Culture and Religion* has clearly shown that neither Mr. Huxley's scientific theory of culture, nor Mr. Arnold's literary theory will answer, but that all true intellectual and æsthetic training finds its best support and expression in the sphere of the supernatural. Mr. Morison in his lately published treatise on *The Great Poets as Religious Teachers* explains in full the office of the imagination in religion, and illustrates the teaching by frequent reference to English letters. Pattison and Hutton, Church and Courthope and a host of others have been of late devoting all their energies to the right determination of the moral drift of our present authorship, and their efforts are not fruitless. Nor can it be forgotten that, toward this most desirable result, other English agencies than those that are purely literary must direct their individual endeavors. Modern English philosophy, as based on theism and evangelic teaching, must protest as never before against this materializing tendency in letters. Modern English institutions, educational and social, must, in so far as Christian, express with emphasis a similar protest, while the modern English religious press must do a work in this connection second to that of no other agency. In fine, Christian philosophy and Christian education, Christian journalism and the sentiment of the general Christian public must heartily coöperate with literature itself in lifting the standard of our vernacular letters to the highest ethical basis. Quantity must give place to quality, verbal structure to sense and spirit, and the merely natural in origin and end to the presence and supremacy of the spiritual element. There is a Providence in literature as well as in history. There are tendencies to evil and tendencies to good, and though the influence of such authors as Smollett and Byron, Hobbes and Gibbon, Moore and Shelley are still too potent among us and too often reproduced in modern verse and prose, the outlook is altogether hopeful and cheering. "My faith in the reality of progress," writes Mr. Stedman, "is broad enough to include the field of poetic art." It may safely be broad enough with each of us, we may add, to include the still wider field of general English letters.

SCHUYLER'S "AMERICAN DIPLOMACY." *

In Mr. Schuyler's *American Diplomacy*, we have a work by an American diplomat of great knowledge, experience, and capacity. He has gathered into a volume the lectures relating to American diplomacy, delivered by him in 1885 at the Johns Hopkins University and Cornell University. The first chapters of the book give an account of the foreign representation and business of this country. They are upon the State Department, the Consular System, and the Diplomatic Agents. The second part deals with the ser-

**American Diplomacy.* By Eugene Schuyler. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1886.

vices which American diplomacy has rendered to trade and navigation. These essays are not free from those faults of style which pass current in the lecture room, and there are evidences of hasty proof-reading; but they are the production of a mind very full of the subjects they discuss. Perhaps no American diplomat has had so various an experience as Mr. Schuyler. He has been seventeen years in the service, and was minister to Greece, Rumania, and Serbia, when his salary was suddenly abolished by Congress. What would be thought of an individual who should act in such a manner toward a trusted agent? But the standard of public morals should be at least as high as that to which private individuals endeavor to conform. We do not doubt that the Government by such acts lowers itself, not only in the eyes of the world, but of its own citizens, and further (for the example of government in the midst of a vast community must be powerful) that its effect is to vulgarize the individual mind and to blunt the edge of private honor.

Mr. Schuyler's book is not fault-finding; indeed, his account of our foreign representation and the relation of the Government thereto is tolerant and moderate. But it is impossible to read any truthful statement on this subject without being struck by the wide divergence of our practice from common-sense and decency. At the root of this fact is a carelessness of all larger interests, a wanton disregard of everything but temporary convenience and the immediate vulgar motive. Many of Mr. Schuyler's statements illustrate this. The United States preceded other countries in entering into commercial relations with Corea, and sent that country an envoy extraordinary. As the representative of the highest rank and the first on the ground, he took the lead of his colleagues in arranging the terms of diplomatic and consular intercourse. His advice was followed both by the diplomats and by the Coreans, inexperienced in dealing with foreigners. After a year or two, in which American influence in Corea stood high, his rank, through some freak of the sub-committee on Appropriations, was reduced to that of minister resident. From the head of the corps he went to the foot. The Corean Government, supposing that his conduct had been disapproved, treated him accordingly; and American influence in Corea was for the time extinguished. We have no doubt that the statesman who was responsible for this thought he had done a clever thing. The practice of appointing as consuls in foreign countries naturalized citizens who are natives of these countries, is another instance of our preference of an immediate convenience to the real interests of business, which, as is of course the case with all diplomatic interests, are placed a good way off. The complaint is often made in European towns: "Have you no Americans who are fit to be consuls here? Send any one you like and we shall be glad to be polite to him and to be of service to him, but you cannot expect us, with our habits and traditions, to introduce to our families So and So, whom we have all known as occupying such and such a position in life. We should aim to propitiate foreign nations in making appointments, we hardly see, however, that it would be

possible for us to conform to foreign views by refraining from sending clergymen as diplomats. It would be exceedingly difficult to define just what would constitute a clergyman with us, or at any rate to hit upon a definition which the Government would be able to recognize. We might search for the line without finding it between a priest of the Latin Church on the one hand, and a street preacher or a captain in the Salvation Army on the other. This is, perhaps, a matter which we had best let foreign governments decide. It would no doubt be well, however, to inquire of the foreign government to which an agent is about to be sent, whether the appointment will be agreeable.

We fully approve of Mr. Schuyler's suggestion that diplomatic officers should be nominated to a grade, as is done in the case of officers in the Army and Navy, and that the selection of the post be left to the State Department. Indeed, we are sure that the solution of the difficulties in connection with our diplomatic service will be found in giving the control of it very largely to the Department of State and in equipping the department with reference to the discharge of that duty.

The remarks upon ourselves of one, who, like Mr. Schuyler, has seen many men and cities, are of course interesting. Mr. Schuyler finds that in ordinary times the Government of the United States is a nearly irresponsible despotism under the rule of five or six men—the President, the Secretary of State, the Secretary of the Treasury, the Speaker of the House of Representatives, the Chairman of the House Committee on Appropriations, and the Chairman of the House Committee on Ways and Means. The legislation for the diplomatic service has hitherto been in the hands of the Committee on Appropriations. The Committee on Foreign Affairs have had little to do except with the making of treaties. The annual tinkering with the diplomatic and consular services has been the result of a contest between the sub-committees of the two houses in the last hours of the session, the House Committee aiming at the reduction of salaries and the abolition of places, and the Senate Committee resisting the proposed alterations. The control of the diplomatic appropriations in the House has been recently given to the Committee on Foreign Affairs. Mr. Schuyler favors the abolition of the *Red Book*, thinking, perhaps rightly, that the despatches of diplomats should not be published at all. But the *Red Book* is an extremely useful publication. Mr. Grant Duff, a particularly good authority, told the writer that he considered it the best publication of the kind he knew.

Nearly all of the faults of our foreign representation touched upon by Mr. Schuyler will disappear upon the establishment of a permanent service, properly organized and administered. When that has been achieved, the country's money will be laid out to the best advantage. If we employ men for a long instead of for a short term, giving them a certainty of a permanent tenure during good behavior, we can of course get better men ; we shall be under no temptation to fill places with those scamps who have so often

brought this country into disrepute. The members of a permanent service will be ready enough to take their turn at unattractive posts. The introduction of common-sense and justice into the administration of the foreign service will raise the Government, not only in the eyes of the world, but, what is even more important, in the eyes of our own citizens.

LONGFELLOW'S BIOGRAPHY.*

THE profound and searching critic, and the "indolent, irresponsible reviewer" have one habit in common. They like to take their text from the *Preface* of the book in hand. Partly, perhaps, because it is easy, and partly because it is safe. For the preface, although printed first, has usually been written last; and when the author has completed his book he may be supposed to know something about it. If he is modest and deprecatory, his very apologies have something of the nature of a revelation; if he is confident and assured, his claim upon the reader's attention is apt to strike the very keynote of his work.

And so, as we lean back in our easy chair, and turn from the last page of *Longfellow's Life* to read the preface with which his brother sends it forth to the world, we feel that we can safely risk a little prophecy. Out of the thousand reviews which will be written about this book at least nine hundred will find their text in the prefatory remark that "this is the life of a man of letters," and that as such it "must needs be unexciting and uneventful in the eyes of men of activities and affairs." From this starting point the multitudinous reviewers will go on to say,—following the preface again,—that the Rev. Mr. Longfellow has allowed his poet-brother "to tell his own story as far as possible."

But after all we doubt whether either of these remarks will really lead us into the heart and secret of this book. For the reader who has a memory (and pauses long enough between the sentences to let it work) will recall the fact that not every man of letters has had a smooth, placid, uneventful life. Johnson, for example,—Carlyle, Burns, Byron, Shelley, Landor,—how many names come up haphazard to remind us that the course of literature does not always run smooth. There must have been something in the character of Longfellow as well as in his circumstances, some inward placidity, some sweet serenity of nature which enabled him to adapt himself to surroundings which were often inharmonious and irritating, and to pass through years of national strife full of confused noise and garments rolled in blood, and to endure sharp and bitter personal bereavements such as draw from other men cries of anguish and despair, without ever quarrelling with his environment,

---

* *Life of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, with Extracts from his Journals and Correspondence.* Edited by Samuel Longfellow. Boston: Ticknor & Company, 1886. Two volumes octavo. Pp. 914. Five portraits. Four woodcuts of places. Four fac-similes of original sketches. Four reproductions of manuscript.

or being swept into the whirl of public conflict, or posing as a rebel against Fate.

And again, as we reflect upon this phrase of "letting him tell his own story," we see that it does not mean very much. For how many books have been made, of late, upon this plan, pieced together out of diaries and letters, without any real value. Take, for example, that unhappy *Life of George Eliot.* It had little more life in it than a portrait upon a tombstone. Either the great story-teller could not tell her own story, or else Mr. Cross would not let her. We strongly incline to the former supposition, for it is only a peculiarly clear and transparent soul that truly reveals itself in letters and journals. Longfellow was one of the few who could be trusted to tell the truth about himself in this way. Whatever he is writing he shines through. There is no dramatic art in his diary. His correspondence has a straightforward, vital accent. And the consequence is that when we have read these two volumes we feel that we have really seen and touched the man.

If Mr. Samuel Longfellow had attempted another kind of biography, if he had tried to paint a great portrait instead of giving us this series of old photographs, we suspect that he might not have succeeded so well. Here and there, in the comparatively few original passages which he has given us in these volumes, we detect an inaccuracy of touch, an infelicity of criticism. He cannot be a very close observer of nature who tells us that the far-away peak of Mt. Washington, as seen from the city of Portland, is "softly blue in summer, in winter dazzling white, against the sunset." We know that the New England air is favorable to originality, but it can never make a respectable hill behave after such an eccentric fashion as that. When the light is behind a distant mountain it becomes purple or, if snow-clad, has a faint hue of ashes of roses.

Nor can Mr. Longfellow's ear for rhythm be very fine, for he declares that in reading English hexameters "it is only needful that the stress be laid upon the first syllable of each line, and the rest left to follow naturally as in prose." This method would make sad havoc with some of the most beautiful passages of *Evangeline.* Take these two lines:

> "Under the humble walls of the little Catholic churchyard,
> In the heart of the city they lie unknown and unnoticed."

We should not like to hear these lines read according to the system of Mr. Samuel Longfellow. The music of the hexameter is far too subtle to be measured by such a mechanical rule as this.

One more fault we have to find with the editor, (or perhaps, more justly with the publishers,) of these volumes and then we have done. It is a grave offence against morality, an almost unpardonable sin, to send out a book like this without a full bibliographical appendix, a table of chronology, and above all an *Index* worthy of the name. Some heavy penalty ought to be imposed by law upon those who sin after the similitude of this transgression. They should be compelled to spend two or three years at hard labor in a

library without a catalogue, looking up references in unindexed books. In this particular case the offence is aggravated by the fact that it would have been easy to supply the lack of a bibliography from the admirable little memorial of Longfellow published four years ago by Mr. W. S. Kennedy; and any careful index-maker (when shall this new profession receive the honor that it deserves?) could have prepared twenty or thirty pages at the end of the second volume which would have more than doubled the value of the book. Let us hope that these defects will be remedied in the next edition.

But enough of fault-finding. It is far pleasanter, and far easier to find virtues. This is a book which deserves a "grace after meat." It gives us a charming picture of the poet's boyhood in the clear, pure atmosphere of his New England home, where the moral rigors of the Puritan climate were tempered by the warmth of an unrepressed humanity, where the strong, solid common-sense of the father and the gentle, earnest piety of the mother combined to mature and encourage all that was best in his character. Some one has said that "every poet ought to have a religious mother." Longfellow's youth felt this gracious influence most deeply, and doubtless much of what was best in him,—his serene optimism, his faith in human goodness, in the divine love, in the immortal life which gives meaning and value to our earthly existence,—flowed from that sweet fountain in a mother's breast.

The biography follows him through the quiet, sedate years at Bowdoin College, when the town could only be reached by a tedious journey in a stage-coach, when wood was three dollars a cord, and the acquisition of a copy of Chatterton's poems was a great event, when the young students used to take long, sober walks through the pine-woods, and the faculty had to advise them to play a game of ball occasionally for the preservation of their health. We see the rosy-cheeked poet writing verses about Nature, in imitation of Bryant, with considerable success. We hear his placidly ambitious resolve "to be eminent in something," and watch the needle of his mind setting itself firmly, after some slight vibrations, toward the bright, calm star of literary fame. Once fixed, it never swerved, and he steered his course of life steadily and cheerfully through to the end, by the same mild light which had charmed and attracted his young spirit. He goes across the sea; wanders for three years in France, Spain, Italy, Germany; tarries in each country long enough to catch its flavor and understand its speech; falls in love harmlessly (after the fashion of young students) with his landladies' daughters; breathes the legend-haunted air with dreamy delight; sees the stars and the flowers everywhere, pursues the object of his journey through all its pleasures with constant industry, and comes back, happy and well-prepared to take his professorship at Bowdoin.

There he works assiduously for five years, publishing a French grammar, an Italian grammar, handbooks of selections for his classes, translations, and linguistic articles in the *North American*. He gathers the memories of his foreign years in a prose-poem, *Outre-Mer*, written in a graceful, delicate,

somewhat sentimental style which seems like a mingling of Irving and Heine. Then he goes abroad again, with his young wife. She is taken from him under circumstances the most sorrowful. He wanders on for a few lonely and thoughtful months through Germany, the Tyrol and Switzerland, and then returns to take his professor's chair at Harvard in 1836.

But the touch of personal grief has now unsealed the deeper spring of poetry in his heart, and the streams begin to flow. The next ten years—his sixth and seventh lustres—are the period of his best work. *The Footsteps of Angels*, *The Psalm of Life*, *The Reaper and the Flowers*, *The Skeleton in Armor*, *The Village Blacksmith*, *God's Acre*, *Excelsior*, *The Old Clock on the Stairs*, *The Bridge*, *Maidenhood*—what other poet has written so many songs that sing themselves over and over again in the great heart of humanity, and translate the simple joys and common sorrows of life into music? These all were given to the world—instantly recognized and welcomed by men and women and children everywhere—between 1837 and 1847. And then, to close the decade, comes that strangely sweet and pathetic idyll *Evangeline*—the most natural and perfect flower of American poetry, a little too pale perhaps in its coloring, a little uneven and unfinished in the form of its petals, but full of a pure, delicate fragrance—spiritual, suggestive, unforgettable—like the odor of some familiar woodland blossom, which the youths and maidens love to gather, and which has power to bring tears to the eyes of the old man when he finds it again after many years.

The next three lustres, from 1847 to 1862, were full of happiness and successful labor. The poet had married again most happily, and the old Craigie House was bright with the joy of children. A group of brilliant, charming, genial friends gathered in Cambridge and enriched life for each other. Felton, Hillard, Sumner, Appleton, Norton, Lowell, Agassiz, Prescott, Motley, Fields, Holmes, and a host of others were walking, dining, talking, and generally "clubbing" together. George W. Greene, the faithful, well-beloved friend of Longfellow's youth, came up from his study in the wind mill-tower at Greenwich. Hawthorne ran down now and then from Salem where he sat at the receipt of customs, or from his wayside cottage at Lenox. The days were rich and generous. Longfellow played with his children; held joyous fellowship with kindred spirits; heard all the good music and saw all the good acting that Boston could furnish; went with his beautiful wife to balls and parties where the splendor of fair women always delighted him; was bored, but not beyond endurance, by Gurowski and Kah-ge-ga-bowh and the unspeakable foreign celebrities and native obscurities who flitted about Cambridge. The monotonous and often dry toil of his professorship was frequently irksome to him, but he did it well while he held the chair, and resigned it thankfully in 1854 to his friend Lowell. Everything that was good was welcome to Longfellow; the laughter of merry children, a dinner of canvas-back ducks, a reading by Mrs. Kemble, the fine flavor of a true Havana cigar, a new book from Ruskin, a new poem from Tennyson; all these he recognized as worthy to be received, after

their kind, with thanksgiving. He took a keen interest in the political conflict of the times, and was heartily, though not publicly, identified with the party which Sumner represented. He felt that he was personally set apart to a different work, and nothing could draw him aside from his chosen task of cheering, refreshing, and helping the world with his song. In this he was single-hearted.

But we cannot help feeling that a good deal of his poetry during these fifteen years was on a somewhat lower level than that of the first period. It was less spontaneous, it lacked something of the poetic clarity and smooth, strong impulse which marked the earlier flow of the stream. We hear the poet complaining often that the numbers will not come, and waiting often in vain for "golden October," his favorite month, to renew the rich fruitage of the past. *The Golden Legend* has an odor of the lamp. *Hiawatha* is a *tour de force*. *The Courtship of Miles Standish* sounds like a concert piece, compared with the native music of *Evangeline*. *Kavanagh* is good enough, but we could spare him without tears. Only *The Seaside and the Fireside* contains a few things which are written on the heart.

Then in 1861, when the summer sky was most serene, came the swift, dreadful flash of flame which consumed his sweet wife before his very eyes, and made a wound in his hidden heart that time could never heal. He bore himself like a man and a Christian; there was no "weak and wild complaining," no bitter despair; but the secret cistern of joy was forever broken. Four lustres of life yet remained to him. The children still gathered round him with love. He was kind to everybody, even to the wearisome and impertinent. He was genial and helpful to his friends. He still kept on working; but the volumes of these years, *Christus*, *Three Books of Song*, *Aftermath*, *Pandora*, and the others, will not be the ones that are most frequently taken from the shelves by the readers of the future. The great work of this period is undoubtedly the superb translation of *Dante's Divine Comedy*. And it gains a new interest for us when we know that it was in toiling at this work that he found daily relief from his heavy sorrow.

> "So as I enter here from day to day,
> And leave my burden at this minster gate,
> Kneeling in prayer, and not ashamed to pray,
> The tumult of the time disconsolate
> To inarticulate murmurs dies away,
> While the eternal ages watch and wait."

The end came at last gently and peacefully. The angel called him and he left the feast, not unwillingly, but as one who has better things in store. A soft, low sigh of grateful sorrow breathed all round the world. The children coming home from school spoke gently as they passed his door. Thousands of unseen spirits of men and women whom he had helped and comforted, entered reverently into that room where, as he once wrote of Bayard Taylor, the good poet was

"Lying dead among his books,
The peace of God in all his looks."

Was it not well with him? He had done his work faithfully and with great reward. He had gone into more human dwellings than any other English poet, (except Shakespeare and Tennyson,) and always to bring a blessing. He had lived and sung in the spirit of Wordsworth's noble line,

"True to the kindred points of heaven and home."

His strength was always serene, his passion always pure, his genius always gentle. And what better epitaph could he himself have wished or hoped than those tender words of William Winter at his death:

"There is no flower of meek delight,
There is no star of heavenly pride
That shines not sweeter and more bright
Because he lived, loved, sang, and died."

THE SCIENTIFIC TREATMENT OF EDUCATION.

The great increase which has taken place in late years in the number of books devoted to educational subjects cannot have escaped the attention of the reading public. But those to whom such books are only known as so many titles, would be even more surprised were they to make a careful examination of their contents. A change of matter has accompanied a change of method. Even the old terminologies are to a great extent outgrown, while rigorous scientific method has almost wholly superseded the unsupported propositions, with their deduced consequences, that were once so common. In short, a new science has not only been developed, but it has sprung into general recognition. It is to be deplored that no more euphonious and manageable name could be found for it than Pedagogics; but that word is the legitimate representative of the παιδαγωγία of Plato and the *pädogogik* and *pédagogic* of the Germans and the French. We must trust to time to wear away its barbarous sound, and in the meantime rejoice that the control of the new science is a positive and valuable addition to the circle of knowledge.

It would be a sign of ignorance were we to speak of pedagogics as a new science in almost any other language than English, and even in English quasi-scientific books on education have been written at least as far back as the time of Ascham, of Milton, and of Locke. But it is only within the last quarter of a century that the seed so industriously sown by Rousseau, Pestalozzi, Froude, Herbert, Beneke, Waitry, and others has borne fruit on English and American soil. The *Journal of Education* for many years championed the cause of the scientific treatment of education almost alone, and Barnard's translations of von Raumer's *Geschichte der Pädogogik*, as well as his studies of European systems of education, lent aid and comfort

to the new cause. From that time educational journals began to multiply, training schools increased in number and importance, teachers' institutes commenced to look beyond the routine of school life for topics for study and discussion, and all at once it burst on the minds of teachers that they were members of a noble profession that had a history, a scientific basis, and a classic literature. It is to supply the wants to which this consciousness gave rise that the most recent and most valuable pedagogical literature has appeared. At first this literature was largely English, though the books of Mahaffy, Browning, Quick, Fitch, Bain, Spencer, and others, are now even more popular in the United States than in England. The Cambridge University Press put the treatises of Milton and of Locke in a new and cheap form that made them fall within the reach of every teacher. And now the United States is doing its share to prove to its teachers—about 300,000 in number—that though a teacher may be born he nevertheless has to go through a process of being made, if he is to obtain the best results with the least expenditure of force and smallest waste of material.

Naturally the first question that arises in a teacher's mind on meeting a new difficulty is, has this question been answered before and if so, how? Civilization consists very largely in using for our own purposes the experience of others, and unless our hypothetical teacher is uncivilized, he will ask at once for a history of educational theories and practices in order to obtain some help in the solution of his problem. He will, moreover, want to know what great philosophers and great educators have said concerning the aim and methods of education and concerning its place and importance in history. For this purpose he asks that editions of the great educational classics be made accessible to him, and that he be supplied with a history of pedagogics.

It is just these two fields that our newest pedagogical literature covers. To the specialist who wishes minute particulars concerning the education of Greece and Rome Grassburger's *Erziehung und Unterricht im klassischen Alterthum* is undoubtedly essential. Karl von Raumer's volumes and those of Schmidt are certainly unsurpassed in their own fields. German education is perhaps best studied in the works of Weise* and Paulsen;† and similarly each branch and period of the subject has its own classic work. But the ordinary teacher is well enough provided if he obtains a clear and succinct knowledge of the various theories of education in their chronological order. For this purpose we know no book so valuable as Compayré's *Histoire de Pédagogie* which has recently been translated by Prof. W. H. Payne, of the University of Michigan.‡

Compayré's personal history and reputation, his works in philosophy and

---

* *Das höhere Schulwesen in Preussen*, 3 Bde. Berlin, 1864, 1869, 1873.

† *Geschichte des gelehrten Unterrichts auf den Schulen und Universitäten.* Leipsic, 1885.

‡ *The History of Pedagogy.* By Prof. Gabriel Compayré; translated, with an introduction, notes, and an index, by Prof. W. H. Payne, A.M. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co., 1886. Pp. xxvi, 592.

kindred subjects, and his experience as a professor in various French colleges, all fit him peculiarly for the task of writing a history of pedagogy, and our literature is a gainer by the translation. In moderate compass this book passes in review the principal educational systems and theories, from the ancient Greeks to Horace Mann and Herbert Spencer. The history of the growth of the great universities and a due recognition of their importance and influence, seem to us overlooked by M. Compayré, and it may be said that, as a whole, he dwells disproportionately upon the French educators at the expense of the Germans. This is, perhaps, the result of a pardonable bias of nationality, but it is unfortunate when the supreme importance of the German pedagogues is recalled. This lack of preparation in the treatment is however explained when we know that the work of which the present volume is a translation is an extension of an earlier book of M. Compayré's entitled *Histoire Critique de l'Éducation en France depuis le Seizième Siècle.* It is because of this fact, undoubtedly, that M. Compayré devotes more space to Rollin, La Salle, Jacqueline, Pascal, Mme. de Maintenon, and others, than their relative importance would entitle them to in a history of pedagogy whose foundation was cosmopolitan rather than national.

This criticism is the only one that we care to make upon M. Compayré's book. In style, in mode of treatment, in compass, and—bearing the above in mind—in proportion, it is excellent. It is just such a book as the inquiring teacher wants to read and to own.

Several years ago it was announced that Prof. G. Stanley Hall, of the Johns Hopkins University, would edit a series of educational works devoted to the exposition of the best methods of teaching various sciences and departments of knowledge. The original announcement included books on natural science, the ancient languages, English, history, etc. The fulfilment of the promise seems to lag, for up to the present time only the volume dealing with history has been published. The volume before us is a second edition of this book,* and is entirely recast and rewritten.

Were the original plan carried out with judgment and care, we have no doubt that a series of books of great practical usefulness would be the result. But we must confess to a feeling of disappointment with this initial volume. It is made up of a number of articles wholly without sequence or relation by a score of writers, many of whom are men of acknowledged eminence. Professor Seeley of Cambridge, ex-President White of Cornell, Professor Burgess of Columbia, Professor Allen of the University of Wisconsin, are among the writers, and, as a matter of course, their individual essays are excellent. But this is hardly a sufficient reason for binding them together in one volume. Hardly any two of the contributions have anything in common, save that history is their common theme. For this reason the practical usefulness of the book is seriously impaired, if not destroyed. We trust that if the projected

---

* *Methods of Teaching History*, edited by G. Stanley Hall. Second edition, entirely recast and rewritten. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co., 1886.

series is ever continued, the remaining volumes may be given a degree of unity and coherence which careful study fails to find in the one before us.

In addition to works of the historical and didactic classes, we have also —as we said above—translations of some of the classics of pedagogics. We have already noticed that Rousseau's *Émile*,* Pestalozzi's *Leonard and Gertrude*,† and Richter's *Levana*‡ have been published in the United States. Of these, Rousseau's work is, of course, the most important, yet all three deserve to be read, and read carefully, by the teacher who aspires to call himself scientific. To be sure their works contain much that is antiquated, but, after all, even that enables us to comprehend more fully the state of civilization at the time that their authors lived and wrote. And that very fact itself broadens the teacher's view, and helps to impress upon him the fact that he is not engaged in some hap-hazard calling, but is a member of a profession that has counted, and still counts, among its members some of the truest, noblest, and best men and women that ever lived.

It seems almost a work of supererogation to say a word about the necessity for training teachers. But, unfortunately, there is still something to be done in that direction yet. But this is not the place to do it, and we may only add that the study of the books we have mentioned, and of others like them, will not only emphasize the need for such training but will form no mean part of it.

BOOKS RECEIVED,

Of which there may be critical notice hereafter.

ARNOLD.—*India Revisited*, pp. 324. Boston, 1886: Roberts Bros.

BOYESEN.—*The Story of Norway*, pp. xxiii, 556. New York, 1886: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

KEDZIE.—*Solar Heat, Gravitation and Sun-spots*, pp. v, 304. Chicago, 1886: S. C. Griggs & Co.

LEIGHTON.—*Gospel Faith*, pp. vi, 139. New York, 1886: Funk & Wagnalls.

LEIGHTON.—*The Jewish Altar*, pp. viii, 127. New York, 1886: Funk & Wagnalls.

REIMENSNYDER.—*The Six Days of Creation*, pp. x, 368. Philadelphia, 1886: Lutheran Publication Society.

REVISION OF THE OLD TESTAMENT.—*Opinions of eminent German Hebraists on the revision of the Massoretic Text*, pp. 62. New York, 1886: Charles Scribner's Sons.

SCHÜRER.—*The Jewish People in the Time of Christ*. Translated by Sophia Taylor and Peter Christie. Division II, Vol. III, p. 388. New York, 1866: Scribner & Welford.

SHOSHUKE SATO.—*History of the Land Question in the United States*, pp. 181. Baltimore, 1886: N. Murray, Publication Agent. Johns Hopkins University.

TASWELL-LANGMEAD.—*English Constitutional History*, pp. xxxiii, 826. Boston, 1886: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

TOLSTOI.—*Childhood, Boyhood, Youth*. Translated by Isabel F. Hapgood, pp. ix, 381. New York, 1886: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

"VERNON LEE."—*Baldwin*, pp. 375. Boston, 1886: Roberts Bros.

WENTWORTH.—*The Logic of Introspection*, pp. 446. New York, 1886: Phillips & Hunt.

---

* *Émile; or, concerning Education.* Extracts containing the principal elements of pedagogy found in the first three books. With an Introduction and Notes by Jules Steeg, Député, Paris, France. Translated by Eleanor Worthington. Boston: Ginn, Heath & Co., 1885.

† Pestalozzi's *Leonard and Gertrude.* Translated and abridged by Eva Channing. Boston: Ginn, Heath & Co., 1885.

‡ *Levana; or, the Doctrine of Education.* By Jean Paul Friedrich Richter. Translated from the German. Boston: D. C. Heath & Company, 1886.